THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in the U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

PUBLIC OPINION, *New York*, and CURRENT OPINION, *New York*, *combined with* THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Titles registered in the U. S. Patent Office)

Vol. LXXXIX, No. 7 New York, May 15, 1926 Whole Number 1882

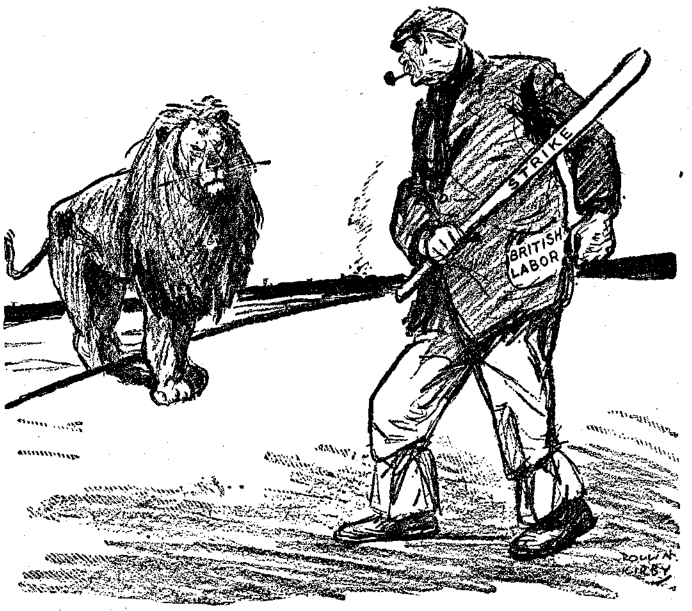
TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

THE BIG STAKE IN THE BRITISH STRIKE

EDITORIAL NOTE: The practical suppression of the press at the outset of the general strike in Britain is said to be the "most extraordinary experience ever endured by a civilized country in modern times." But, altho stifled in their own country, representative editors in England, Scotland and Wales make their voices heard throughout America in THE LITERARY DIGEST, which invited expression of their opinion of the strike by the swift medium of the transatlantic cable. Their views—Conservative, Liberal, Independent and Laborite—will be found below impartially recorded.

THE THING REALLY AT STAKE in the paralyzing general strike of 5,000,000 British workers is neither the wages of the coal miners nor the profits of the mine owners, but constitutional government itself, as editorial experts on the spot size it up. This view of the situation, which seems to be the prevailing one with the British press, naturally carries with it the conviction that the strike must and will fail. "Sympathy with the miners is strong, but loyalty is stronger and will prevail," declares the conservative Liverpool *Courier*, which predicts that the strike will gradually collapse as the public realize that "the issue is not an industrial dispute, but a challenge to the Constitution." "As to the future, it is humanly impossible to conceive England as allowing herself to be jockeyed into a Red Russia or a White Italy," says Ralph D. Blumenfeld, editor of the Conservative London *Daily Express*, who cables that "if democratic government is to survive, this national hold-up by roughly one-tenth of the British population must now be fought to a finish without reservation or evasion." "The die having been cast, there is no immediate alternative to enforcing by all means possible the principle that the public can not be coerced by the despotic use of industrial power," wires the Liberal Manchester *Guardian*, which adds that "until that question is settled, the rights and wrongs of the miners' quarrel with the owners must wait." "The only certain fact at present is that the strikers will in the end be beaten, and the cost to the country, whatever the event, will be enormous," says the Liberal London *Daily News*. This confident assurance that the strikers will be beaten is echoed in London by *The Sunday Times*, *Evening Standard*, and *Daily Telegraph;* in Glasgow, where the "red" element in labor circles is exceptionally strong, by *The Evening News* and *The Herald*, and in Cardiff by *The Western Mail*. On the other hand, the London *Daily Herald*, a labor organ, insists that the only issue involved is a decent standard of life for the British worker.



A LARGE ORDER
—Kirby in the New York *World*.

THE DIGEST is able to report to its readers the editorial attitude of these British papers, despite the fact that the strike halted their publications at home, because their editors can still use the cable. Thus American readers can have the benefit of these expert opinions which are denied to the public of the land where they are written. The replies we received follow. It was the printers of the London *Daily Mail* (Ind.) who precipitated the crisis, while the labor leaders and the Government were still seeking a compromise, by walking out in protest against an editorial which characterized a general strike as "a revolutionary movement" which "can not be tolerated by any civilized government and must be dealt with by every resource at the community's disposal." This paper cables us as follows:

> "Two governments can not exist in the same capital. One must destroy the other or surrender to the other. The freedom of the press has to be defended. The liberty of subjects must be upheld. Lawful government must act strongly and opponents will collapse most quickly. Half of them hate this business with its odious cruelty to the weak and the poor who are always the worst sufferers through their violence."

"In protecting national interests the Government can count on the support of the people at large," declares the London *Daily Mirror*. *The Daily Sketch*, under the same ownership as *The Mail* and *The Mirror*, reminds us that "no general strike has succeeded," and adds: "Even if one could succeed, it would still be a disaster for the victors no less than for the vanquished. In this respect it resembles war." Stuart Hodgson, editor of the London *Daily News*, cables us that: "The most remarkable feature of the strike so far has been that the sudden cessation of the principal essential public services such as the railways, the press, and all ordinary forms of transport, has had so little immediate effect in disorganizing seriously the life of the nation. The radio and the privately owned automobile have robbed a demonstration of this sort of half of its force." The editor of the Manchester *Guardian*, in addition to

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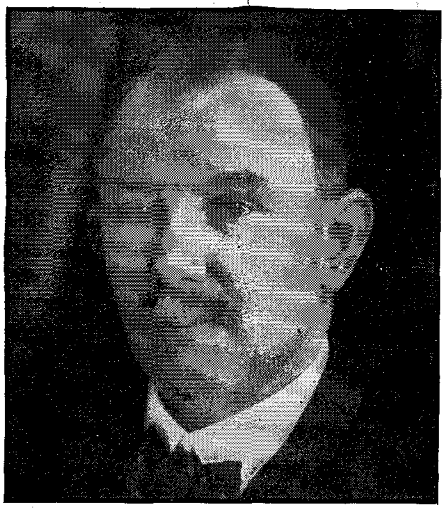
PRIME MINISTER STANLEY BALDWIN
Head of the British Government.

ARTHUR JAMES COOK
Chief of the striking miners.



JAMES HENRY THOMAS
A spokesman in Parliament for Labor.

THREE DOMINATING FIGURES IN BRITAIN'S INDUSTRIAL CRISIS

the sentences quoted in the beginning of this article about "the despotic use of industrial power," says further:

"The general strike is the logical outcome of the recent tendencies in British trade unionism. It was nearly reached in 1921 when the withdrawal of the railwaymen at the last moment left the miners to fight their battle alone. Since then there have been attempts to unify for strike action the four great federations of railwaymen, miners, engineers and other transport workers. At the same time, great executive powers have been conferred on the Trade Union Congress, which represents all unions. Neither form of organization had been completed and the fatal decision for a general strike had to be made by the executives of two hundred separate unions, specially summoned for the purpose on May 1. For the first time the unions have achieved, momentarily, solidarity of their dreams, and for the first time the public is waking up to the implications of the general strike as a threat not only to the life of the community, but to the democratic principle of government. The issue need not have arisen now, tho it must have arisen some time. A provisional settlement between the Government and the Trade Union Congress was in sight on Sunday last and was only frustrated by what the Prime Minister called the opening of the strike itself, which turns out to have been no more than an unauthorized interference by members of a single union with the editorial management of a single newspaper. Had the Government persisted with the negotiations, it is more than likely there would still be peace."

BALDWIN APPEALS TO PEOPLE TO STAND BY THE GOVERNMENT

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Special Cable to the New York *Times*.

LONDON, May 5.—Premier Baldwin to-day issued the following appeal to the British people:

Constitutional government is being attacked. Let all good citizens whose livelihood and labor have thus been put in peril bear with fortitude and patience the hardships with which they have been so suddenly confronted. Stand behind the Government, who are doing their part, confident that you will cooperate in the measures they have undertaken to preserve the liberties and privileges of the people of these islands.

The laws of England are the people's birthright. The laws are in your keeping. You have made Parliament their guardian. The general strike is a challenge to Parliament, and is the road to anarchy and ruin.

STANLEY BALDWIN.

To quote further from the message of Mr. Blumenfeld, of the London *Daily Express:*

"There is no public sympathy with the strike, and many strikers themselves are half-hearted. The man who goes into a fight in two minds has lost the battle in advance. The worst blow to the community is the suppression of the newspapers, which shocked liberty-loving Britons unforgetably and unforgivably. This move, instead of proving a valuable weapon to the strikers, has boomeranged. Not only have they lost otherwise wide publicity, but bulletins, flysheets, leaflets, pamphlets and news letters are cropping up hour by hour at every street corner. Moreover, the newspapers are not taking it lying down, but are all publishing something, if only one page. Day by day they are growing back to normal size. Already the saner trades unionists are talking of ordering printers back to work. This, tho so far only talk, implies confession of defeat. Transport is equally satisfactory. Naturally there is much inconvenience and a certain loss of valuable foodstuffs. But hour by hour the congestion is relieved and more transport is available. The country is absolutely determined to defeat what all parties and all classes consider a grave and improper attack on the Constitution."

The general feeling in Great Britain, agrees the London *Sunday Times*, is that constitutional government is at stake; and it adds: "Labor has precipitated a crisis which had to be faced sooner or later, and a sharp struggle now is better than a continuance of the cloud of unrest and uncertainty which has so long overhung British industry." As this paper reports, "members of the Trade Union Congress were reluctant to launch a general strike, but the pace was forced for them by the extremists." Says the editor of the London *Daily Telegraph:*

"The strike will fail because the Government and the people are resolute that it shall not succeed. They will repel it as a blow aimed at the very vitals of the State and at the very existence of constitutional government and of public freedom. Moreover, there is yet another reason why it must not only fail, but fail soon. That is that the vast majority of unionists have no heart in the struggle. It is not that they are lacking in sympathy for men who are struggling to maintain an impossible attitude. But they know in their heart of hearts that it is not reasonable for the miners to refuse, as they have refused, so much as even to consider an alteration of the hours of work and the rates of wages, and they also know that this declaration of a general strike is an act of still more stark unreason, because those who forged the weapon are inspired mainly by political and not by industrial motives."

"The general strike must fail," also cables the editor of the London *Evening Standard*, who goes on to say:

"Public feeling generally is against the strikers, and many who tended to sympathize with the miners, or at any rate to look coldly on the tactics of the mine-owners, are alienated by the intervention of the other unions, who have in effect put forward pretensions to sovereignty which it is recognized no Government of whatever political complexion can tolerate."

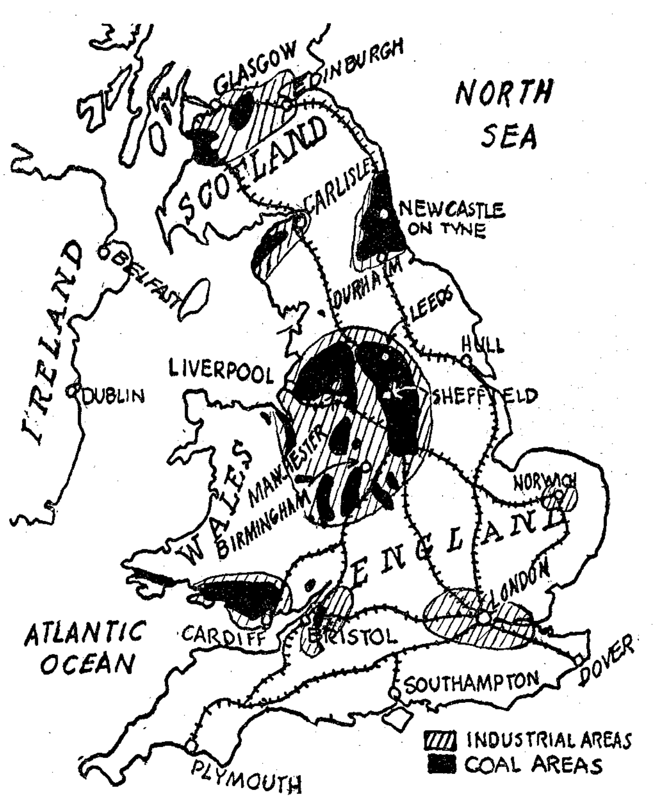
The editor of the Glasgow *Evening News* quotes the statement of the Government's official newspaper, *The British Gazette,* that "if the general strike continues for many weeks the prosperity of Great Britain will be ruined for probably as many years." But he adds that "while Britain may be weakened for a time, the storm may clear the air." From the same Scottish city the editor of *The Herald* cables:

> "The public is exasperated by the stoppage of the newspapers more than anything else, as this keeps them in ignorance. This is now recognized as a great tactical mistake by the callers of the strike. The only large Scottish paper issued is *The Scotsman,* which is non-union, but the Glasgow *Herald* is producing a very good emergency paper by non-union labor, its union staff being on strike. The general opinion is that this is the greatest industrial crisis through which the country has passed, but that the people and the authorities are rising to the occasion and are determined that the attempt of the Trade Union Congress to dictate terms to the Government and the country will be defeated."

From Wales the editor of the Cardiff *Western Mail,* which is appearing despite the strike, cables as follows:

> "There can be only one end, and it will come soon, to the monstrous attempt of the Trade Union Congress to usurp the authority of the Government by law established and to terrorize over the people of Great Britain. It must be and will be ignominiously defeated. We shall find in a few days that the normal life of the people can continue in spite of these threats of the Communists to put us all to disastrous suffering and loss. The ordeal is a great one, but the people of this country have faced and conquered greater. They will face and conquer this."

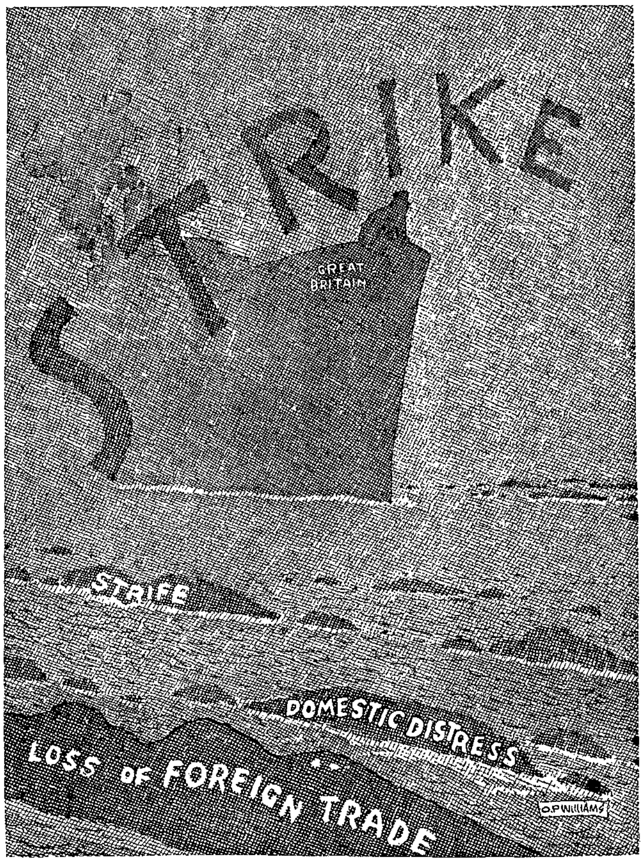
The Liberals, according to Joseph Hobman, editor of the London *Westminster Gazette,* "criticize all parties to the dispute, but blame the Cabinet most for its delay and indecision." He insists that the strike is "sympathetic, and not revolutionary"; foresees a safe emergence of the nation from its novel experience; suggests that the experience "may have salutary lessons for both labor and the authorities"; and admonishes us to "trust the Englishness of the English in all troubles."



From the Chicago *Tribune*

WHERE THE STRIKE HITS BRITAIN

The full force of the general strike is felt in the coal and industrial areas here indicated.



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A SKILFUL PILOT NEEDED

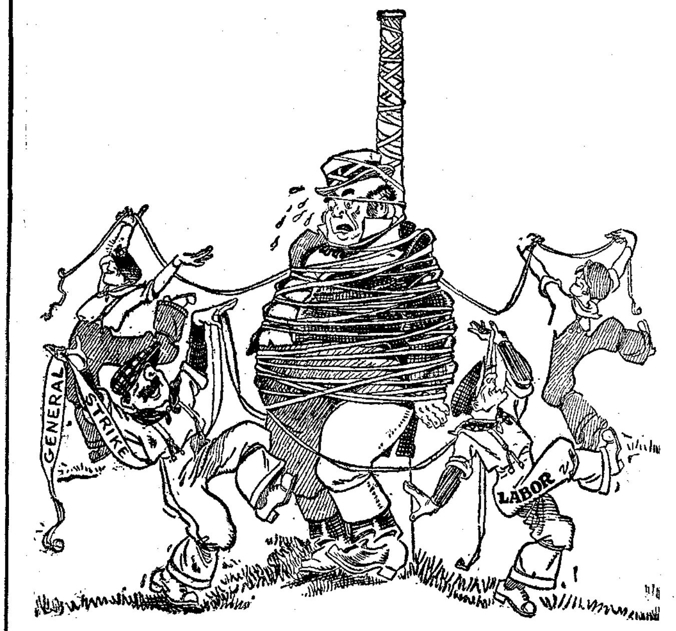
—Williams in the New York *American.*

Speaking for Labor, Hamilton Fyfe, editor of the London *Daily Herald,* cables us as follows:

> "The cause of the general strike is the mismanagement of the coal industry. As long ago as February, 1925, warning was given in the House of Commons that there would be a fresh crisis in July. No notice was taken of this warning. When July came, feverish efforts were made to patch up some agreement. When these failed Mr. Baldwin granted a subsidy to prevent the wages of the miners, which were already very low in many districts, from being still further reduced. At the same time he appointed a Royal Commission, which reported that drastic reorganization was required and suggested that the miners accept lower wages while it went on. This the miners declined to do, whereupon the mine-owners said they would be locked out on the day the subsidy ceased. Only then was the decision taken to call a general strike and affirm the right of every miner to a reasonable living wage as well as to protect the wages of other workers, which would certainly be attacked later. British employers are too stupid to learn that the test of national prosperity is that every worker has a decent standard of life."

To understand why 5,000,000 Englishmen were thrown out of work by the general strike which began at midnight on May 3, we must realize the unhealthy condition which all authorities admit has prevailed in the British coal industry for several years. In Britain there exists to an extreme degree the problem caused by the variation in production costs between the different coal fields. Furthermore, the industry as a whole is hampered by Great Britain's general economic difficulty since the war, and in particular by high cost of production as compared with competing countries. Reference to the United States Statistical Abstract and Whittaker's Almanac brings out the significant fact that in 1921, 823,253 miners in the United States produced 506,395,000 tons of coal while 1,126,000 miners in Great Britain and Ireland produced 180,065,740 tons.

During the war the British coal industry was under close



MAY DAY IN ENGLAND

—Doyle in the Philadelphia *Record*.

governmental control. After the Armistice, as Sidney Webb, the British economist and labor leader, relates in an article in *Current History*, the miners called for a shorter working day, better working conditions, and nationalization of the industry. To avert a strike the issue was referred to the Sankey Commission, which reported in favor of government ownership of minerals in the ground, nationalization of the mining industry, compulsory unification, a shorter working day, and slightly higher wages. Parliament refused to accept this report, but laws were passed in 1919 securing wage concessions and a seven-hour day. The industry was "de-controlled" in 1920. In 1921 a wage cut brought on a three months' strike. After this the seven-hour day was retained and a new wage basis was set up with complicated variations for different localities and changing conditions. In 1925 there was a decline in the coal trade, as Mr. Webb notes, until work was stopt in one-fifth of the British pits and 250,000 miners were left without employment. Last summer the mine owners demanded as an absolute necessity a reduction in wages and an increase in hours of work. The unions refused to consider either, and called for reorganization or the nationalization of the industry in line with the Sankey recommendations. After a deadlock Prime Minister Baldwin averted a strike by securing for the owners a government subsidy to make up the difference between the wages remaining in force and the lower rates they declared necessary, and a commission was appointed to report on the whole situation.

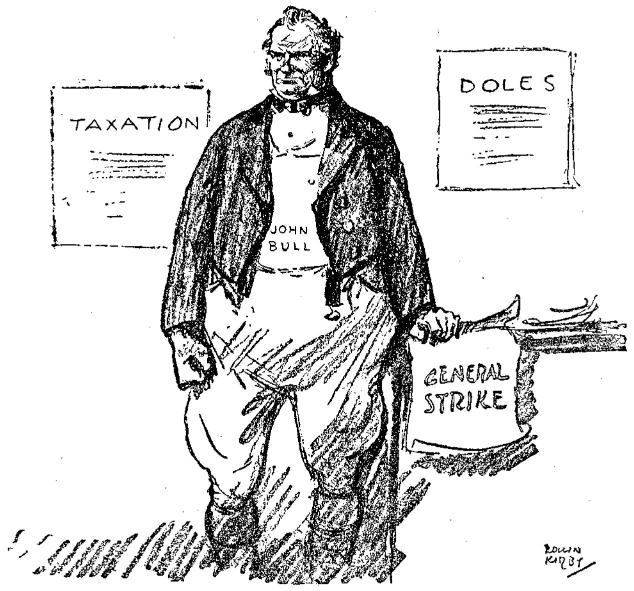
The arrangement expired on April 30. In the meantime the Royal Coal Commission reported, rejecting nationalization or compulsory unification of high-cost and low-cost mines, calling for an improvement in technical organization and selling agencies, and either lower wages or longer hours pending improvement in technical organization and trade. The recommendations were neither accepted finally by industry or unions, nor were they given legal force by the Government. The miners flatly refused to accept the owners' alternative of lower wages or longer hours, pending reorganization, and despite government negotiations went on strike May 1. A London correspondent to the New York *World* points out that:

> "The wages paid up to May 1, the beginning of the coal strike, have varied for able-bodied miners from $17 a week to $8, depending upon the district. Under the new terms offered by the owners at the last moment these would be reduced to a maximum of $13 and a minimum of just under $5.
>
> "It should be remembered that most of these men have families, and the cost of living is about 70 per cent. above the pre-war average. Also, in fairness to the owners, it should be added that the wage cuts were put forward as a basis of negotiation and might have been revised if the negotiations had been continued."

The British Trade Union Congress, representing 5,000,000 workers, decided to call a progressive general strike in support of the miners, to begin at midnight, May 3. The first unions ordered out, according to a Chicago *Tribune* summary, included: the Miners' Federation, 1,000,000; the National Union of Railwaymen with 327,000; the Railway Clerks' Association with 60,000; Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen with 59,000; the Transport and General Workers' Union with 300,000; the Iron and Steel Trades confederation with 95,000; the paper and printing trades with 187,000; the electrical trade-unions with 25,000—a total of about 2,000,000 workers. The number may be brought up to over five million by including those involuntarily thrown out of work by strikes in closely related occupations, and those previously unemployed. The General Council held in reserve the calling out of other unions.

The actual strike was precipitated by a walk-out of printers on the London *Daily Mail*, who refused to print an anti-strike editorial. After this Premier Baldwin declared that there could be no continuance of negotiations with the miners' union until after the general strike was called off. The Emergency Act of 1920 was invoked and the Government received a 380 to 108 vote of confidence in the House of Commons.

The start of the strike was marked by practically complete paralysis of railways and other means of transport, including buses, street-cars and subways; of dock work, iron foundries and newspapers. The cost was estimated at $25,000,000 a day. There was sporadic violence in some districts. In London people walked or went to work in motor-cars. People learned the news through radio broadcasting and official government bulletin, and a few miniature newspapers. Hyde Park, London, was made an emergency base for milk and food. Military and naval forces were held in readiness at strategic points. Volunteers started in to run trains, and otherwise take the place of strikers. For the first few days both sides stood absolutely firm and unyielding, and the populace in general, according to the London dispatches, good-humoredly accepted inconvenience and distress.



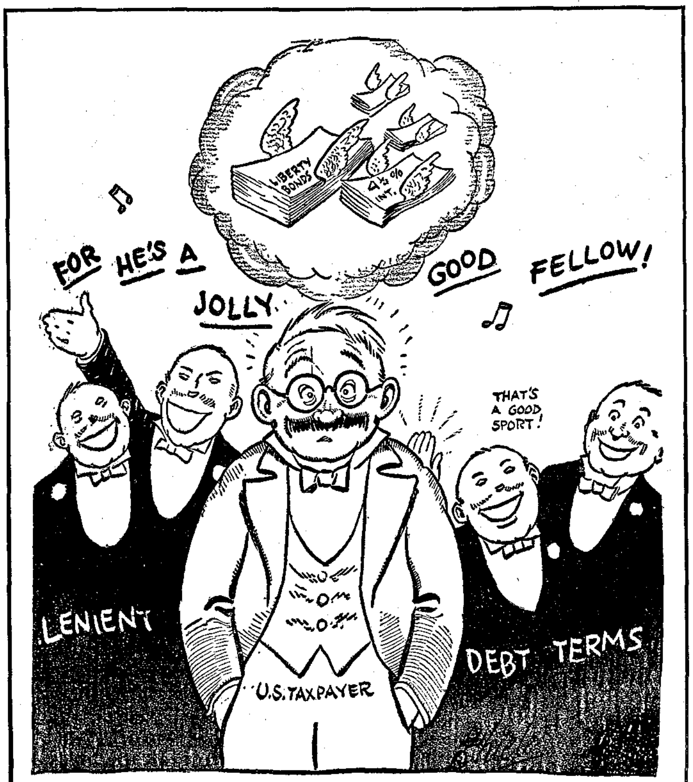
"I'VE SEEN WORSE THINGS THAN THIS THROUGH"

—Kirby in the New York *World*.

WAR DEBTS FUNDED—NOT SETTLED

THERE IS RELIEF, profound and wide-spread, over the practical completion of the ticklish task of funding the debts owed us by European nations. There is a definite editorial belief that Uncle Sam has proved his middle name is not Shylock. And there is also a very considerable element of editorial fear that the debt hasn't been settled at all, an inclination to ponder thoughtfully over Winston Churchill's remark: "These debt settlements are temporary; Europe will not be paying out these vast sums thirty years from now." The settlements with France and Jugoslavia and the Senatorial ratification of the earlier settlements with Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Esthonia, Finland, Great Britain, Hungary, Italy, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland and Roumania, virtually cleans the slate. For, as the Syracuse *Post-Standard* notes:

> "The debts outstanding are the Russian, $192,000,000, which will certainly not be refunded until the United States recognizes that Russia has a legitimate government, if then. The United States will claim only the post-revolutionary debt, and it isn't banking on that; $15,000,000 from Greece, which has not accepted invitations to come to terms on refunding; $12,000,000 from Armenia, which has no government and won't have any while Turkey holds together; $24,000,000 from Austria, which has been given to 1943 to step up to the captain's office and talk business."



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"WELL, I GUESS THE PARTY'S ON ME!"

—Thiele for the Editors' Feature Service.

Roughly speaking, and in round numbers, eleven billion dollars' worth of war debts have been funded over a sixty-two-year period of serial payments at such low interest rates that the grand total we will receive, as calculated by the Boston *Globe*, will be $22,048,362,000 instead of the $34,000,000,000 that would be paid in over that period on a 3 per cent. basis. Political Washington, according to Mr. Carter Field of the Republican New York *Herald Tribune*, "is amazed at the success with which the Administration has handled the foreign debt situation." "Whatever effect future events may have on these settlements," says the Springfield *Union*, "they have solved one of the difficult post-war problems of our Government; they have cleared the way for the restoration of European credit; they have insured a basis for better international relations and thus on the whole enabled all nations to move further away from the serious consequences of the war." The important thing about the settlements, as the Dayton *News* sees it, is that they removed "from the field of debate a world economic question more vexing than all others." The significant feature, in the opinion of the Schenectady *Union-Star*, is that "the moral responsibility of nations has been reestablished," for "the moral basis for national integrity begins in accepting national responsibility for debts incurred." Solid satisfaction over an agreement that "points the way out of a financial jungle"—the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger's* phrase—is likewise exprest with emphasis in the columns of journals like the Boston *News Bureau*, Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, Indianapolis *News*, St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and Portland *Oregonian*. As a financial journal, *The American Banker*, sees it:

> "The point about the debt settlements is that the amounts to be paid for the next five years are easily within the capacity of the debtor nations to pay. When the ratifications are out of the way, interallied debts will cease to be one of the great political questions; they will cease to figure in the newspapers, causing ill feeling between countries and constituting a disturbing factor in financial and business relations. Our bankers will no longer be hampered in adopting constructive policies toward Europe by the question of the settlement of the debt of those countries to our Government, and the constructive help that they can give to Europe will be correspondingly increased."

No intelligent person, in the opinion of a number of our journals, can deny that the debt settlements are extremely generous. The Boston *Globe* reminds us that the very low interest rates exacted amount to "a cancellation of 22 per cent. of the British debt, 46 per cent. of the Belgian debt, 74 per cent. of the Italian debt, and 50 per cent. of the French debt." *The Globe* hopes that European realization of this generosity will bring about a diminution of the public hostility abroad toward America. "If *Shylock* in the play had cared no more for his ducats than that, there wouldn't have been any play," is the conclusion reached by the Chicago *Tribune*. Exprest in tabular form and reduced to dollars and cents the reductions to our debtors are, according to the Manchester *Union:*

Great Britain......	$ 901,600,000
Italy..............	1,539,668,000
Belgium...........	223,512,300
France............	2,017,500,000
Total...........	$4,682,280,300

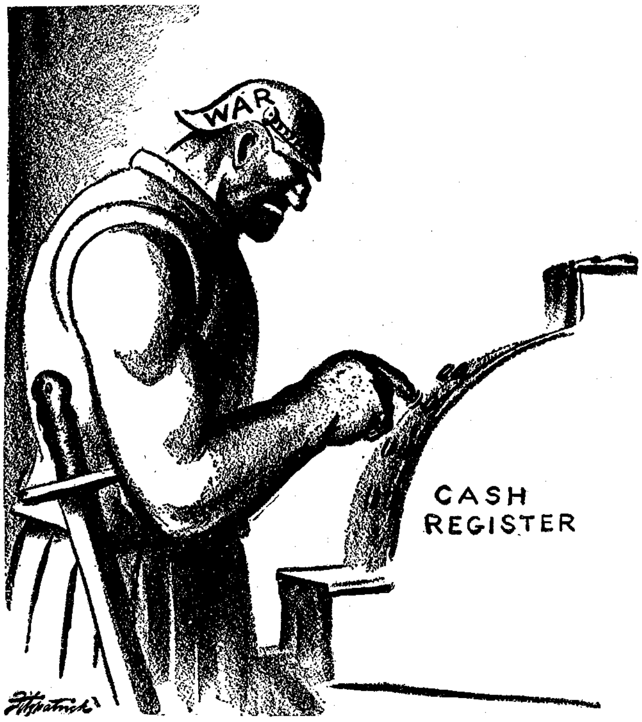
As the New Hampshire paper comments editorially:

> "The above represents the *actual contribution*, made by the taxpayers of America, to the war expenditures of the four Powers who were our allies. The money which we have thus given away, in settling up war debts, came directly from the pockets of the American people, who were given for their money the obligations of the United States, bearing 4 per cent. interest or more. Every dollar of these loans from our people will be repaid *in full*. The whole American people must pay into the Federal treasury, in the form of taxes, more than four and a half billion dollars, to make up for the inability, or incapacity, of the nations abroad to repay us in full. In any future consideration given to the part we played in the defeat of German militarism and the salvation of human liberty through popular government, do not forget to include this as part of our contribution.
>
> "In all of the settlements made payments are to be extended over sixty-two years' time. Despite the huge present sacrifice we have made to get these matters cleared up, we make the confident prediction now that we will never collect in full even the discounted debts owing us. Some time in the not distant future, sentimentalists in America, working with hard-boiled statesmen, diplomatists and financiers abroad, will begin to agitate the remission of the balance of these war debts, and we make the prophecy that ultimately this campaign will succeed.
>
> "In the meantime, during the earlier portion of this debt-paying period, we will be crucified at every European crossroads as an unconscionable war profiteer, and money-grubbing Shylock. Combinations against us in world diplomacy will be easy, and of frequent occurrence, because most of Europe will be paying us tribute and hating us cordially as they pay.
>
> "But despite all of these drawbacks, and obvious embarrassments, we have pursued a wise and sound course. We do well

to get the debts funded so that Europe may know where she stands. This was an indispensable preliminary to restore economic life in Europe. And we do equally well to get as much out of our debtors as we can. First, we owe this to our own taxpayers, who must make up whatever deficiency there is; and, second, to forgive the debts would have been to clear the decks for new wars, the causes for which lurk in every corner of Europe. Paying for the last war may help to keep Europe from too immediate excursions into new martial experiments."

That the war debt question is not ended is definitely asserted by the Milwaukee *Journal*, which says:

"America, for all its assumed isolation, has listened to pleas for abatement of German debts to other nations, and has helped to scale them down. So long as any nation is paying us money, and that is set for sixty-two years, there will be talk of the United States as a Shylock grinding the faces of poorer peoples. Individual borrowers talk that way; so will nations. Moreover, most of the debt-funding arrangements are based on guesses of future economic conditions. Nobody can foresee how such conditions will change during six decades, but it would be almost a miracle if there were no change."



WHEN HE ISN'T KILLING HE'S COLLECTING

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

While technically, of course, we are entitled to repayment from our European associates in the war, morally we are not, insists the Brooklyn *Citizen*, which continues:

"That England and France and Italy and Belgium will continue for the next sixty-two years to meet the annual payments imposed upon them no one in his senses believes. Whether France has a 'safeguard clause' or not, it is certain that the day Germany defaults in paying France her share of reparations, France will demand a revision of the agreement because of her inability to meet her obligations. A new generation in this country is likely to look with more favor upon cancellation, just as a new generation in England, France, Italy and Belgium will see no reason for continuing these payments. Only necessity has induced our debtors to accept our terms. Every country in Europe needs American credits and owing to the action of the Washington Government in barring credits to countries which have not funded their debt, this pistol pointed at their breasts has made them throw up their hands."

"Frankly," asks the Springfield *Republican*, "who feels the least confidence that payments from Europe will continue for so long a time as sixty-two years either from France or from any other country?"

NEW YORK CITY'S MILKY WAY

MAYOR WALKER, OF NEW YORK CITY, announced after his election last November that he "expected to find some dust under the municipal sofa." But, remarks the New York *Evening Post*, "he probably did not expect to find such a mass of it under the corner allotted to the Department of Health as the new Health Commissioner has been raking into the light." The Hylan Administration, we are told, "was more frequently criticized for its stupid policies than accused of harboring grafters, but it now appears that there was a good deal of secret graft." More than $3,000,000 is said by Health Commissioner Harris, Mayor Walker's appointee, to have been collected from dealers in milk and other foods by employees of the Department of Health during the latter part of the Hylan régime. "The deeper the search is carried, the uglier the business appears," observes the New York *Herald Tribune*. Already the secretary to Health Commissioner Monaghan during the latter part of the Hylan régime has been arrested, charged with accepting a bribe while holding public office; Harry Danziger, so-called "czar of the milk-graft ring," has been arrested, charged with extortion, and has pleaded guilty; Monaghan's former assistant secretary has been dismissed; six Health Department employees have been suspended or dismissed, and it now appears likely, according to Dr. L. I. Harris, the present Health Commissioner, that one of the three May grand juries "will be forced to devote its entire time to the milk-graft conspiracy."

One of the most serious charges of Dr. Harris is that milk "watered with dirty stable hose" has been responsible for a large proportion of the typhoid fever cases in New York City in recent years. Uninspected "bootleg" milk and cream is said to be coming into New York from Canada and certain "unapproved" sources in New York State. Coconut oil, we are told, was formerly mixed with thin cream to make it look like the rich product.

All this, notes the New York *World*, "means that the sick have been sold milk that failed to build them up; that babies have not been properly nourished; and that disease has been spread by milk smuggled in without inspection." Furthermore, maintains this New York daily:

"While the evidence is being assembled the public has a right to ask certain questions regarding the vigilance and efficiency of Mr. Hylan and Mr. Monaghan in health administration. Why was this scandal not uncovered long ago? Why did city officers remain for two years oblivious of grafting which a new Health Department head was able to lay bare within a few weeks? The corruption was by no means microscopic. It affected one-third the milk supply of the world's largest city; it totaled, according to Commissioner Harris, $3,000,000 in food graft. Nor was it kept really as dark and deep as the bottom of the Atlantic. Two years ago Queens retailers made formal complaint to the District Attorney; rumors of the milk ring kept cropping up; last spring the Republican Committee charged that adulterated cream was being sold by connivance with Health Department employees. Evidence lay almost on the surface. Yet we have had to wait for a new Mayor and Commissioner to show enough energy to collect this evidence.

"The dairy products of New York State alone sold in the city annually approach $150,000,000 in value; the poultry slaughter-houses alone number more than 300, some of them doing a business of many millions. It has always been evident that it was a potential gold-mine for corrupt inspectors. The grafting was systematically organized and developed on a wholesale scale. It reached the milk-dealers, the slaughter-houses, the grocers, the restaurant-keepers, and many more.

"Every fresh revelation concerning milk and slaughter-house graft adds to the proof that in the final years of the Hylan-Monaghan Administration the Health Department was in a demoralized condition. The city was paying for this demoralization in danger to its health. The prosecutors' job to-day is clear. That job is to get at the large wholesalers on the one side, the Health Department officials on the other."

According to testimony given by Danziger, he turned the money obtained from illicit milk dealers who were willing to pay for "protection" or to prevent the revocation of their licenses by the Health Department, over to a city official, retaining only 10 per cent. for himself. Incidentally, points out the New York *Times*, "Danziger has appeared in court fifty-four times since 1916 on various charges of violation of milk ordinances. Light sentences of from $10 to $100 were imposed except once, when he was fined $500. Sentence was suspended nineteen times, seventeen cases were dismissed, four were withdrawn and once he was discharged."

When Commissioner Harris attempted to check up on the activities of former food inspectors, says *The World*, "he found the files had been depleted, and many important letters were missing." To quote an article by Martin Green in the New York *Evening World:*

"The facts are that for the past three or four years there has been in operation in the Department of Health a shameless system of graft based on intimidation which has imperiled the lives and health of hundreds of thousands of children in the most congested tenement districts, has sapped the resistance of invalids, has spread disease and completely demoralized a branch of the dairy business most vitally affecting the public welfare, namely, the collection and sale of so-called 'loose' milk.

"An astounding feature of this scandal is that it is founded on traffic in adulterated or below-test milk. The plan to corrupt inspectors and other officials of the Health Department was conceived, launched and operated by big milk and cheese-handling firms, working through busy agents, who deliberately set out to lower the standard of the milk supply brought into the city in 40-gallon cans, and to distribute so-called 'bootleg' cream from sources of supply not licensed by the Board of Health.

"How the scheme was worked in the Brownsville and East New York sections of Brooklyn is illustrative of its application elsewhere. Employees of the Health Department had been grafting in Brownsville and East New York for years, but the work was scattered until about four years ago, when Danziger began to see possibilities in extension.

"Danziger, with four others, formed the 'Milk Chamber of Commerce,' with offices in Brooklyn. Danziger was president. These men were insignificant as wholesalers; as a matter of fact they were not in the milk business, altho they purchased and decorated a big truck carrying on its sides the legend 'New York State Dairy.' Before long it began to be known in Brownsville and East New York as 'Danziger's Death Wagon.'

"If admissions made by some of the conspirators under oath are corroborated, it will be established that the operations of Danziger and his 'Death Wagon' were financed by big, powerful wholesalers in Manhattan and the Bronx. These wholesalers, seeking to extend their market, would send the 'Death Wagon' into territory controlled by a rival. Milk would be sold from the 'Death Wagon' for $2 a can—and it was better milk than the average circulating in the Brownsville section. When the rival was run out of business, prices from the 'Death Wagon' would be raised to $4 a can.

"Overtures would then be made to the wholesaler who had suffered a loss in trade, and generally he entered the 'Chamber of Commerce.' Then the 'Death Wagon' would be withdrawn and the wholesaler would win back his trade, but he would have to handle milk controlled by the combine and that milk was all adulterated.

"It was customary for the dealer to take out four quarts of milk from each forty-gallon can and put in four quarts of water. Thus every nine cans yielded thirty-six quarts of milk, and with four quarts of water added there was a forty-gallon can of fluid which had cost nothing but the labor of filling it and represented a net return of $4. Every ninety cans of milk so diluted represented an increased profit of $40, and the conspirators handled thousands of cans a day.

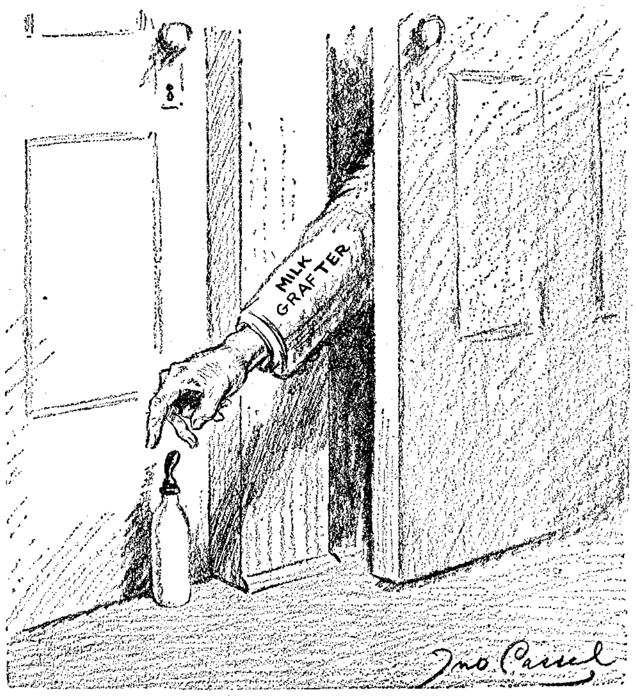
"The retailers, naturally, resented the watering of their milk by the wholesalers because it reduced their ability to water it themselves."

"It is to Commissioner Harris's credit," declares the New York *Evening Post*, "that he is reaching out for the large fry among bribers and bribed." Of course, admits *The Herald Tribune:*

"Graft has been so long in existence among dishonest milk sellers that it is impossible for them to believe that the present upheaval is anything more than a passing spasm of reform. When the last of the important people engaged in it have been convicted and sentenced it will still be necessary to cast the net a second time in order to catch the little fellows.

"The mystery in this matter is how such wholesale grafting could possibly have been carried on for a period of years without awakening the suspicions of the elected or appointed officials responsible for the protection of the public and the honest conduct of its affairs. Surely such continued and colossal rascality could not have gone on without some odor of it being blown to the City Hall. Somebody must have complained. Somebody must have refused to be blackmailed. Somebody must have carried the news of what was suspected to the authorities.

"It is true that an investigation was made, but it was speedily dropt with the customary assurance on the part of the investigator that no basis for criminal action or even removals from office could be found. The investigation did not at all alarm the grafters, for they serenely continued to make their collections, untroubled by any fear of exposure or of losing their jobs."



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THE MEANEST!

—Cassel in the New York *Evening World.*

There is little doubt in the mind of the Brooklyn *Eagle* that "under the former administration of the Department of Health a crooked business grew to formidable proportions." Continues *The Eagle:*

"Danziger's revelations show how wide-spread was the system through which milk was bootlegged into the city and sold everywhere without interference from Health Department officials paid to prevent this very thing. Dr. Harris, the present Health Commissioner, has uncovered evidence indicating that independent milk dealers, operating in conjunction with Danziger and his associates, and therefore presumably dealing in adulterated milk, obtained contracts to supply city institutions. If this evidence is fully sustained by investigation, officials outside the former Health Administration may have some explaining to do.

"We need not accept as established at this time the criminal responsibility of any one save Danziger, who has confessed. The fate of the Health Department official who is under indictment is in the hands of the courts. But enough has been revealed to prove that crime in its meanest form, crime which struck at the health of the children as well as at that of adults, was practised by wholesale while city guardians either stupidly failed in their duty or wilfully became partners for gain in a shameful industry."

MACHINE GUNS NOW—WHAT NEXT?

THE MACHINE GUN AS A WEAPON of wholesale assassination apparently has won its way into the hearts of America's gunmen, gangsters, and bootleggers, if we may judge from a recent occurrence at Cicero, a suburb of Chicago. An Assistant State's Attorney and two companions, members of the underworld, were killed by a veritable hail of bullets while riding in an automobile on the outskirts of the city. The method of attack was new in crime annals. Pulling up beside the car containing the prosecutor and his companions, a gangster automobile unloosed a withering machine-gun fire which almost instantly killed the three men. The young attorney had just secured the conviction of two Chicago gangsters, yet it is not certain that his death was "punishment" meted out to him by the underworld of Chicago and Cicero. For the two men killed with him were, one a confidant of bootleggers; the other, a saloon keeper.

P. & A. photograph

"THEY COULDN'T BUY HIM"

"So the gangsters decided to kill him," says the Duluth *News-Tribune* of Assistant State's Attorney William H. McSwiggin, who was killed, with two companions, by a spray of machine-gun bullets.

State's Attorney William H. McSwiggin, we are told, had been the prosecutor in several notorious murder cases of late months. With youthful vigor he had smashed the defense erected in case after case, and sent criminals to jail for long terms, and even to death. He had refused bribes. His life had been threatened many times. Finally came his assassination, "a grim reminder," notes the Philadelphia *Record*, "that crime in the United States is steadily becoming more audacious, and the agencies of law more incapable of enforcing respect for order." One thing is made certain by investigations to date, says a Chicago dispatch to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*—"the murders were committed as a part of Chicago's beer war." "The corrupt alliances between rum runners, bootleggers, and politicians have long been known," according to a Chicago *Daily News* editorial. To quote the dispatch to the Cincinnati paper:

> "After an investigation lasting eighteen hours, Captain Stege, Assistant Chief of Detectives, is convinced of the following:
>
> "Gunmen brought to Cicero from New York by 'Scarface Al' Capone and John Torrio at primary election time killed McSwiggin and the two other victims. 'Fur' Sammons, the gunman who led the gang that held up the International Harvester Company's plant a month ago, was with McSwiggin and was wounded seriously. James J. Doherty, who was killed with McSwiggin, had been 'cutting in' on the Torrio-Capone monopoly in the Cicero beer business. Thomas 'Red' Duffy, the third man killed, was 'thick' with both McSwiggin and Doherty.
>
> "Torrio and Capone recently obtained eleven automatic rifles (one-man machine guns) of the type used in the murder of McSwiggin, Doherty and Duffy. The battle was between gunmen of the Torrio-Capone gang and McSwiggin's four companions—leaders in the rival O'Donnell gang, in Captain Stege's opinion. McSwiggin was not the killer's target. The official lost his life because he happened, for reasons not clear, to be with Sammons, O'Donnell, Duffy and Doherty.
>
> "Following is Captain Stege's reconstruction of the murder:
>
> "McSwiggin and his four companions had been in Cicero on a mysterious errand. They risked their lives in going there. Cicero is the jealously-guarded territory of Torrio and Capone. Where they went and whom they saw no one knows. But on their way back they were ambushed.
>
> "They had stopt, according to Stege, at the saloon of Harry Madigan, West Roosevelt Road. Altho his saloon is in Torrio-Capone territory, Madigan had been buying beer from the O'Donnell gang, he confessed to Captain Stege to-day. As McSwiggin and the others left their sedan, the Torrio men opened fire on them with the automatic rifle.
>
> "Duffy fell in his tracks. McSwiggin and Doherty ran, but were brought down, the one with three bullets in his body, the other with sixteen. The killers drove away in a speedy car.
>
> "The fact that an Assistant Prosecutor should be murdered in a hotbed of beer running like Cicero, in company with another political worker and a beer runner, whom he previously had prosecuted for murder, caused a profound sensation. Since last night, State's Attorney Crowe said, he has learned that McSwiggin recently decided to investigate gangland at first hand. He desired to learn gangsters' ways. That may explain his presence in the gangsters' car."

At any rate, the charges that bootlegging and politics are to blame for the recent outbreak in one of Chicago's outlying towns has led to an insistent demand from civic leaders for a special grand jury investigation of the so-called alliance between crime and politics. State's Attorney Crowe, however, says a news item in the Chicago *Tribune*, "seems to have checkmated his critics by bringing about the appointment of a special grand jury and enlisting the cooperation of the State Attorney General." A second investigation, it appears, is to be conducted by Chicago's coroner, a political foe of Mr. Crowe. To quote another *Tribune* item:

> "Coroner Wolff's determination to get at the facts met with a ready response from President Kelly, of the Union League Club, and other influential bodies. The Coroner says State's Attorney Crowe has taken all the witnesses and is holding them. Critics of the State's Attorney cite the fact that in the recent primaries and previous primaries and elections, notorious gunmen and gangsters have been especially active for the political wing with which the State's Attorney is affiliated. Bootleggers also 'kick in' with campaign contributions that make those of decent merchants look like German marks."

The war in Chicago and its environs between rival gangsters, rum runners, and other law violators has resulted in 92 killings in the last two and a half years, 23 of which have occurred since January 1 of this year, according to a Consolidated Press dispatch from Chicago. *The Daily News* of that city declares that 90 per cent. of these gang murders have gone unpunished. State's Attorney Crowe, maintains the Chicago *Herald and Examiner*, "is not only the State's prosecutor; he is the head and front of a political organization. Politics ties his hands." The warfare between gangsters and bootleggers could not go on, avers the Chicago *Journal*, "if there were not an alliance between violent crime and rotten politics," and the Chicago *Tribune* agrees that—

> "It has become apparent that there is a relationship between politics and crime in Illinois. There is no official legally empowered to conduct an inquiry into crime who is without his strong political affiliation. Any conclusion concerning the killing which the State's Attorney's office may reach can not be satisfactory to the public, no matter how true and just it may be. Mr. Wolff's summoning of a special coroner's jury is on its face a commendable effort to get at the truth. Back of it, however, lies the fact that Coroner Wolff is State's Attorney Crowe's political enemy.

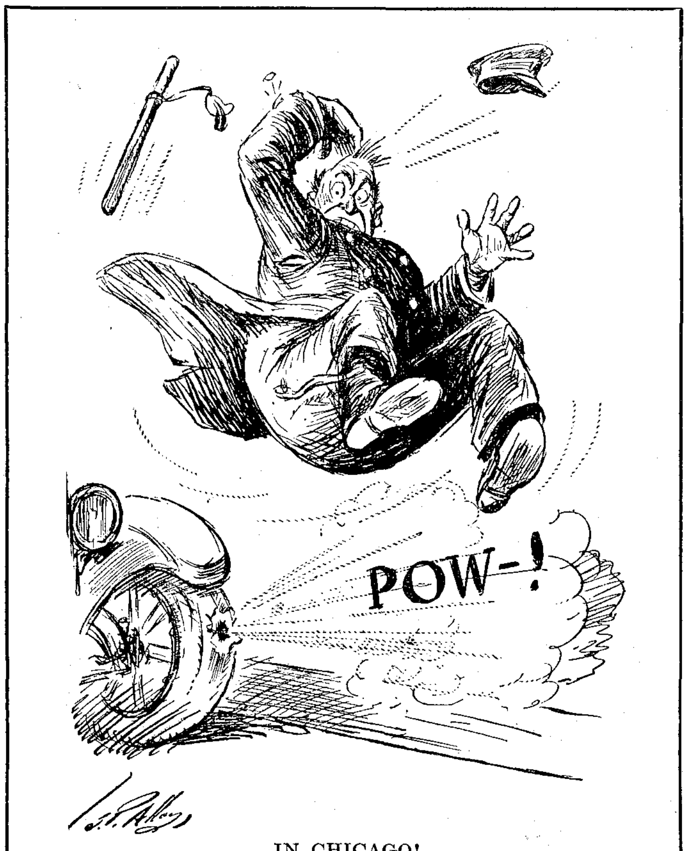
"It is a huge charge to lay against law-enforcing officials, to say that none of them is capable of rendering a decision in this murder case which will receive the full confidence of the people of Chicago. But we believe that condition prevails. We believe no one, no matter how optimistic and trusting he may be, can doubt longer that there is a working connection between politics and crime. *The Tribune* advocates, therefore, the calling of a special grand jury and the appointment of a special state's attorney to investigate the murder of Assistant State's Attorney William H. McSwiggin and his companions."

A similar appeal is to be found in other Chicago papers. "If State's Attorney Crowe has nothing to conceal, he should welcome a searching inquiry by non-partizan agencies in order that the natural doubts and suspicions resulting from existing crime conditions may be put to rest," argues *The Daily News.* "If there is no direct cooperation between the machinery of justice and the bootlegging gunmen, the only way to convince the public of this fact is to have the inquiry conducted by agencies in which the public has confidence," maintains the Chicago *Journal of Commerce.* As the Chicago *Evening Post* points out:

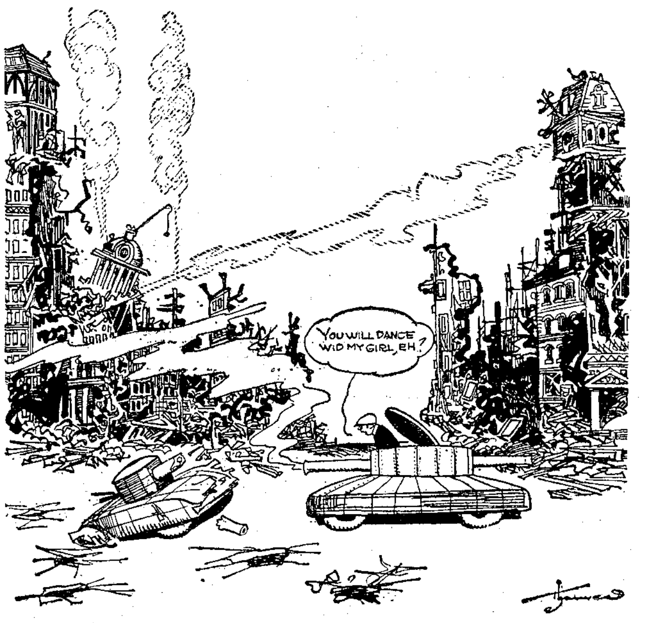
"There are law-enforcing authorities in the city and county; there are courts; there is a District Attorney representing the Federal Government as the State's Attorney represents the State; there is a Federal Prohibition Enforcement Bureau—these latter are concerned in-so-far as this reign of violence is due to the rivalry of beer-running and bootlegging gangs. It is a strange thing, an amazing thing, that there has been no coordinated and determined effort to clean up this situation.

"The killing of an Assistant State's Attorney, a young man credited with much ability and diligence, has, most naturally, stirred an extraordinary activity. This latest act of violence occurred in Cicero. It was the second use of a machine gun in that community within a few days. Back of these incidents lies a record of lawless defiance in Cicero which has no parallel outside the notorious Herrin. The law-enforcing agencies of Cook County have known for months that Cicero had become headquarters for the most desperate gangsters in the metropolitan area of Chicago. They have moved beyond the jurisdiction of the local police department, and Mayor Dever pertinently asks why they are permitted to create and maintain strongholds of crime and violence in these satellite towns.

"That question has not been answered. But Chicago has a right to demand an answer to it, because Chicago suffers in the eyes of the nation from such happenings as on Tuesday night took place in Cicero. Moreover, Chicago suffers from the raids of these gangsters, who emerge from their crime nests in the neighboring towns and carry violence into the city, retreating again to protected haunts.



IN CHICAGO!
—Alley in the Memphis *Commercial Appeal.*


YOU WILL DANCE WID MY GIRL, EH?

SOME DAY THE CHICAGO GANGSTERS WILL GET ROUGH
—Thomas in the Detroit *News.*

"Nor is it a question merely of Prohibition enforcement. Responsibility can not be evaded on the ground that Prohibition is an unenforceable law. Is the law against murder also unenforceable? Are the laws against disturbing the peace and resorting to violence unenforceable? Known murderers, gangsters with criminal records, recognized gunmen come and go freely in Cook County. They are not arrested, or if arrested, they are not tried, or if tried, they are not convicted, or if convicted, they are paroled or pardoned.

"The issue is bigger than whether the murderers of Assistant State's Attorney McSwiggin will be apprehended and punished; it is whether the law-enforcing agencies of the city and County and of the Federal Government will unite forces to demonstrate that there is a law of the State and a law of the nation which governs in Cook County, and which can not be defied."

But, we are reminded by the Pittsburgh *Sun:*

"It must be remembered that the alarming increase of crime in the United States is not confined to any one district. It is national. One municipality has little occasion to boast over another. New York has been swept by a similar crime wave. Chicago and New York, by their very size and heterogeneity, are more liable to fits of lawlessness. But many cities of smaller size have as much crime in proportion to their population and complexity."

In the opinion of the Duluth *News-Tribune:*

"The forces of the underworld are organized and active. The forces of law and order do not have the backing of a vigorous public opinion. Sentimentalists want our law-breakers coddled or 'reformed' but never seem to want them punished. There are always plenty of persons pleading for leniency, but nobody ever urges strict and severe punishment. We have grown 'soft' in our attitude toward crime. Possibly the murder of this Chicago prosecutor for being honest and having a backbone will bring a much needed change in public sentiment."

That change, believes the Memphis *Commercial Appeal,* may be brought about in the following manner:

"1. The speediest execution, consistent with constitutional rights, of both natives and aliens found guilty of capital crimes.

"2. Equally speedy imprisonment for the longest terms provided by the statutes of natives found guilty of felonies not covered by capital punishment.

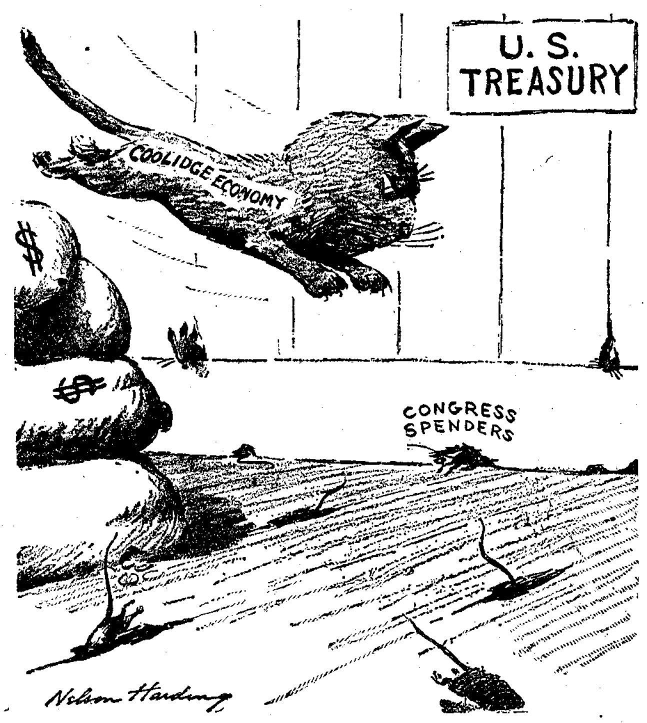
"3. Immediate deportation of felonious aliens guilty of less than capital crimes."

A PENSION APPROVAL WITH A "BUT"

THE FIRST BREAK in the White House dam of resistance to Congressional forays on the Treasury is seen by Robert R. Lane, Washington correspondent of the Newark *News*, in President Coolidge's approval of the Spanish War Veterans' pension bill, calling for an appropriation of $19,000,000. But in signing the bill, notes the New York *Sun*, the President made an announcement in which he plainly warned Congress that this is the last measure carrying a continuing appropriation he will sign at this session. An exception may be made of the $150,000,000 public buildings bill, he admitted, because it would eventually save large sums which the Government is now paying in rentals for public offices.

Demands upon the Treasury, we are informed by the Baltimore *Sun*, now total $600,000,000 over and above provision made in the tax-reduction bill. The danger line, observes the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, was reached and passed by the recent pension appropriation. To quote the announcement by the President accompanying his approval of the bill:

> "It has been necessary for me to delay approving the bill increasing the pension of the Spanish War veterans and their dependents, not because of any lack of sympathy with the objects of the bill, but on account of the government financing which it involved. . . .
>
> "According to the best estimates that can be secured, the results of the present fiscal year, which ends June 30, will show a moderate surplus. This can be used to meet moderate expenditures that are not continuing in their nature, but require but one appropriation.
>
> "For the next fiscal year present indications show a deficit of a little over $21,000,000. When the requirements of the Spanish War pension bill of nearly $19,000,000 are added, that deficit becomes $40,000,000. . . . If we now increase our annual expenditures by larger amounts, the inevitable result will be a necessity for the Congress to impose additional taxes through the prospects of a new tax bill. It is for that reason that it is necessary to maintain the principle of government economy."



ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF ECONOMY

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

"While the finances of the Government are in good condition," writes W. W. Jermane, Washington correspondent of the Seattle *Times*, "they must be carefully administered. That is Mr. Coolidge's job, and there is no one who can do it better." "The President has tried to avoid a conflict with Congress," explains Robert T. Small in one of his Consolidated Press dispatches:

> "He has fought with the House and Senate only on financial matters, and always in the interest of economy. He vetoed the soldier bonus bill and the bill granting increases of pay to the mail carriers, solely on the ground that the Treasury could not stand the burden. Both bills were passed over his veto—as he expected them to be—but his record for economy was kept clean."

In the opinion of the Providence *Journal*, "Congressmen, despite their desire for appropriations that may have a good political effect with the folks at home in an election year, should heed the admonition of the President." "The Coolidge policy of economy and tax reduction has the fervent support of the voters," we are reminded by the New York *Herald Tribune*. In fact, declares the Newark *News* editorially, "Congress will make a serious mistake if it forgets that behind the Coolidge landslide of 1924 was general acceptance of Coolidge economy." Furthermore, asserts the Manchester *Union*, the President "has served notice upon Congress in his announcement regarding the pension bill that he proposes to continue vigorously his policy of governmental economy."

The New York *World*, however, takes this assertion with the proverbial grain of salt. According to this paper:

> "After repeated warnings to Congress to keep down special appropriations and avoid a deficit, President Coolidge has signed a bill increasing the pensions of Spanish War veterans.
>
> "That is getting to be an old story. When Congress was revising taxes it made a total reduction some $70,000,000 in excess of what the Administration had named as the safe limit. President Coolidge yielded, but issued a warning that this heavy cut must be met by paring down appropriations. When income-tax receipts in March began to run ahead of estimates the President twice issued a warning that these larger revenues were due to unusual conditions and did not justify heavier appropriations.
>
> "Congress has paid little heed to these warnings. Special appropriation bills calling for $360,000,000 are now being urged for passage, and various projects of farm relief also carrying heavy appropriations are yet to be taken up. The President, therefore, will soon have another chance to show Congress that his warnings are to be taken seriously. Grover Cleveland would have vetoed the pension bill."

The New York *Journal of Commerce* likewise looks with chill disapproval upon Mr. Coolidge's recent action, when it says:

> "Presidential admonitions in regard to economy, issued after signing appropriation and tax-reduction bills, lose a deal of the force that they would have if they were occasionally accompanied by good, downright vetoes. The disciplinary effect upon Congress is about the same as that which can be exerted upon a bad child by gratifying its whims, but telling it that this is the very last time it can hope for such clemency.
>
> "The Treasury's attempts to terrify Congress by crying 'deficit, deficit' and then producing providential surpluses has been a very poor sort of training for that obstreperous group. They have become so firmly persuaded that the money will be found somehow that they refuse to distinguish between a real and a fancied dearth of funds. One downright veto would do more than a dozen sermons on economy to bring Congress to a realizing sense of the need for retrenchment."

According to Ashmun Brown, Washington correspondent of the Providence *Journal*, there are 116,555 Spanish War veterans now living, and 20,084 widows of veterans, and in a New York *Times* article we are told that—

> "The bill approved by the President increases the pensions of veterans of the Spanish War as well as their dependents and widows. All soldiers who served ninety days in the Spanish War are awarded not more than $50 a month and not less than $20 a month for disability, regardless of age. The service pensions are graduated as follows: Veterans of 62 years, $20 a month; 68 years, $30; 72 years, $40; 75 and over, $50; widows married to veterans prior to September 1, 1922, $30; dependents under 16 years of age, $6; insane or mentally deficient children, $30. Inmates of soldiers' homes will not receive more than $50 a month. Soldiers, marines and nurses who are helpless or blind receive $75 a month."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

Revised Slogan: "See Herrin and die."—*Detroit News.*

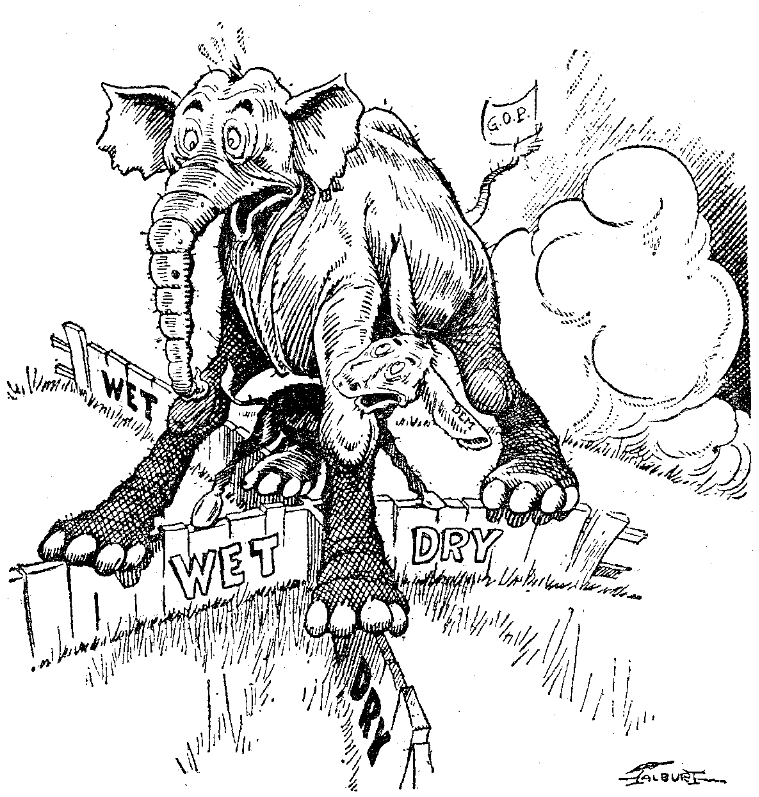
Chicago is again shaking its finger at crime.—*South Bend Tribune.*

Too many Chicago gangsters are at the wrong end of the machine gun.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

In looking over a photo of those in control in Italy it is no longer necessary to read from left to right.—*Detroit News.*

Scientist says we retain the same brain cells we had in infancy. That explains a good deal.—*Winston-Salem Journal.*

Egypt remains the land of mystery. Alongside the riddle of the Sphinx put the refusal to let John D. Jr. shove ten million dollars under the door.
—*Manchester Union.*



HOW LONG CAN THEY HOLD THAT POSE?

—Talburt in the Washington *News.*

The political bee buzzes loudest around the candidates for office, but it is usually the public that gets stung.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Bandits are now using machine guns in Chicago, the streets of large cities being too congested for the employment of field artillery.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The boy who everybody said was going to the dogs a few years ago now is a man who thinks other boys are going to the dogs.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

The clothes of the London girl will weigh less than thirty ounces, it has been estimated. However, the cost will be estimated in pounds.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

By a simple exercise in arithmetic it can be shown that representatives of various organizations and groups, who appeared recently before the Senate dry committee, were speaking for 702,819,000 people.—*Detroit News.*

Egypt won't take John D. Rockefeller's ten million gift. How that country has changed since Cleopatra's day.—*Wichita Eagle.*

It can at least be said for the proposed British tax on betting that there is an easy way to escape having to pay it.—*Springfield Republican.*

Chicago owes its reputation to the fact that the gangsters can clean up much more easily than the authorities.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

The great drawback entailed in being either a wet or dry agitator is having to associate with some of the birds on your side.—*Detroit News.*

Professors are denouncing football, and we suppose the only thing to do with this terrible menace is to pass laws that will take the kick out of it.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Definition—An altruist is an American citizen who, after dodging bandits, murder motorists and poison liquor all day, still has time to worry about disorders in China.—*San Diego Union.*

The wets won't dry up.—*Winston-Salem Journal.*

What this country is beginning to need is a good 5-cent potato.—*Detroit News.*

Farmers will dream of farm relief as long as the bumper crop bumps prices.—*Boston Herald.*

The objection to gardening is that by the time your back gets used to it your enthusiasm is gone.—*Baltimore Sun.*

We can't recall ever getting any cheerful news out of one of those envelopes with a sun parlor in front.—*Toledo Blade.*

The emergence of nine eminent Republicans as presidential timber is hardly Mr. Coolidge's idea of a constructive reforestation program.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

The reason a famous watering-place does you good is because you drink more water than you would at home.—*Waco News-Tribune.*

Not only are our immigration regulations being strictly observed, but even Europe's debt payments are not exceeding their quota.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Perhaps, however, that midnight visit from the owl was not as annoying to President Coolidge as the daytime visits of lame ducks hunting federal jobs.—*Beloit News.*

A bean concern in California has distributed dividends in the past year totaling 41 per cent., this being a new association of jack and the beanstalk.—*Detroit News.*

For those who habitually accuse our town of bibulous habits, we now unveil a forgiving but triumphant smile. What other city in America, we ask, has ever enjoyed such a gigantic milk scandal?—*The New Yorker.*

The budget of France is said to be balanced. That means that one end is just as likely to drop as the other.—*Dallas News.*

They say the Yale students disapprove of prohibition, but whether this is an argument for or against does not quite appear.
—*Knoxville Journal.*

That Harvard student who disposed of 48 hard-boiled eggs in 45 minutes is our first choice for chief of police of Herrin.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

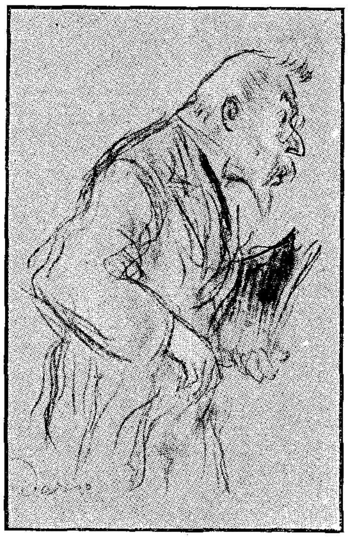
Prohibition might become more effective if the wets would furnish the courts as much evidence as they did the Senate committee.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

"Spend wisely," advises President Coolidge. For example, a little outlay for Republican campaign buttons this fall would be O. K., we presume.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Mussolini proposes to raise two sunken galleys once used by a Roman emperor. What he needs most is to raise some of the money used by Roman emperors.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

A CONGRESS OF THE RUSSIA THAT WAS

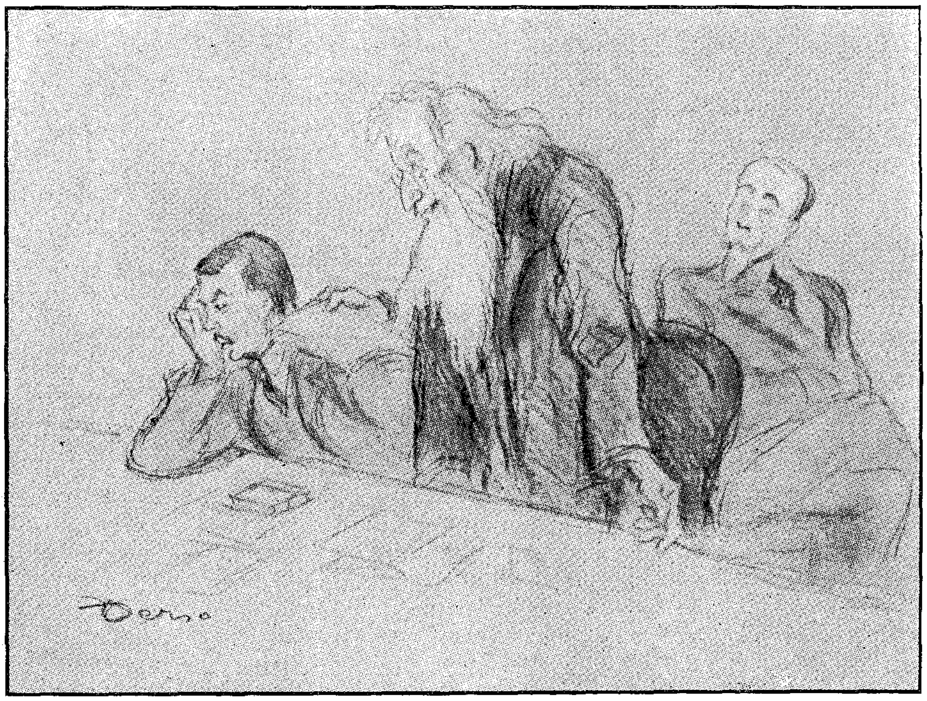


From the Paris *Illustration*

A CHANGED MAN

Formerly a revolutionary Socialist, Vladimir Bourzeff was one of the prominent figures at the Paris Congress of Russian Refugees.

MILLIONS of the exiled Russian refugees strewn over Europe, America and Asia do not consider that their political life is ended, we are told, and as a special evidence of the truth of this assertion attention is called to the recent Russian National Congress, at Paris, which some named the "Duma of the Emigrés." The five hundred delegates gathered there represented Russian colonies in London, Berlin, Shanghai, Singapore, Prague, New York, and many other cities, according to the press, and among them were former Government ministers, chamberlains, ambassadors, owners of vast estates, professors and military officers, all of whom now in exile are earning their living in such dissimilar occupations as dishwashing, teaching school and acting as directors in various industrial companies. Of particular importance to note, it appears, is that the Congress represented only the nationalistic and more or less monarchistic element among the Russian refugees. But it is claimed by some that this element is by far the strongest and most numerous among the Russian exiles. It is reported that the organizers of the Congress tried to win over some of the Republican groups, but without success. At the same time, Paris Associated Press dispatches relate that altho the chief purpose of the Congress was to fight Bolshevism—



From the Paris *Illustration*

"THE VOICE OF OPPREST RUSSIA"

Notables at the Russian Refugee Congress at Paris—left to right—Prince Leo Ourousoff, one of the promoters of the Congress, Presiding Officer Strouve, formerly a professor, and Count Grabbe.

"Bolshevism is secure from the power of the old régime of Russia, the leaders of which assembled in Paris in the most momentous congress of emigrés ever staged. This has ended in failure to agree even on a formula for an offensive against the Reds.

"The reluctance of Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch to attend any of the meetings, internal haggling in the Congress itself over the decisions to be reached, and the fact that the monarchists devoted more time to disputing among themselves than in presenting a solid front against a common enemy appear to have spelled the doom of any organized or efficient attempt to overthrow the Russian Soviets from this quarter.

"Figuratively the emigrés' Congress blew up as completely as if the Bolsheviki had thrown a bomb into it. The wreckage of the Right parties' hopes seemed inevitable after the Left section of the Congress, with the aid of the President, Professor Strouve, voted against the formation of a permanent committee to carry on an active struggle to drive the Bolsheviki out of Russia."

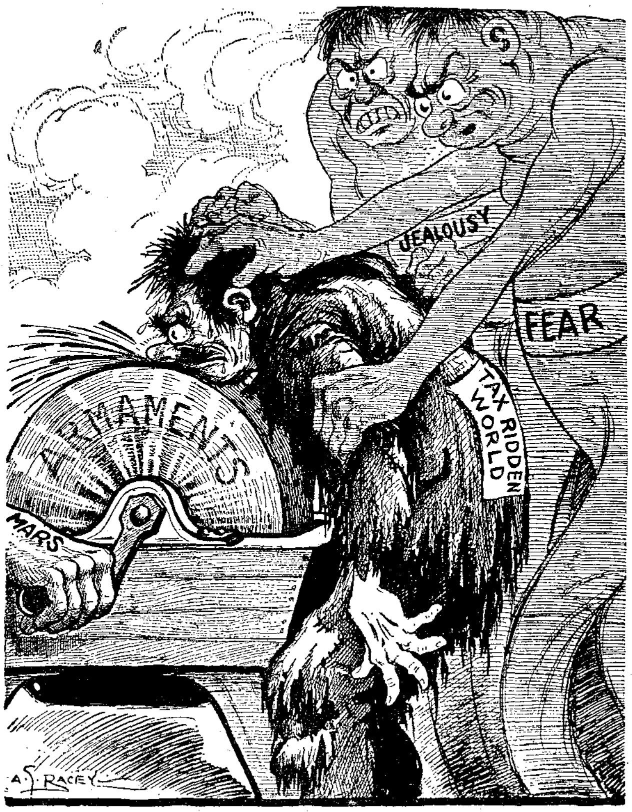
Nevertheless, we read further that the Right leaders were consoled by the fact that the Congress at least agreed on a message to the Russian nation, to be smuggled into Russia, which affirms that "the agents of the Third International, who now sit in the Kremlin, have ruined the Russian State and are exterminating the Russian nation." The message proceeds:

"The enemy is trying to make you fear that abolition of the Communist yoke will bring reestablishment of the régime now ended forever. Do not believe it. We desire what you Russian people desire. We want all grievances and quarrels forgotten. We want every one who works to exist decently, every one to pray as he wants to pray. We want healthy family life. We want land to belong as private property to those cultivating it. We want just laws and impartial judges to guard all citizens in peace.

"When the manacles of tyranny are broken there will be established in the heart of Russia a regenerated Russian State. Communism will die, but Russia is eternal."

One of the most interesting moments of the sessions, it is said, was when the venerable Prof. Peter Strouve, the presiding officer and chief inspirer of the Congress, who is famous as an economist, historian and philosopher, declared that the Russians there represented, renounced all their claims to lands they had owned in Russia, and that it was not for selfish reasons that they wished to see the Soviet Government overthrown, but for the establishment of a real and national Russia. Moreover, the Congress sent a telegram to the aged Grand Duke Nicholas, in which it was stated that the Congress did *not* consider him as an heir to the Russian throne—since there was no use in going into such questions—but as the recognized and undisputed leader of the movement for the reestablishment of the "real Russia." A nationalist Russian organ published at Paris, the *Vozrozhdienie*, observes:

"The idea of the National Congress is the idea of the consolidation of all *active* anti-Bolshevik forces outside Russia, but continuously thinking of Russia and acting together with Russians living under the Soviets, with the purpose of overthrowing the Third International. In keeping with this idea the Congress was meant to bring about the broadest possible coalition of all anti-Bolshevik forces, but the Democratic-Republican and the Socialist elements have refused categorically and unequivocally to participate in the Congress or to enter the coalition. This naturally switched the center of gravity of the Congress to the Right. . . . Yet the words 'Right' and 'Conservative' must be understood with regard to the Congress only in the political sense of the word. For no one thinks of 'reactionism' and 'conservatism' in the realm of social and economic problems as, for instance, the land problem."



AS SEEN IN CANADA

"Keeping his nose to the grindstone."

—*The Daily Star* (Montreal).

In another place this paper tells us that the participants of the Congress have long since come to the idea that no social-economic reactionism would be tolerated in Russia. Their attitude toward the land problem is summarized as follows:

"Lands which have been taken by the peasants away from the landlords, and are now being cultivated by the peasants, certainly must remain in the hands of the peasants. Wo to the political party that would preach the restoration of their lands to the former landlords. Such a party would be a pitiful failure both in Russia and among the Russian emigrés.

"Only a government of madmen would try to carry out such a program."

But if the delegates were unanimous on this question, it is pointed out, they were far from being in accord on many others, according to this Russian daily, and this was due to the fact that the Congress was made up of such dissimilar elements, including liberal and democratic monarchists, as well as die-hard monarchists. One group, for instance, stated its political faith in the following pronouncement:

"We are sure that only the monarchy can resuscitate, consolidate, strengthen and save Russia and win for her the place among the great Powers of which she is worthy. This can not be attained except by the monarchy. If Russia is fated to fall definitely in the throes of a Republican régime, it will inevitably result in a final decomposition and disintegration in the midst of a violent and unceasing party struggle. It is just for this reason that Europe wants so badly to see Russia ruled by a republic.

"It is only in such case that it will be able to achieve in Russia its selfish ends. . . . Especially now would this form of government be unacceptable, if the Soviet régime were overthrown. The ignorance of the Russian masses and their demoralization by the immoral propaganda which has been carried on for a long time by the Third International would render the Republican régime most undesirable."

BRITISH GLOOM ABOUT DISARMAMENT

THE WILL-O'-THE-WISP of disarmament, as it is called by some skeptical European editors, becomes more and more elusive in their opinion. The sitting of the preparatory commission of the Disarmament Conference, it is recalled, was postponed in February for a period of three months at the request of France and certain other Powers. This was done, as the London *Statist* notes, in the hope that during the intervening period changes might take place in the international situation which would render the atmosphere more *propitious to the successful* conclusion of the Conference, and this weekly continues:

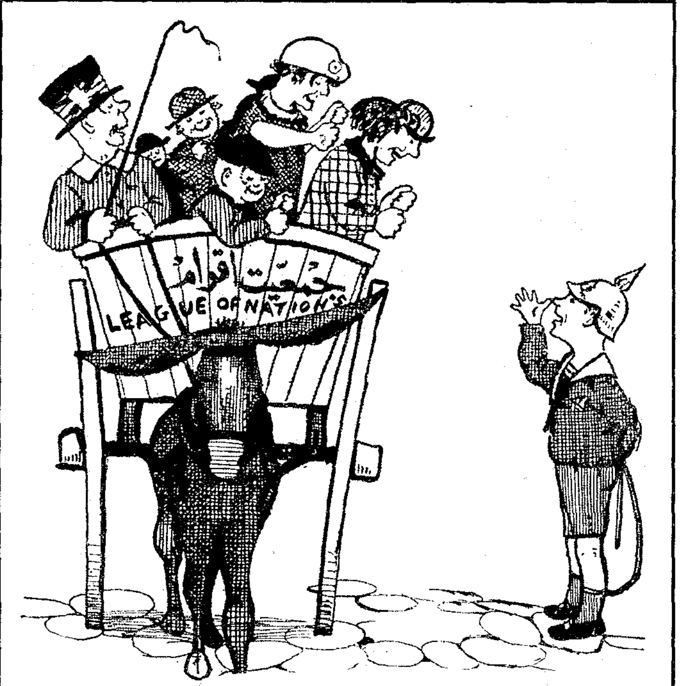
"We express at the time the fear that the delay might defeat the very object of its supporters by opening the door for the intrusion of unfavorable as well as of favorable developments. Few would deny that the international situation has undergone some deterioration since the beginning of the year. Germany is not yet a member of the League, and the last assembly at Geneva has revealed how surprizingly strong is the tradition of the old diplomacy; Signor Mussolini has, during the interval that was to foster that 'propitious atmosphere,' delivered his Brenner Pass speeches; secret diplomacy has resumed its sway in Central Europe. Lastly, comes emphatic refusal on the part of the Soviet Government to be represented at the preparatory Conference in view of the decision to hold this Conference in Swiss territory. The murder of Mr. Vorowsky at Lausanne is advanced as the reason for this refusal, but it is obviously the flimsiest of pretexts. That the Soviet Government is at the present juncture definitely unwilling to enter into any negotiations for large-scale disarmament is evident from the tone of Mr. Tchitcherin's note to the League Secretariat. Mr. Tchitcherin allows himself to wax ironical in his disparagement of Geneva as the venue for the proposed Conference. 'The last session of the League at Geneva,' he says, 'gave no proof of the existence in that town of an atmosphere particularly favorable to the solution of international questions in a spirit of peace, disinterestedness and mutual conciliation.'"

As *The Statist* sees it, Mr. Tchitcherin reads in recent European developments an unwillingness on the part of the majority of European nations to proceed with disarmament and he concludes his note by expressing the hope that "in future the League will trouble to invite the Soviet Government only to conferences in which those who direct the League policy genuinely desire it to take part."

Whether the taunt be deserved or not, it is the melancholy reflection of *The Statist* that Russia's attitude will have the effect of "extinguishing what little glimmer of hope there remained of some immediate deliverance from the crushing burden of armaments under which Europe is groaning." Germany and other nations bordering on Russia, it is charged, will now have an admirable excuse for their claim to support military establishments on a footing sufficient for their own security, and we are told rather sadly that "another nail has been driven in the coffin of world disarmament."

GERMANY'S "PAINFUL DISILLUSION"

THE SORROWS OF GERMANY are increased by one, according to some German newspapers, who deplore the "negative outcome" of the recent extraordinary session of the League of Nations which, they say, has not only had a most depressing effect upon all the peoples of Europe, but also has aroused painful astonishment throughout the entire world. Germany went to Geneva, we are assured, with hope, confidence, and in all good faith; but, writes Dr. George Michael in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, she left that city in an utterly opposite frame of mind. After all problems connected with Germany's entry into the League of Nations had been clarified in a most satisfactory manner by an advance exchange of notes and various conferences, he says, and after even the last remaining doubts had been cleared away by the signing of the Pact of Locarno in October, there was no one in Germany who regarded her entry into the League as anything more than a mere ceremony, a matter of form, to be carried out in a solemn manner, of course, but a political act of State which would meet with no further obstruction. He avers that the Pact of Locarno connoted Germany's entry into the League as a preliminary condition, as well as the climax of its effectiveness, and obviously implies and demands a permanent seat in the Council of the League. Dr. Michael goes on to say:



A TURKISH JIBE

"Germany's disdain for the League."

—*Joumhouriet* (Constantinople).

"And now, to the astonishment and painful disillusion of the vast majority of the German people, this great and momentous act of admitting into the League that great nation which eight years before had succumbed to overwhelming forces, but which was nevertheless entitled to equal rights, was subjected during the month of February to the usual back-stairs intrigue and to revolting bargaining behind the scenes. The admittance of Germany into the circle of 'victors,' and consequently the transformation of a mere league of victorious States into a veritable League of Nations, was not safe from these machinations. Altho the other parties to the treaty had not given Germany the slightest hint during the past three months, nor during the session at Locarno, that other countries would press claims for the simultaneous according of permanent seats in the Council of the League, no less than four nations put forth their claims almost at the same moment, namely, Spain, Brazil and Poland, and then, encouraged by their example, China.

"The fact that the demands of these nations for a permanent seat in the Council of the League constituted no new move, need not be disputed. In 1922 the Balfour Cabinet in England had recommended the candidacy of Spain and had rejected that of the leading South American power, Brazil, in consequence of which Spain's candidacy has just been wrecked by the objection put forward by Brazil. Furthermore, the present constitution of the Council with its four permanent seats (Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan) and its six intermittent seats (Belgium, Sweden, Czechoslovakia, Spain, Brazil and Uruguay) is by no means an ideal one nor even a final and definite one."

It is further declared that under the pressure of English public opinion, which not for years had manifested itself with such unanimity and force, Britain's Foreign Secretary, Sir Austen Chamberlain, had been obliged to make a solemn promise, during the final parliamentary negotiations in London, that he would do nothing at Geneva which could be construed by Germany as "unfair play." But, we read then, as neither he nor his French, Italian and Belgian colleagues were given "a fixt line of march," stipulating for the exclusive entry of the German Reich before the opening of the extraordinary session of the League, efforts were made by fellow signatories to the Locarno Pact to induce the German Government to come to some kind of a compromise. This, it is asserted, was in utter disregard of the proclamation of Germany's unalterable point of view by Chancellor Luther in his speech at Hamburg, and Dr. Michael adds:

"The outcome of the session at Geneva has produced a vast amount of disillusion among the nations who had looked forward to this congress as another step toward permanent peace. We need not enter into an examination of the particular rôle played by Brazil in this matter. The results will become evident soon enough. We can but hope that the 'Spirit of Locarno' will not suffer a further sabotage at the hands of those who seem imbued with a spirit exactly the contrary."

Adverting to the Russo-German negotiations for the recently concluded treaty between Russia and Germany, the London *Nation* thinks there is no good reason to connect it with the events at Geneva, and this weekly continues:

"Geographical and economic conditions inevitably impose on Germany a more realistic attitude toward the existing Government in Russia than that adopted by the Western Powers. At the same time, the treaty comes as a reminder that the orientation of German policy and the future of Europe as a whole may be profoundly affected by what takes place at the next League session. The German Government have now agreed to send a representative to the Commission which is to consider the future constitution of the Council; but have felt it necessary to declare that his participation in the deliberations of the Commission can not affect Germany's freedom of decision with regard to entering the League. Meanwhile, Señor Yanguas, the Spanish Foreign Minister, has announced that Spanish collaboration with Germany on the Council can only be secured by granting a permanent seat to Spain, and that she continues also to support the Brazilian claim. This is not encouraging."

The signing of Russo-German Treaty indicates to *G. K.'s Weekly* (London) that those who supported the claim of Poland to a seat on the Council of the League were right, and we read:

"Germany has been questioned on how far this treaty will affect her position as a member of the League. Suppose that the League decides to attack Russia, what will Germany do? We are assured that the answers from Berlin have been quite satisfactory. We knew that they would be. But does it matter? All the nations are making their alliances as if the League did not exist. The important thing is to note how the nations are grouping, and that, in fact if not in theory, the two barbarous nations, Russia and Germany, have joined hands against civilized Europe. Some blame the League for the Treaty, because it has not soon enough admitted Germany to full membership. We might blame it for having adopted so hostile an attitude toward Russia, for, tho we do not love Bolshevism, we would rather make friends with Moscow than with Berlin. But we think such blame is beside the point. An alliance beween Prussia and the Russians was bound to come, and, as we have already said, that was one reason why we felt it to be so necessary that the boundaries of Poland should be confirmed."

AUSTRIA'S ARMY OF UNEMPLOYED

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN are without work in Austria, and of that number about half are in Vienna alone receiving in some cases as little as 28 cents a day as dole, or, if they have families to support, about 40 cents. These men are not of the unskilled or semiskilled class, we learn from the Vienna correspondent of the London *Times*, who tells us that a great many former officers of the Army and former bank clerks have turned to taxi-cab driving to earn a living. This informant quotes a Viennese as saying that these ex-Army officers are those who in the years of inflation and starvation "did not find an admirably simple solution to their miseries, involving no expense to the State but that of an inquest." Last year, it seems, the number of unemployed receiving State support was between 12 and 13 per cent. of those insured, which is said to be about the same proportion as in England, and we read further, changing the English monetary units to American:

"This year the Austrian unemployed form already 20 per cent. of those insured. On January 1, 1924, there were 100,000 men in receipt of the 'dole'; on January 1, 1925, 154,000; and on January 1, 1926, 208,000. In Vienna alone there are 100,000 unemployed. To these figures have to be added, it is estimated, 25 per cent. for men not in receipt of any relief. These are persons who have not worked for the prescribed twenty weeks in Austria, or who have been in receipt of relief for a year already. How these unfortunates exist it is impossible to say; possibly they go to swell the vast army of professional mendicants which Vienna, like every other Central European capital, contrives to support.

"Since January 1, the figures have increased, as there is always a sharp seasonal rise in February; altogether there can not be far short of 250,000 workless. Persons earning normally over 60 cents a day, the highest class, receive as unemployment pay about 28 cents a day, or 40 cents if they have families to support; workers earning lower wages when in work receive a still smaller allowance. The average premium paid is between $1.26 and $1.60 a month, half of which is borne by the worker and half by the employer. This premium is 84 per cent. of the total sum credited to the State Unemployment Fund, the State adding another 12 per cent. and the municipality only 4 per cent. The Government has now evolved a system by which all forms of workers' insurance would be grouped together and a common fund formed. Austria has no old-age pensions at present, and under this proposed system an old-age pension reserve fund would be formed which could in bad times be used as a reserve from which to draw unemployment allowances also. Owing to the present industrial depression, however, it is calculated that it will be some three years before these plans can be realized.

"Meanwhile the State fund is in a bad way; there was a deficit of about $900,000 in 1925, and this year there will be a much higher balance on the wrong side. The State advances the money from taxation receipts and recovers all but 12 per cent. from employers, workers, and municipality later on; the whole of the deficit is thus borne by the State and met out of its revenues."

The general economic crisis in Austria reached that country by way of Germany, this Vienna correspondent goes on to say, and he tells us there is a steadily diminishing purchasing power noticeable in the inland market, which results in an increasing neglect of the delicate and artistic luxury articles which Austria largely produces. Now she finds her market for such goods in Germany falling off in the same way, we are told, and also it is pointed out that the Polish customs war with Germany, together with the closing of their frontiers by the Poles in an effort to support the zloty, has hit Austria badly. (Normally a zloty equals 19 cents; it is now worth 11.) Warsaw shops are looking empty, it is said, and are charging big prices for indifferent wares, and meanwhile replacement stocks are held up in Austria for lack of Polish import permits. Not a few Austrians, it seems, ascribe present conditions to the destruction of the economic unity of the Hapsburg territories, and this correspondent tells us that a leading Austrian spoke to him as follows:

"Austria, Hungary and Czechoslovakia were once an economic unit. Hungary gave us cheap meat, flour, fruits and vegetables; we gave her cheap metal products. We spun thread which Czechoslovakia wove into carpets. We made cheap china and exchanged it for the beautiful porcelain and glass of Czechoslovakia; each part of the old Hapsburg territory was producing that which it was best fitted to produce. What happens now? Hungary refuses our metal goods; she must have her own metal works, she declares. We are now a poor country, the lands which formerly sent us foodstuffs, grazing and corn, are lost to us; we produce only a small fraction of the foodstuffs we consume. Everywhere hostile tariffs hinder us from selling our manufactures to pay for imported food, so we try to protect and develop our agriculture by imposing duties to diminish the proportion of foodstuffs imported. The Czechs refuse to take our thread. They can spin as well as the Austrians, they declare, and try to create their own industry. We refuse to let the Czechs weave for us, so we tax their carpets and try to create a weaving industry of our own.

"Thus you have all over Austria fine factories standing idle, and rusting machinery. In Hungary stocks of foodstuffs are piled up unwanted, and we pay a higher price than necessary for food in Austria. Czech weaving looms are idle while we, with dear money, try to found little looms of our own which will always, like the Czech spinners, remain small concerns and therefore less efficient than the big factories which each country possesses in the line in which it excels. The Austrian who owns china factories here and in Czechoslovakia is made to feel he is not wanted over there, neglects his Czech property, and tries in his Austrian factory to make the fine Bohemian porcelain which should be made in Czechoslovakia. Repeat this process all over the territories which once formed the Hapsburg economic unit, each part busily duplicating inefficiently at a great cost some economic machinery which is rusting in some other part, add the loss of the Austrian market in the Balkans owing to the impoverishment by war and present unrest, take into consideration the sums being poured into armaments and propaganda by 'Balkanized' Central Europe, and you will realize why unemployment is growing every winter in Austria.

"Light-heartedly, to satisfy certain political and national theories, a great economic unit was broken into groups which have since then been engaged in economic warfare. We in Austria have perforce played our part in this game of beggar-my-neighbor which is ruining all of us, and therefore we are the first to realize that the only hope of salvation lies in freer trade. Will our neighbors realize that in time?"

The unemployed of Austria, it is further stated, are not mainly of the unskilled or semiskilled type, nor, despite the total disappearance or the abolition of all but a remnant (4,000 men) of the Army, do ex-officers form the chief problem. "They have already been disposed of," a Viennese is quoted as saying. "Those who in the years of inflation and starvation did not find an admirably simple solution to their miseries, involving no expense to the State but that of an inquest, have got employment." A great many former officers, and more recently, former bank clerks, have turned to taxi-cab driving, according to this informant, who continues:

"Others turned to the Oriental carpet trade, helping to maintain Vienna's age-old tradition as the market of the East; to antique furniture shops, motor dealers and other establishments doing a class of trade where a 'sympathetic' salesman is of real value.

"The greatest problem is presented by the unemployed State officials and bank clerks, the former the product of Imperial *débâcle*, the latter of deflation. Among the surplus output of Vienna, for centuries the capital of an Empire, is that of a large administrator class; the absorption of this surplus and the conversion of the raw material into something of value to the little republic seem impossible under present conditions. The unfortunate bank clerks, victims of mushroom finance in inflation days, are equally hard to absorb; there are some 16,000 of them in Vienna, still being added to at the rate of several hundreds a week."

If Austria's plight is wretched now, declares Lady Drummond Hay, special correspondent at Vienna for the London *Daily Express*, the coming year threatens to be worse, and she adds that "firms and business houses which have thus far managed to carry on, hoping against hope, and struggling against catastrophe, are now confronted with unescapable ruin which will throw thousands more out of employment."

SCIENCE • AND • INVENTION

BURBANK'S "UNSCIENTIFIC" SCIENCE

BURBANK WAS NOT A BOTANIST, he was a plant-breeder, we are now told by Prof. Vernon Kellogg, writing in the New York *Times*. In fact, he did not understand scientific botany and the scientific botanists could not comprehend him. They could not work together. His success was due to infinite patience and exquisite sensitiveness to delicate differences in structure and function among his thousands of growths. Unerringly, he picked the one he wanted and marked it for preservation. The rest he destroyed. He was truly a "wizard," Professor Kellogg thinks, altho this name does not connote the possession of any supernatural powers or mystic manners of experimentation. It simply indicates that he had an unusual power, amounting to genius, of perceiving plant differences and of understanding correlations among these differences; and that he was unusually bold in his experimentation, industrious and persistent in his pursuit of the particular end he had in view. He was not handicapped by scientific traditions and dogmatism. These qualities and the fact that he was brilliantly successful in a kind of work not well understood by the public gave him his reputation for "wizardry." Dr. Kellogg is a distinguished scientist, now a member of the National Research Council in Washington, and the author of a book on Burbank's achievements. He figured prominently in the American relief work in Belgium and other European lands during and after the war, and was decorated by France, Belgium and Poland. He writes of Burbank:

Wide World photograph

HE WAS TRULY A "WIZARD"

Says Dr. Vernon Kellogg of the late Luther Burbank. The photograph shows a memorial to the plant-breeder by Roger Noble Burnham.

> "I have said that he knew little of conventional botanical science. I speak about this from personal knowledge. Burbank was not trying to conduct scientific experiments; he was trying to produce useful new plant kinds by any and all means that might contribute to this end. He used importation, changes of environment, selection, hybridization; anything to find or produce the needed initial variations to give him a handle for producing his 'new creations.' He kept the promising new variations; he threw away those of no promise for his special use.
>
> "In his 'New Creations' catalog of 1894 there is a reproduction of a photograph showing 'a sample pile of brush 12 feet wide, 14 feet high and 22 feet long, containing 65,000 two- and three-year-old seedling berry bushes (40,000 blackberry-raspberry hybrids, and 25,000 Shaffer Gregg hybrids), all dug up to be burned with their crop of ripening berries. . . . Of the 40,000 blackberry-raspberry hybrids of this kind, 'Phenomenal' is the only one now in existence. From the other 25,000 hybrids two dozen bushes were reserved for further trial.'
>
> "This was the kind of thing that made scientific men despair when they learned of it. It induced the Carnegie Institution of Washington to make an arrangement with Burbank in 1905 whereby he was to receive a subvention of $10,000 a year for ten years, with the provision that he was to permit a scientific expert to come and go in the garden with him and to have full knowledge of all his experimenting and free access to all of his records.
>
> "Burbank welcomed this arrangement at the time it was made, but as any one who knew Burbank and his methods and aims well could have prophesied, the arrangement became an impossible one both to Burbank and to the scientific expert and was, therefore, terminated by mutual consent after five years of trial. Burbank did not even speak or understand the language of the scientific botanist. And the scientific botanist probably never realized that Burbank really didn't care to.
>
> "Certain generalizations of distinct scientific value can be drawn, however, from a careful consideration and analysis of Burbank's methods of work. We may roughly classify his processes and means.
>
> "First—There was the importation from foreign countries, through many correspondents, of a host of various kinds of plants, some of economic value in their native land and some not, any of which, however, grown under different conditions here might prove specially vigorous or prolific or hardy, or show other desirable changes or new useful qualities.
>
> "Second—The production of variations, abundant and extreme, by various methods, as (a) the growing under new and, usually, more favorable environment (food supply, water, temperature, light, space, etc.) of various wild or cultivated forms, and (b) by hybridizations between forms closely related, less closely related and, finally, as dissimilar as may be (not producing sterility). This hybridizing was often immensely complicated by multiplying crosses, i. e., the offspring from one cross being immediately crossed with a third form, and the offspring of this with still another form and so on.
>
> "Third—There was always, immediately after the unusual production of variations, the recognition of desirable modifications and the intelligent and effective selection of them. Thus he would save those plants to produce seed or cuttings which showed the desirable variations, and would discard all the others."

In this double process of the recognition and selection of desirable variations Burbank's genius came into particular play, says Professor Kellogg. Right here he brought something to bear on his work that few other men have been able to bring. It was his extraordinary keenness of perception, the delicacy of recognition of desirable variations in their small and to most men imperceptible beginnings. To quote further:

> "Was it a fragrance that was sought? To Burbank, crawling around on hands and knees, in a bed of hundreds of seedlings, scores of the odors of the plant kingdom were arising and mingling from the fresh green leaves, but each, mind you, from a certain single seedling or perhaps from a similar pair or trio. But to you or to me, until the master-prover pointed out two or three of the more dominant single odors, the impression on the

ctories was simply that of one soft elusive fragrance of fresh n leaves.

he Climax, a successful shipping plum, is also a cross of the i and the Japanese triflora. This Chinese simoni produces ost no pollen, but few grains of it ever having been obtained. these few grains enabled Burbank to revolutionize the whole m-shipping industry. In his work on hybridizing berries he d forty different kinds of dewberries, blackberries and rasp- ries and he produced a score of new commercial varieties.

'Many will ask if Burbank did not, or could not, make a t deal of money from his plant creations. The answer is, id not and, in fact, could not. He could get a fairly good e from the nurserymen for his single sale of the new plum or ry or flower, and the nurseryman could sell the offspring, or grafts from the new creation, for a season or two—and then control was gone.

So Burbank never made more than a comfortable simple ng from his extraordinary work. But that was all he cared nake."

he sudden popular fame of Burbank resulted in some hurt lings on the part of other plant breeders. Some of Bur- nk's new things, also, which had been produced under Cali- nia's special climatic conditions, did not hold up well under more rigorous climate of the Northern and Eastern States to h they were brought by nurserymen, and something of a tion set in among popular writers. This even went so far to result in including the word "faker" in articles about Bur- nk. Professor Kellogg says of this:

'Now, Burbank was never in the slightest degree a faker, but e of the stories about him and his work lent color to the ge. Burbank was bewildered and inexpressibly hurt by e criticisms. He could not understand them and he did not w how to combat them. So he suffered in silence.

'Later, however, after the first wave of superlative praise d the backwash of unfair criticism had passed, a more under- nding and solidly founded appreciation, both professional and ular, replaced them. The sudden flare of attention attracted him just before he died because of his honest and bold decla- tions of religious belief—or unbelief—need not concern us e."

IE SPLEEN A GERM-KILLER—Modern medical science last unraveling that physiological mystery of the ages, the pose of the spleen in the human system. It has been known e classical times, says Science Service's *Daily Science News letin* (Washington), that the spleen could be removed without apparent ill-effects on the patient. Various conjectures as its purpose in the human anatomy, all more or less erroneous, ve come down to us. By the last half of the nineteenth century was definitely established that it had something to do with the urification of the blood as well as the formation of some of the blood cells, and tho it was not necessary for life, these functions after removal were taken over by the bone marrow and other organs. To quote:

"In a résumé of the more recent work done on this mysterious organ, by Dr. E. B. Krumbhaar of Philadelphia, we find that the spleen is an important source of anti-bodies, those little-understood elements in the blood that help kill off bacteria. Laboratory experiments seem to show that the spleen plays a considerable part in resistance to such infections as tuberculosis and also to the growth of tumors. It has been found that tumor grafts make much less growth in the spleen than in any other organ, and that its removal definitely cuts down the resistance to tumor inoculation. Some experimenters believe that it contains a substance actually destructive to tumor cells, but this has not yet been conclusively proved. Two doctors of New York City, Dr. S. Shapiro and Dr. F. H. Frankel, have tried to ascertain the effects of feeding extracts of spleen and bone marrow upon the formation of red corpuscles. Their patients showed an increase in the number of red cells while being fed the extract, but the count went down as soon as the dose was stopt. The definite establishment of the fact that such extracts contain a substance which will increase the production of red corpuscles would be of inestimable value in the treatment of many diseases, particularly anemia."

"YOU NEED A CHANGE OF CLIMATE"

CLIMATE SOMETIMES CURES OR RELIEVES the sick, but in other cases it aggravates their affections, says Guy Hinsdale, writing in *Hygeia* (Chicago). In the old days when invalids with affections of the lungs or throat started West, taking six or eight weeks to reach their destination, they were gradually acclimated to increasing altitude, to more constant sunshine and to exposure to the air. They gained muscular development and a healthy skin. Persons going to an elevation for the relief of lung trouble, especially to the higher stations in Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona, are not nowadays subjected to the intermediate altitudes and are not acclimated en route. Therefore, there is more danger from thoughtless exertion and from other follies than in the days of the stage-coach. He goes on:

"There is no foolproof climate, but there are places where one can learn the rules of the game before going to distant health resorts, and in such instances sanatorium training is useful. Sanatorium training teaches the patient how to live and adjust his conduct with reference to himself and others, so that he may make the most of the climate that he sets out to find.

"A desirable climate includes, obviously, pure air, maximum sunshine, equable temperature—not uniform throughout the day and night but free from sudden changes and what we call extreme weather—and, with these, the creature comforts of good accommodation and necessary food.

"It was formerly believed that the soft air and unchanging temperature of the island of Madeira was beneficial to consumptives; now it is known that cold is not harmful but in fact it is stimulating to the appetite and to all the vital processes.

"Dr. Trudeau said that his patients at Saranac Lake in the Adirondack Mountains always gained more in winter than in summer. In matters of climate, as in many other fields, it is the man behind the climate who will help the patient, save him from errors and indiscretions, advise and direct him as to local surroundings and enable him so to live that his disease can be arrested.

"A brilliant example of climatic cure is in the practise of heliotherapy, or sun treatment. This can be seen in practical operation in various sanatoriums in the United States and Canada, as well as in Switzerland, France, Italy and England.

"Altitude is not essential, but it is necessary at lower stations to use ultraviolet light from special lamps to supplement the sunshine when it fails. Obviously the air of cities, charged with smoke, dust and other foreign substances and with water vapor pertaining to the lower strata of the atmosphere, interferes greatly with the full reception of sunlight on the earth's surface. The ultraviolet rays from the sun are partly absorbed by the lower and denser layers of the earth's atmosphere, which carry water vapor, smoke, dust particles, gases and other impurities that greatly interfere with full sunlight in the cities. But at higher altitudes the thinner and purer air is much more pervious to these rays on which dependence is placed for the cure not only of tuberculosis but of many other chronic affections.

"Another disease amenable to climatic treatment is nephritis, or chronic Bright's disease. The acute form, as a rule, should be treated at home. The climatic elements to be considered in the treatment of the chronic form are temperature changes, atmospheric humidity, wind, soil and altitude.

"The locality chosen should be conducive to an outdoor life the year round. This is the well-known advantage of the climate of California, where the little rain that falls never does any harm.

"The softer air of Florida and southern California has worked wonders in many cases. Coronado, San Diego and stations up the coast as far as Santa Barbara; and inland stations, such as Riverside, Redlands and Pasadena, are to be chosen. Florida offers many good stations, especially in the interior.

"A sandy soil, absence of cold winds, abundant sunshine, and life at a comfortable temperature indoors and out, make the best climate for the patient.

"Probably the hardest question to decide is what to advise in cases of heart disease. Can the patient safely go to altitudes of 3,000, 5,000 or 10,000 feet?

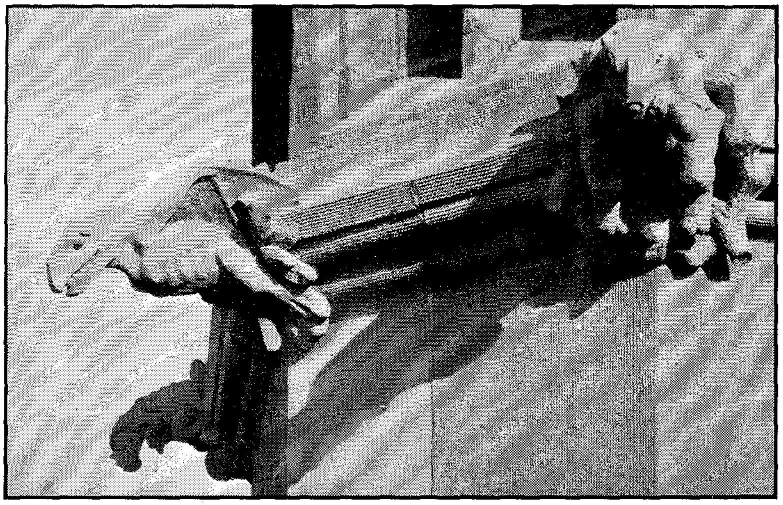
"If high altitudes are involved, such travel may be risky. Advice must depend a good deal on how the heart is affected. A person with an old valvular deficiency, well adjusted by a natural compensation in the muscle of the heart, may stand altitudes very well. On the other hand, those with muscular weakness, or myocarditis, usually suffer if transported too quickly to higher altitudes of even moderate degree. Sometimes they can go by slow stages; more often not at all. Difficult or labored breathing from heart disease, occurring at an elevation, may be relieved by going to sea level.

"Nervous diseases, especially neurasthenia, respond to climatic treatment. There is no special climate for this class of patients as a whole, but one must consider individual needs; men may thrive where women and young people would die of ennui. Camp life in summer and sea voyages along the coast may suit some. Probably neurasthenics, as a whole, do better at or near sea level and not too far from what we are pleased to call civilization.

"Persons with bronchitis and catarrhs and convalescents from influenza, especially those living near the Great Lakes and in New England, often respond quickly to a change to the seashore; it may be Atlantic City or Florida.

"The climate of a place varies somewhat with the weather. Frost has killed orange-trees in Florida and southern California, and floods have inundated Phœnix, Arizona. Strange things happen; years are not always alike; climatic treatment, like medicinal or surgical treatment, is not always successful.

"But climatic treatment has one great advantage: It operates with every breath we draw. The great natural forces of air and sunshine, the woods, the plains and the sea are elemental forces working on body, mind and spirit with great success in many cases."



By courtesy of *The Scientific American* (New York)

PREHISTORIC BEASTS ENTER THE FIELD OF ART

In these gargoyles on the geological building of Washington University, St. Louis, "artistic fitness and geologic interest are alike attained."

FROST-WORKED SEEDS—The freeze-and-thaw weather of early spring is a nuisance to human travelers, but it is a great boon to a host of other living things, says Science Service (Washington). Without it, the hardwood forests of the north might possibly have quite a different complexion, for most of our nut-trees and a number of other hard-seeded species seem to have the work of sprouting half done for them by the frost. We read in a recent "Service Feature":

"It is a notable thing, and well known to all who have even a little knowledge of woodcraft, that the seedlings of such trees as black walnut and hickory do not appear the first spring after the nuts have been planted and forgotten by the busy squirrels. They lie in the ground two, three, even five or six winters, before their tough shells are pried open and the kernel inside can develop the patient, folded-up little tree that has been there all the time. The mechanics of this process have not been closely studied, but they appear to be simple enough, turning on the remarkable property that water alone possesses; of expanding instead of contracting as it changes from a liquid to a solid state. Any one who has a bit of back yard can look into this matter himself if he likes. Some time during the summer get a handful of peach or prune pits and dig them into the ground two or three inches. Forget all about them until the following spring, and then dig them up again. It will be found that so of them have come apart in halves, while others are still sea up and will have to be left to the fingers of another year's frost

WHY THE AIR IS DIRTY

WHY IS IT that smoke-abatement efforts do not bri more satisfactory results? asks O. P. Hood, chi mechanical engineer of the U. S. Bureau of Min writing on the editorial page of *Mechanical Engineering* (Ne York). The main reason, he thinks, is an incorrect estimate the kind and size of the job. When an industrial commun realizes that keeping the air clean is a project of similar magn tude to keeping streets clean, providing clean water, removi city waste, or guarding the moral atmosphere, then there ma be a real hope of success. He goes on:

"We usually think of the project in too small terms. It thought of as is the dog catcher or the boiler inspector—a matt of a man or two, a job or two, a small appropriati of variable and uncertain amount, to be abolish in a fit of economy and reestablished under pressu of a vigorous minority.

"Even so, it is surprizing how much is obtain for the effort; but the community is rarely satisfie for the job is bigger than it was conceived to be.

"Continuous, never-ceasing effort is required clean up a smoky city. A few months of relaxati and the situation slips back some years of effort.

"It is useless to look for a spectacular cu Success comes only after long-continued highly skil effort. When a new plant goes in and it proves be a smoker, it is difficult to remedy the conditi The community will probably have to stand smok for a long time while the owner spends money ten porizing with weak expedients, finally arriving the conclusion that 'it can not be done.' T remedy is to provide such engineering oversight new installations as to insure a non-smoking plan to begin with. This can be done. It may me changes in building plans, a larger investment, greater responsibility of management, a more i telligent operation, but these things are the price clean air. The higher grade of installation usua pays well by reducing running expenses. It is n often that smokelessness is one of the main o jectives in an installation. Capacity, convenienc efficiency, and low cost come first, with a weak b laudable hope that smokelessness can be had also at no increas in cost. This order must be reversed in the public mind if we are to have clean air. Smokelessness must be a first requirement. These simple illustrations indicate that successful smoke abatement is a problem requiring high technical ability, the administration of a difficult human problem, a change in attitude of a community, a willingness to wait for results, and a readiness to pay for continuous, long-time effort free from political control. So far we have not found this combination, so that results are partial.

"Engineers believe that it can be done, and at a price not out of proportion to its worth."

FOSSILS IN ARCHITECTURE—The science of paleontology has been levied upon for decorative contributions to architecture in the city of St. Louis, we are told in *The Scientific American* (New York, May). A new note in architecture, it appears, is marked by the decorations attached to the geological building recently completed at Washington University, in that city. We read:

"Under the direction of Prof. Walter E. McCourt, head of the Department of Geology at that university, the familiar designs of devils and mythological beasts commonly used for decorative gargoyles have been replaced by sculptured reproductions of some of the ancient beasts which really lived on earth in remote geologic times. Thus artistic fitness and geologic interest are alike attained; and surely, from a standpoint of grotesqueness, these extinct creatures leave nothing to be desired."

TEACHING CHINESE TO LIKE ICE-CREAM

THE DISTINCTION OF BEING THE FIRST to introduce American ice-cream to the Chinese is claimed by Paul S. Crawley, with headquarters in Shanghai. Mr. Crawley has been in theatrical enterprises in the Orient for the past eleven years, and entered the ice-cream business in China in November, 1924, with an initial shipment of ten gallons of quart bricks from Seattle to Shanghai. He established an up-to-date retail store, and arranged for the sale of ice-cream in the theaters and department stores. The business has grown since that time and to-day every ship of the American-Oriental Mail line leaving Seattle for Shanghai carries 2,000 quarts of ice-cream in special storage space. We read in *The Western Confectioner* (San Francisco):

"In a single shipment leaving Seattle on February 27 on the *President Madison*, Mr. Crawley consigned 10,000 quart bricks and 35,000 dozen Arctic Bars. During 1925, its first year, and with only about three months of real 'ice-cream weather,' the firms sold 9,000 gallons of ice-cream in quart bricks and 167,000 dozen Eskimo Pies.

"When he quit the film business for the strange and undeveloped ice-cream business, Mr. Crawley was termed the 'nuttiest man in China.' The idea was an improbable one to foreign business men in the Orient. The Chinese had a natural fear of ice, or even cold foods, and the outlook to the timid was not cheerful.

"'I had looked the field over carefully, however,' Mr. Crawley declared, 'and I was convinced that if the Chinese could be induced to use cigarets universally they could be taught also to like ice-cream. The demand is only in its infancy. Shanghai is the only city so far invaded, and China has more than 400,000,000 persons, most of whom will be eating ice-cream and ice-cream bars before many years.

"'These bars are sold at all Chinese theaters in Shanghai, and to-day the average sale is 1,000 bars daily. The Chinese have taken to the cigaret with enthusiasm, but what they learn to do with ice-cream in the near future is something to sit up and take notice of.'

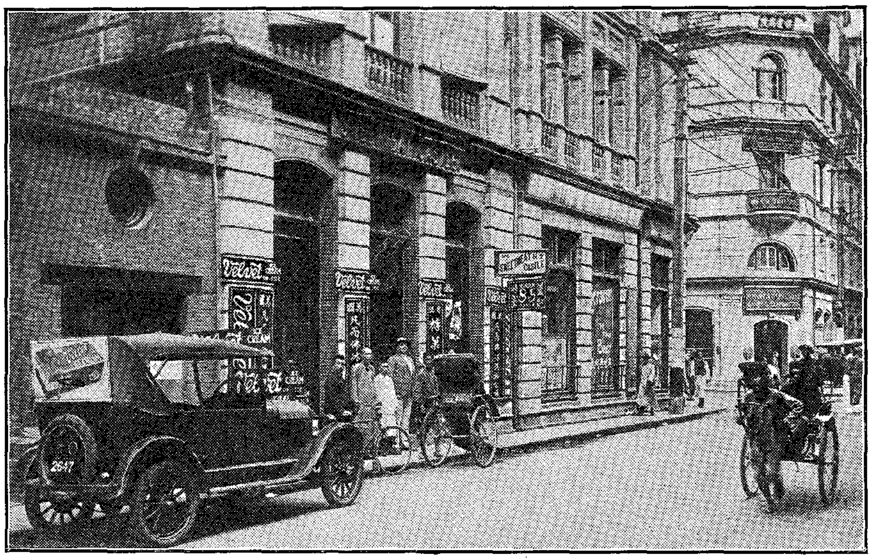
"On his recent visit to the United States, his first in five years, Mr. Crawley placed orders for more than $35,000 worth of automatic refrigerating cabinets for the installation of several new branches which will be opened throughout the Orient at once. On his departure from Seattle on March 23 he was accompanied by George W. Weatherly of Portland, head of the former Weatherly Ice-cream Company.

"Mr. Crawley and Mr. Weatherly will make an extended tour of the Far East, including Indo China, Saigon, Haifong, Batavia, and Sourbaya in Java, the Dutch East Indies, Singapore, the Federated Malay States, and the Philippines, looking into the possibilities of further introduction and exploitation of American ice-cream in the Orient."

THE COST OF WORKMEN'S EYES—The loss of eyes in industrial accidents cost the employers of Pennsylvania more than $800,000 during the last year, and more than $8,000,000 since the enactment of the State Workmen's Compensation Law, according to an analysis of the annual report of the Pennsylvania Department of Labor and Industry made by Lewis H. Carris, Managing Director of the National Committee for the Prevention of Blindness. "It has always been the conviction of the National Committee for the Prevention of Blindness that eye hazards are the most serious of all non-fatal industrial accident hazards," says Mr. Carris as quoted in a bulletin issued by the Committee. This goes on:

"Striking evidence of this fact may be had in the 1925 accident report of the Pennsylvania Department of Labor and Industry which shows, for instance, that both during the last year and during the entire period since the passage of the Workmen's Compensation Law the employers of Pennsylvania have found it necessary to pay more money as compensation for loss of eyes than for all accidents resulting in loss of legs, loss of arms and loss of hands combined.

"The Pennsylvania report shows that 538 eyes were lost in industry in that one State last year, and that a total of $800,598 was paid to workmen as compensation for this loss. At the same time a total of $793,952 was paid for the loss of 97 legs, 73 arms and 190 hands. Altogether since the enactment of the Pennsylvania Compensation Law, the employers of this State have spent $8,011,259 as compensation for loss of eyes and $8,007,862 as compensation for loss of legs, arms and hands combined. During this period the vision of 5,885 eyes was destroyed through industrial accidents."



By courtesy of the *Western Confectioner*

WHERE COLD BRICKS DELIGHT THE CHINESE

Paul S. Crawley proved that he was not the "nuttiest man in China" by successfully establishing an ice-cream business in Shanghai. The photograph shows his distributing point.

OUR CONGESTED PRAIRIES—The human population of the prairie States is not yet too dense for comfort, but the native plant population long ago arrived at that unhappy state; and the resulting struggle for a livelihood has a stunting effect on all of them. Prof. J. E. Weaver and Dr. Herbert C. Hanson of the University of Nebraska, addressing the Botanical Society of America recently in Kansas City, told of some of their experiments on overcompetition among prairie plants. Dr. Hanson is thus quoted in Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

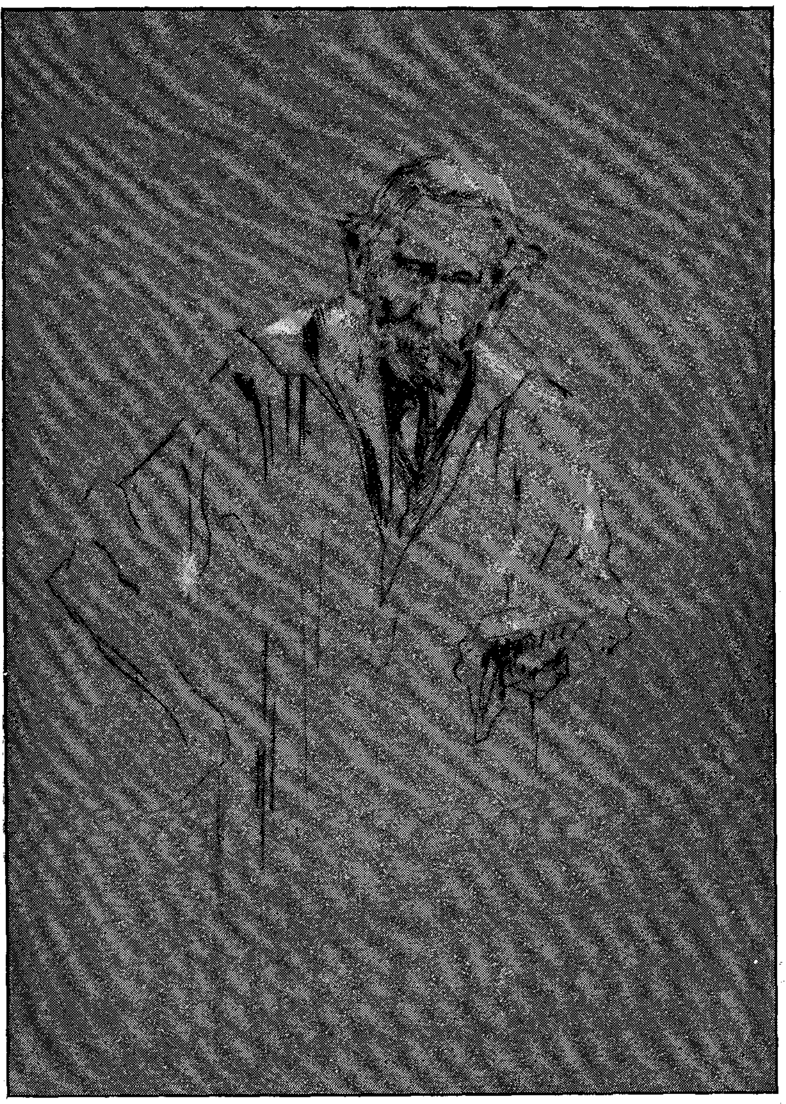
"Experiments conducted in the prairie near Lincoln, Nebraska, have shown that probably none of the plants ever reach their maximum development, since there is not enough water, soil nutrients, or light for all. Each plant must economize to the point of semistarvation, since its all-too-numerous neighbors are also competing for these limited supplies needed for growth. By removing all of the other plants from a single square yard of prairie soil and permitting wild sunflowers, goldenrods, or a few grasses of the prairie to have the light nutrients and water supply of even this limited area for themselves, remarkable development results. The grasses are much taller and denser and the yield in dry weight is nearly doubled. The sunflowers produced leaves almost twice as large, the number of flower heads was frequently doubled, they were much larger and almost twice as much food was stored in the seeds. Seedling trees and shrubs grown in the prairie where the grasses were removed for only a foot on each side of the row made a fine development. Those grown in adjacent rows where the grasses were merely clipped back so as not to shade the trees did poorly because the grasses used too much of the limited supply of water. Finally, trees and shrubs grown among the grasses practically all died even when they were watered, since the rapid growth of the dense grass sod afforded too much shade."

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

JOSEPH PENNELL

JOSEPH PENNELL HAS GONE into the shadows and the notices of him printed since his death on April 23 read almost like a second obituary of Whistler. Thus is connected up the great friendship and admiration of his life; but no one calls him an imitator. His art was his own and remained individual; his temper was also his own, tho it may have matched his elder in force while it held to his own kind. Pennell's work and life were recently spread before his countrymen in his "Adventures of an Illustrator" and the record there will doubtless stand for his biography. He was a native of Philadelphia and always remained a Quaker of sorts. He lived abroad many years, providing the travel books of many writers with drawings of the picturesque centers of Europe. Since the war he had lived in America and the story of America's industrial life has an imperishable representation in his lithographs and etchings. "He would travel in Greece and bring back a vivid sheaf of the impressions of the classic monuments," says the New York *Herald Tribune.* "Panama lured him and he made there the best linear memorial of work on the canal that exists." On most of these various aspects of his personality the New York *Telegram* touches with incisive candor:



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Co.

A STRANGE COMBINATION OF OPPOSITES

Joseph Pennell was "too much of an Academician to be a Modernist, and too much of an individualist to be an Academician." This portrait is by his pupil, Henry Ziegler.

"Too much of an Academician to be a Modernist, and too much of an individualist to be an Academician, the late Joseph Pennell was a strange combination of opposites.

"A Pennsylvania Quaker, he dearly loved a fight, and, typically American in most respects, he never hesitated about criticizing whatever he disliked in the civic and national life of his time.

"That he was capable of enthusiasms was shown in the case of his long devotion to the sainted memory of James McN. Whistler, whom he did not hesitate to describe, in and out of season, as the greatest painter of his epoch. Pennell had nothing but scorn for a generation which is not as keen about that artist as the one that went before.

"In his latest book, 'The Adventures of an Illustrator'—about which he built an elaborate exhibition last season at the Anderson Galleries—he reiterated what was to him almost an art creed, as follows:

"'His fame is sure, his place is fixt for all time. It is only in his own country and among the artless successors in this mid-Victorian Main Street land, through the envy and jealousy of the little Babbitts, mostly blustering, bellowing Middle West bores, who lord it over the old maids in pants and petticoats, busy running our art to uplift it for its moral good and their cash profit, that Whistler is not acknowledged to be America's greatest artist.'

"It is possible that Whistler's paradoxical methods —which led Degas to say that the great little dandy from Lowell, Massachusetts, behaved as if he wished to convince everybody that he was 'not even a man of talent'—may have had as much to do as his work in causing him to hold the esteem of his disciple.

"Be that as it may, if Pennell loved Whistler in part for the enemies that he had made, it must be admitted, on the other hand, that some of the strongest admirers of 'Uncle Joe' himself were to be found among those with whom he had engaged in controversy. They agreed with him perfectly, in everything but opinions.

"Pennell on Bernard Shaw was interesting and typical. It is a pity that there is no satisfactory pendant to it, in the shape of Bernard Shaw on Pennell. The latter would have been as readable as the other.

"As an illustrator of the travel books of Henry James and many others, of work in the Great War, of the building of the Panama Canal, and finally of New York—'my New York,' as he saw it from the studio window on Brooklyn Heights—Pennell has left valuable if sometimes literal records.

"If he sometimes had more respect for the artist who knew his business or trade in all its processes than for the one whose flights of imagination he refused to understand, Joseph Pennell's conscience found expression in the remark, 'Nothing worth doing is easy.'

"What he failed to admit was that a work of genius always looks as if the maker of it had found it easy.

"Rest, perturbed spirit! Hail and farewell!"

On the personal side he was almost as well known and quoted as the other American whose biography he and Mrs. Pennell wrote. Some of these personal mementoes are gathered up by the Providence *Journal:*

"Inevitably the analogy between Whistler and Pennell will be drawn closer as the two men are surveyed in retrospect. It is a parallel that must be amusing from some angles, for physically they epitomized extreme types—Whistler the brisk little bantam of a man, Pennell of the tall, lean greyhound order. But they had in common an ebullient interest in life, a savage gift of satire, a tart humor and an irascibility of temper that served to make them both traditional. A whole mass of anecdotes revolves about the name of Whistler; another about the name of Pennell; and it will be observed that neither had respect for men in high places, that neither dearly loved a lord save to mock him, that both were almost brutally impatient of 'poppycock' in the treatment and discussion of the affairs of art. It was said of Whistler, more than once, that he would sacrifice a reputation for a jibe. Whether that was a just estimate is doubtful; but it is clear that Pennell had no malice and that where he leveled the barbed spears of his disapproval there was certain justice in the performance.

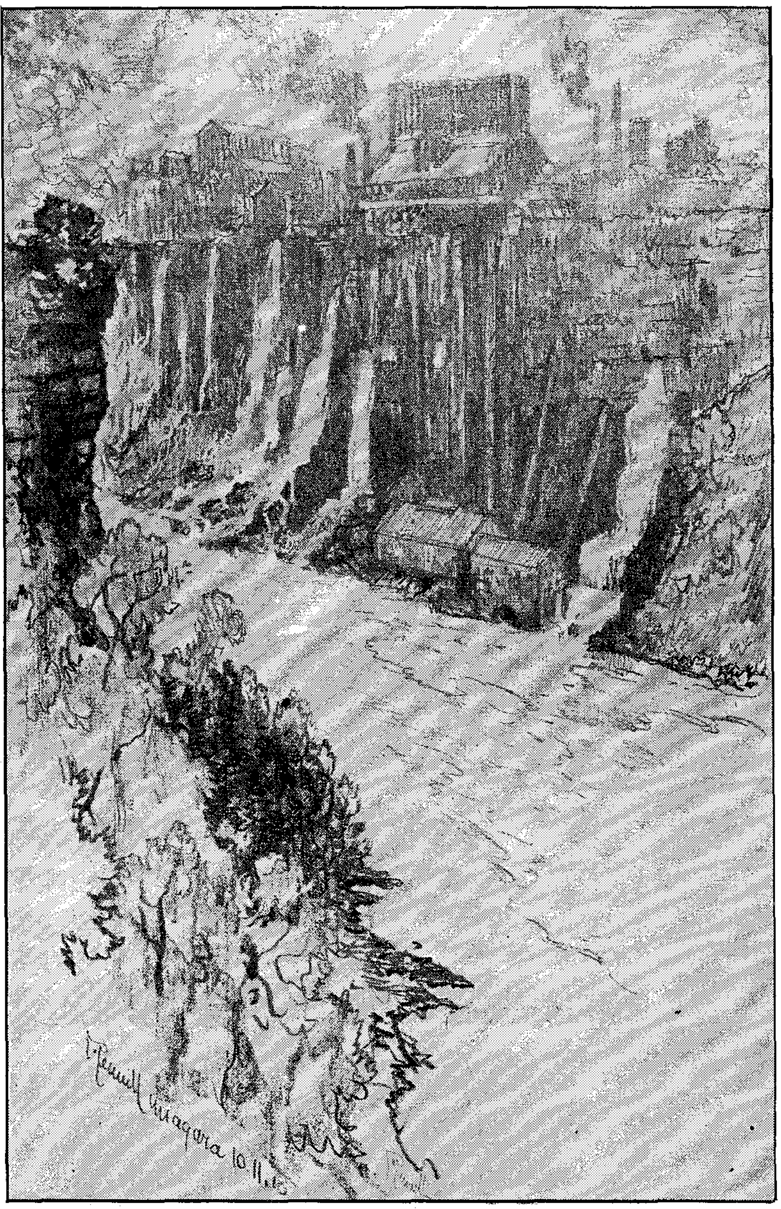
"Pennell, in his youthful days abroad, succeeded Bernard Shaw as art editor of an important London publication, Shaw becoming music editor of the same journal. 'Because of that,' said Pennell recently, 'Shaw has fancied ever since that he knows something about art. Actually he doesn't know the difference between a painting and a photograph.' Of Prohibition he had many sharp things to say, and to him is credited the slogan, 'No champagne, no art.' To a lady who asked questions while he painted in a cathedral he said that 'she had the ignorance of the well educated.' Many of his opinions on art matters were so startlingly unorthodox as to involve him in lengthy disputes, which he relished mightily. He declared Aubrey Beardsley one of the greatest English artists of all time. He made fun of Rembrandt's etching and of nearly every contemporary etcher whose work was drawn to his attention. He did much for the cause of architecture in America in two singular ways—by his large number of splendid etchings of the better American buildings, and by his never-ending campaign of vituperation against the poorer ones. He waged war against billboards and unsightly streets, and called names with magnificent abandon. During the war he rendered a practical service in preserving British and American munitions factory activities in a series of amazing etchings."

ARE ACTORS EXTINCT?—Mrs. Leslie Carter told Chicago reporters that we had no more actors. She was on her way West to die, as she somberly put it. She would act no more. But the Detroit *Free Press* rallies her verdicts as well as her pessimism, saying:

"It must have been the backward spring or the continuing winter that plunged Mrs. Leslie Carter into the gloomy mood in which she unburdened herself to Chicago interviewers regarding the profession in which she has for so many years been a considerable factor. According to Mrs. Carter, there is no art, no culture, no inspiration on the stage to-day. . . . The statement that there is no more real acting can hardly be dismissed in silence. Mrs. Carter must not forget that, even if she has passed temporarily from the scene, there remain not a few of her colleagues of bygone years—Otis Skinner, E. H. Sothern, George Arliss, Blanche Bates, Mrs. Fiske, Bertha Kalich, Alla Nazimova, and many others that come to mind. And who shall say that among the younger generation Katherine Cornell and Alice Brady, to mention only two, are not as talented, and do not give as good an accounting as did their older sisters in the dramatic profession, even if they no longer employ the flamboyant methods in vogue when Mrs. Carter first burst upon our view as she swung forth from the belfry in 'The Heart of Maryland.' Often in our moments of discouragement we get a wrong perspective, particularly if we incline to dwell on 'the good old days.' Styles change in plays and in acting. If our dramatic offerings do not seem to measure up to old standards, part of our lack of appreciation may be in our inability or unwillingness to accept the new order. Certainly there are as many good actors as there are good plays, both in the old school and the new."

THE NEW COPYRIGHT BILL

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS are pleased over the prospects held forth by the Vestal Copyright bill now before Congress, tho the supporting delegations journeying to Washington found that the hearings on Prohibition overshadowed their doings in public interest. A minority group represented by libraries, professors and students do not, however, find the same millennial outlook spread before them. On April 15 as many as a hundred publishers, authors, screen writers, dramatists, artists and other creative workers went by special train to Washington and presented their claims before the House Patent Committee.



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Co.

"THE AMERICAN TIVOLI"

In this novel view of the Niagara gorge Joseph Pennell saw a resemblance to the famous waterfall and gorge near Rome—but plus factory chimneys.

The highest point of their rejoicing was reached over the initial provision of the bill which automatically gives copyright to a writer or creative artist the moment his work issues from his brain. Then he controls the printing, reprinting, performing, exhibiting, translating, mechanical reproduction as by phonograph or radio, dramatizing, picturizing by the movies, and any other way of publication conceivable by the ingenuity of man. The opening paragraph of the bill takes us into the heart of the matter:

"To amend and consolidate the Acts respecting copyright and

> to permit the United States to enter the International Copyright Union.
>
> "Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That copyright is secured and granted by this Act to authors throughout the United States and its dependencies, without compliance with any conditions or formalities whatever, from and after the creation of their work and for the term hereinafter provided, in all their writings, published or unpublished, in any medium or form or by any method through which the thought of the author may be exprest."

One of the speakers in Washington was Mr. Will Irwin, who dwelt on the advantages of our entrance into the International Copyright Union, and the justice and rightness of the automatic copyright. He is quoted by the New York *Times:*

> "The principle we advocate is that a work of art is the property of the creator from the start. Under this bill any person who completes a piece of work has it copyrighted automatically, and it is protected and transferable anywhere within the borders of the Copyright Union."

The original bill not seeming explicit enough on the subject of broadcasting, an amendment has been offered providing that the new regulation shall cover "only compositions published and copyrighted after the bill goes into effect." Also—

> "It shall not include the works of a foreign author or composer unless the foreign state or nation of which such author or composer is a citizen or subject grants, either by treaty, convention, agreement, or law, to citizens of the United States similar rights: And provided further, that as a condition of extending the copyright control to broadcasting by radio, and other means of electrical transmission, wherever the owner of a musical copyright has used, or permitted or knowingly acquiesced in the broadcasting of the copyright musical work, by radio, or other means of electrical transmission, any other person may make similar use of the copyrighted musical work upon the payment to the copyright proprietor of a royalty for each broadcasting by a radio station of not more than five hundred watts. . . ."

A second amendment covering broadcasting and the public performance of musical compositions makes a retroactive provision concerning reproduction of "compositions published and copyrighted after July 1, 1909." It also requires that published music sheets and phonograph disks shall bear a statement of the royalty claimed by the composer.

MORE EXPENSIVE MUSIC—The Philharmonic and Philadelphia Orchestras are to raise the price of tickets. Both these orchestras fill the house at their New York concerts, so money pressure is not due to neglect of patronage. The New York *Sun* analyses:

> "The two orchestras are merely following the example of every other kind of public amusement. Opera, theater and motion-picture tickets are more costly than they were. The price of concert tickets would have been advanced some time ago had it not been for the generosity which has made the concerts possible. But for the willingness of men of wealth and culture to make good deficits in the annual budgets of the symphonic societies the associations would have had to come to an end long ago or have continued on a much less pretentious plan. By engaging a large hall for its concerts the Symphony Society has been able to increase its audiences to such an extent that the receipts of the concerts have done more to meet expenses than was the case in the past. . . .
>
> "At present it seems that in order to exist they must have outside aid. Demands for more money are heard from musicians at the beginning of every season. Orchestras in all parts of the country encounter this difficulty. The compensation of players mounts constantly. The very excellences of our American orchestras, which are coming to be the best in the world, are the result of the money available for preparation of their programs. Only in the United States may the players be retained for sufficient rehearsals, the practise that makes perfect. The most eminent conductors of every nation receive here more than their own or any other country pays them. This may not be a subject for national pride, but it is nevertheless true that the public of this city is so accustomed to sitting under concerts given by the finest conductors that they would be satisfied with no others.
>
> "Increase in the price of tickets is undoubtedly justified by conditions. Yet there is another method of meeting the usual deficit. A good orchestra might play in such a large hall that its receipts would do much toward paying its way. They could afford no famous foreign conductors and no world-renowned soloist. But there would be the great masterpieces of the composers adequately rendered. Then there would be no need for contributing guarantors or the increased prices. It is possible that music under these circumstances would almost pay its way."

WINNERS OF THE PULITZER AWARDS

TO AWAKE ONE MORNING and find one's self an unexpected prize-winner can not be other than agreeable. Such emotions must have come to those of the Pulitzer group receiving the awards for 1925—like the author of the best reporter's story, the best cartoon, the best editorial. These contributions to journalism had served their day and passed out of the consciousness of the majority; but "Craig's Wife" still holds the boards, and "Arrowsmith" still stands on the library table, and favoring eyes must have often been cast their way when the prize-day was approaching. Posthumous award to Amy Lowell will give satisfaction to all lovers of poetry, while serious readers will congratulate Edward Channing and Harvey Cushing, the first for his "History of the United States" and the second for his "Life of Sir William Osler." As *The World* announces the awards established in the will of its former publisher, Joseph Pulitzer, the roll of honor runs thus.

First awards in journalism are:

> "For the most disinterested and meritorious public service rendered by an American newspaper during the year—$500 gold medal.
>
> "Awarded to the Columbus, Georgia, *Enquirer Sun*, for the service which it has rendered in its brave and energetic fight against the Ku Klux Klan; against the enactment of a law barring the teaching of evolution; against dishonest and incompetent public officials and for justice to the negro and against lynching.
>
> "For the best editorial article written during the year, the test of excellence being clearness of style, moral purposes, sound reasoning and power to influence public opinion in the right direction, due account being taken of the whole volume of the writer's work during the year—$500.
>
> "Awarded to the New York *Times* for the editorial entitled 'The House of a Hundred Sorrows,' written by Edward M. Kingsbury, published December 14, 1925.
>
> "For the best example of a reporter's work during the year, the test being strict accuracy, terseness, the accomplishment of some public good commanding public attention and respect—$1,000.
>
> "Awarded to William Burke Miller of the staff of the Louisville, Kentucky, *Courier-Journal* for his work on the story of the trapping in Sand Cave, Kentucky, of Floyd Collins.
>
> "For the best cartoon published in any American newspaper during the year, the determining qualities being that the cartoon shall embody an idea made clearly apparent, shall show good drawing and striking pictorial effect and shall be helpful to some commendable cause of public importance, due account being taken of the whole volume of the artist's newspaper work during the year—$500.
>
> "Awarded to Dan R. Fitzpatrick of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* for the cartoon entitled, 'The Laws of Moses and the Laws of To-day,' published April 12, 1925."

The award for the best "history of the services rendered to the public by the American press" was not made because of lack of competition.

Continuing with the awards in letters:

> "For the American novel published during the year which shall best present the wholesome atmosphere of American life, and the highest standard of American manners and manhood—$1,000.

"Awarded to 'Arrowsmith,' by Sinclair Lewis.

"For the original American play performed in New York, which shall best represent the educational value and the power of the stage in raising the standard of good morals, good taste and good manners—$1,000.

"Awarded to 'Craig's Wife,' by George Kelly, produced at the Morosco Theater in New York during the season 1925–26.

"For the best book of the year upon the history of the United States—$2,000.

"Awarded to the sixth volume of 'The History of the United States,' by Edward Channing.

"For the best American biography teaching patriotic and unselfish services to the people, illustrated by an eminent example, excluding, as too obvious, the names of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln—$1,000.

"Awarded to 'The Life of Sir William Osler,' by Harvey Cushing.

"For the best volume of verse published during the year by an American author—$1,000.

"Awarded to 'What's O'Clock,' by Amy Lowell."

One of those least expecting such honors as now befall may perhaps be William B. Miller, who is rewarded for the best reporter's work. Of him *The World* writes:

"Miller, whose every-day name is 'Skeets,' was born in Louisville, and went directly from high school to the police court beat of *The Courier-Journal*. He is now only twenty-two. As a reporter, he said frankly he had no interest in newspaper work. He wanted to be a singer, he said, and had become a reporter to get money to take him to Europe for a musical education.

"He had been three years on *The Courier-Journal*, when he was sent one night to investigate the story that a man had been caught eighty feet underground in a sandstone cave. Miller took complete charge of the rescue of Floyd Collins the following morning. He is very small, weighs only 110 pounds, and was able to slip down the tortuous passage until he lay beside Collins. With his fingers he dug away the earth which obscured the stone holding Collins's foot. The earth was passed out handful by handful, by a chain of thirteen volunteers who crept down after Miller.

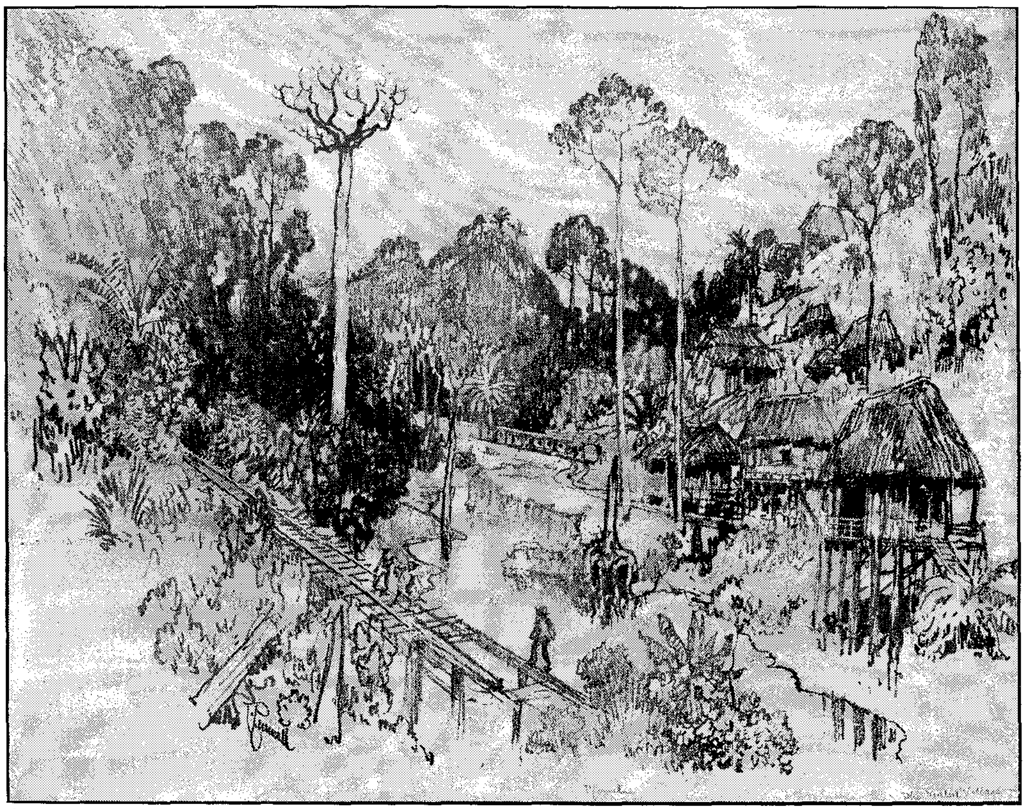
"In a story to his paper a day later Miller wrote of his efforts:

"'It hurts him when I press too heavy on him while working. But he grits his teeth and stands it as long as he can. He helped me a great deal in pushing to me a rock which was beyond my reach. By moving so much of it I was able to use an automobile jack which had been sawed in two to make it small enough. I wedged the jack in against the big stone holding Collins's foot and put my weight against it. Collins said I pushed it—that he could feel it—but the gravel and small rocks rolled down.'

"In all Miller made seven trips into the cave. He wrote:

"'It is terrible inside. The cold, dirty water numbs me as soon as I start in. I have come to dread it, as have all others who have been in, but each of us tell ourselves that our suffering is as nothing compared to Collins's. His patience during long hours of agony, his constant hope when life seemed nearing an end, is enough to strengthen the heart of any one. Collins doesn't know it, but he is playing a very, very big part in his own rescue.'

"After this exploit Miller returned to his paper, but continued as a reporter only a short time. At present he is living at Winter Haven, Florida, where he is in the ice-cream manufacturing business with his father. He still intends to go to Europe, he says, to study singing."



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Co.

THE NATIVE VILLAGE—PANAMA

Pennell's etchings of scenes in the Canal Zone will remain an important contribution to American history.

WHO SPEAKS THE MOTHER TONGUE?

ALL THE ANGLOPHILISM as well as phobia of two continents was stirred recently by an Irishman's charge that the King, Queen and Prince of Wales speak with a cockney accent. Mr. St. John Ervine, the Irish playwright and critic, has recently been dealing with the subject of speech. His activities precipitated a debate with Mr. Nigel Playfair, the English actor-manager, on the subject of whether or not the English know how to pronounce English. The King and Queen, it is charged, overstress the letter R, and as an illustration, "raw eggs" would to them be "rawr reggs." The Prince says "howp" when he means "hope," and some other members of the Royal family refer to the King's second son as the "Dook of Yawk." On the latter point, by common consent, Americans have nothing on the British. But when the news of Mr. Ervine's charge spread across the water through the agency of the New York *Sun* the debate took on a sort of triangular international contest. Mr. Ervine had claimed Dubliners as the best exponents of pure-spoken English, tho as he is but a Belfast Irishman his brogue was charged with being as thick as a pea-soup fog. Irish policemen in this country gurgle with satisfaction over the tribute to the Green Isle. Patrolman Lucius Catullus O'Brien of Times Square is reported by the *Sun* as saying, "Sure, if it wasn't fur the Irish the English wouldn't have to talk at all." Then the *Sun* sets out to gather evidence to the effect that Americans speak better English than the English. Basil Sidney, the English actor playing the "plain-clothes Hamlet" here, and George Jean Nathan agree with Mr. Ervine and throw in "educated Americans" to tip the scale against the English. Al Woods, the theatrical manager, is quoted as saying, "I can't talk about how the King abuses his own English but I howp to tell you the language is darned expensive when a theatrical manager imports it. I wouldn't talk it personally," he adds, "but there are others who like it even at $5.50 a stall. And who am I to deny such folks a few broad 'a's' or 'darby' for 'doiby'?"

Mr. Sidney avers that the average American speaks better

English than the average Englander. "My American visit really taught me how to speak English. When I returned to London recently I found I couldn't understand some of my friends." Mr. Nathan makes this contribution:

> "What of it if we talk the King's English and the Englishmen don't? We have merely adhered to something that we brought from England a few hundred years ago. To-day we are becoming a new race. The English have changed, too, since we parted company in 1776.
>
> "On the stage English plays are best played by Englishmen. We import English actors to do so. But they can not play in American plays. They don't talk the same language. Imagine Englishmen in 'Is Zat So?' or some of George Ade's and George M. Cohan's plays.
>
> "There's no reason why the English shouldn't be allowed to talk the way they do. It's natural to them now.
>
> "Who speak good English on the American stage? You mean who spoke good English. I would say William Faversham, William Gillette and John Drew. Well, to-day I would put Walter Hampden at the head of the list. Basil Sidney, who is an Englishman, did a fine job with his English in the modern 'Hamlet.' Forbes Robertson was the best *Hamlet* I ever heard. But young men go into the theater nowadays to parade, not to be actors."

Dr. Frank Vizetelly, editor of the "Standard Dictionary," says that the English and not the Americans are butchering the common tongue, and simply out of "common cussedness." "The English don't want to talk like the Americans even if the Americans talk correctly." Further:

> "Since the Guelphs invaded England English has been a murdered tongue. They imported George I. from Hanover and he mixed up the b's and p's.
>
> "There is no question that Americans speak better English. I'm not very familiar with royalty's English, but I've heard President Coolidge speak four times and I think highly of the Presidential English.
>
> "Mr. Coolidge enunciates clearly and distinctly. In placing his accent, he often varies from the popular custom, but uses an alternate given by the best authorities. I should say he was brought up on Joseph Worcester rather than on Noah Porter's pronunciation in Webster's International Dictionary."

PUCCINI'S LAST OPERA

LA SCALA, THE FAMOUS OPERA HOUSE of Milan, has witnessed another spectacular scene of devotion to a dead maestro. Two years ago this stage produced Boito's "Nerone," a work hitherto unheard, tho the composer had been long dead. On April 25 Puccini's "Turandot" was disclosed and again the spirit of a dead master was invoked. Both were gala occasions such as Milan only can summon for an operatic event. Both operas were left unfinished by their creators and other hands were called in to complete them. At the first performance of "Turandot" only the original composer's work was rendered, the finale which subsequent hearers will witness was denied the attendants at the premier. Mr. Toscanini, the conductor, turning to the audience, said: "Here closes the opera broken off by the death of the maestro." The Metropolitan Opera has promised the work for next season, so curiosity is alert, aside from the fact of its being the last work of the popular composer. Long columns were cabled to the New York press describing the event, and from the New York *Times* we take the review of the English critic Henry C. Colles, formerly a guest critic of *The Times*. He speaks of Americans as knowing the work of Puccini better than any one else outside of Milan, and therefore being prepared for "a wonderful display of virtuosity in the art of operatic ensemble." In "Turandot" the "impression is far more visual than aural in spite of the delights which Toscanini's magnificent orchestra in conjunction with a company of the first singers of the day must always give." Of these Rosa Raisa and Giacomo Rimini of the Chicago Opera and Miguel Fleta of the Metropolitan are familiar names. The theme of the opera is taken from legendary China. A Princess asks riddles of her suitors and sends to the scaffold all who can not answer them. She declares that "her fury of bloodshed is due to the violation of an ancestress a thousand years ago." Quoting from Mr. Colles's account:

> "The whole court and populace of Peking is occupied with the prosecution of her affairs. The first act, in the streets, shows the crowd shrieking for the death of the latest unsuccessful lovers, the executioner sharpening his immense knife, the march to the scaffold, the sudden revulsion of the crowd at the sight of the victims and their futile cries to the *Princess* for mercy. It is a scene on which Puccini has lavished all his resources of orchestral color, using quasi-Oriental rhythms, much beating of gongs and tinkling of bells, but undoubtedly this stage scene surpasses the effort of the musician. It is in the midst of this scene that the unknown *Prince* appears and announces his challenge, which will ultimately be successful.
>
> "The second act begins with an interlude of three Ministers of State quaintly called *Ping*, *Pang*, and *Pong*—the scene played before a gorgeous drop which serves to provide relief from the strenuous spectacle of the scenes which precede and follow it. But the second scene in this act in which riddles are propounded and solved by the unknown *Prince*, is the piece de résistance. This is the first great opportunity for the two protagonists, represented by Signora Raisa and Signor Fleta; and the former has a particularly difficult task, which she accomplishes excellently, because Puccini has made the whole of her part one of intense strain and high-pitched excitement. One can not help feeling that with more restraint in the matter of vocal climax, he could have created a greater impression.
>
> "He had planned another great vocal scene for these two at the end of the third and last act, but this he did not live to complete.
>
> "Toscanini desired that at the first performance heard to-night the opera should end at a point where the composer left it—that is, with a quiet little scene in which the slave girl dies in order that she may keep secret the unknown *Prince's* name. The effect was naturally one of anticlimax, but the work has been finished by Franco Alfano, and it was given with his ending at full rehearsal on Friday and will be so given in subsequent performances.
>
> "There is one question which will be most eagerly asked, and possibly what has been said here may help provide an answer to it. Puccini was the most popular Italian composer of his generation. Will 'Turandot' add one more to those of his works which have won world-wide affection and which the average opera goer apparently can not see here too often? One fears not. Certainly it will be given in the opera houses which have the resources of stagecraft comparable with those of La Scala, but they are not many. It would be futile with anything less. It makes tremendous demands on the two chief singers, yet considering the elaborateness of the story and score, it gives rather small reward for their labor.
>
> "In 'Turandot' Puccini attempted a *tour de force* to which his strength was not equal and it is significant that his hand failed and he could go no further just when he had finished the one intimate and entirely unpretentious scene in the whole drama."

Another dispatch to *The Times* refers to the spectacular features of the opera as overwhelming almost everything else:

> "La Scala gives full measure of satisfaction to this kind. One is indeed tempted to wonder whether in the making of the opera book on foundations of Carlo Gozzi's famous drama the talented librettists had not Signor Caramba and his associates of scenic art more in the foreground of their devotion than Puccini and his musical interpreters.
>
> "We have called the magnificence overwhelming. It is not only that. The eye of the spectator is dazzled and his ear distracted, but the composer himself is overwhelmed by the requirements of musical paraphernalia. With all there is to be done, he barely gets time for his characters to stand forward and make themselves known. He has to posture and gesticulate in idiom that will pass for musical Chinese. There will be plenty to say that the idea of Chinese music is singularly akin to his Japanese idiom in 'Madam Butterfly,' only much more insistent and unrelieved.
>
> "We need not dwell on that. It is perhaps best described as 'pidgin Italian.' He snatches at such moments as his librettists will allow him for sentiments with which he had made the whole world akin, whether in the world of the Latin quarter or of the American Navy in Japan."

RELIGION▾AND▾SOCIAL▾SERVICE

THE FREE BELIEVERS' VICTORY

THE FREETHINKERS have suffered a severe defeat in their war on religion; children of New York State legally may be excused from school for thirty minutes of religious instruction once a week. The decision, handed down by Supreme Court Justice Ellis J. Staley, touches, we are told, the whole of American life, for the experiment of supplementing Sunday-school instruction, and home training—where that now exists—by week-day religious instruction in time taken from public-school hours is being undertaken in many sections of the country. It is part of a common effort to counteract the alleged looseness of the times and new fashions in vice. In New York State alone, it is said, more than a hundred cities where the practise now prevails by common agreement among Jew, Catholic and Protestant are affected by the decision. It goes without saying that religious leaders are profoundly pleased; but in some of the newspaper comment there is a question, not as to the need and value of religious instruction, which goes without saying, but as to the wisdom of invading school hours when the instruction might as profitably be given at another time. However, the Freethinkers will appeal, and a campaign to raise funds for legal expenses is now under way.

IN SPITE OF THE FREETHINKERS

These children are gathered in the Cornell Memorial Methodist Church, New York City, for week-day religious instruction, which, under Justice Staley's decision against the Freethinkers' Society, may be given in time taken from the public school.

Justice Staley's decision is handed down on an application by Joseph Lewis, President of the Freethinkers' Society, for a mandamus to compel Frank P. Graves, State Commissioner of Education, to require the Board of Education of White Plains to discontinue the practise of excusing children from public school for religious instruction on the ground, among others of less import, that it is an unconstitutional use of State funds. But the facts in the case, writes Justice Staley in his decision, "establish no violation of this Constitutional prohibition. The mere excusing of pupils at the volition of their parents for a half-hour period each week to attend religious instruction outside the school at places unrelated to school activities, in the free exercise and enjoyment of their religious profession, does not constitute the use of public property, credit or money in aid of any institution of learning under the control of any religious denomination." Consideration, writes Justice Staley, may be properly given to these propositions set forth by the United States Supreme Court:

"That the right of the parent to direct the training and nurture of the child is a fundamental right:

"That the obligations of citizenship require the promotion of a spirit of patriotic and civic service, and the fostering in children of moral as well as intellectual qualities:

"That the religious conscience, conviction and accountability, are the least dispensable foundations for good citizenship and real patriotism:

"That moral growth and intellectual growth go hand in hand to make the essential elements of character and good citizenship:

"That the right of the State to enforce school attendance does not mean that the mental and moral development of all children must be limited to a common mold, and that all children must be standardized:

"That the regulation does not create a union between Church and State, or teach any sectarianism in the schools, or invade the religious freedom or conscience of any individual."

While Justice Staley's decision does not in any sense authorize religious instruction in the public schools, points out Charles H. Tuttle, of counsel for the New York Federation of Churches, which opposed the Freethinkers in the case, it does establish the right of local school boards to honor the request of parents who desire religious instruction to have a larger place in the life of their children. He continues, as quoted in the New York *Times:*

"This decision affirms, as an essential protection against despotism, the Constitutional principle that in matters of education the State is not absolute to the exclusion of the parents; and it prevents the Freethinkers' Society or other like organizations from electing themselves a sort of superparent over all the children of the State. It insures that these pagan influences will not be able to use the public-school system to promote the sectarianism of irreligion; it guarantees a free Church in a free State by insuring that secular education alone shall not absorb to itself the entire capability of the child for instruction."

Under the caption, "The Right to Religion," the New York *Herald Tribune* makes a point of Justice Staley's statement that the right of the State to compel school attendance does not mean that the mental and moral development of all children must be standardized, and says: "Any one devoted to the essential principle of free thought as opposed to narrow, sectarian interpretation of the term would welcome this point of view and the divergencies of religious training which the White Plains system contemplated."

> "But, as the hue and cry of the Scopes trial made plain, too many profest friends of freedom are not half as much interested in real freedom of thought as in jamming their own interpretation of the universe down every one's throat. The right to religion is quite as important as the right to free speech. Since faith is a matter of deep emotion, it can not be flouted in public without serious disturbance of private peace of mind, to say nothing of public peace. Hence the laws against blasphemy. Tolerance is a question of courtesy and a decent respect for others' convictions. In short, freedom can not be absolute or complete, and a maximum of liberty can be achieved in a civilized society only by a sensitive balance of rights based on mutual forbearance. The White Plains decision is a healthy antidote to much current nonsense in the name of liberty."

Another lecture on tolerance comes from the Philadelphia *Record*, which remarks that "the Freethinkers seem to be under the impression that they are the only persons who have the right to think freely," and goes on:

> "If a parent possesses any right at all he has a right to control the religious instruction of his child. In the Oregon school case, where the attempt was made to wipe out all schools not supported by taxation, the Supreme Court of the United States affirmed this right of the parent in the most explicit terms, and *it seems a piece of bigotry for the Freethinkers to seek to prevent* it. Of course, the parents in White Plains might have their children instructed in religion at hours different from those of the public schools, but, on the other hand, why should they? The religious instruction can't be given in the public schools, but why should not the Catholic or the Presbyterian children be dismissed for half an hour to receive such religious instruction as their parents prefer? Only a Freethinker could think of any reason. It seems to be as easy for persons of no religion as for those who have one to be intolerant."

However, the Springfield *Republican* questions whether it is necessary to give religious instruction in public-school time. Hanging its argument on the ruling of Justice Staley that an absence of thirty minutes a week from public school for religious instruction does not amount to "irregular attendance in the fair meaning of the term"—compulsory attendance being the law in New York—*The Republican* says:

> "The need of ethical, if not strictly religious, instruction for youths of public-school age is unquestionable. So is the right of parents to see that their children receive religious instruction. But why can not parents add half an hour to the child's weekly stint of instruction, through these special religious schools, and require no curtailment whatever of the public-school course? Granted the desirability of religious instruction, the burden of proof that it is necessary to invade public-school hours—or half-hours—to give it has not been impressively sustained."

But the Hartford *Times* sees a menace in the whole proceeding, for the guaranty of religious freedom "means, or ought to mean, freedom from official interference with the religious lives of citizens, whether they be children in school or adults in office. Education in this country," it says, "is at the cross-roads. It must choose between training of the mind for logical and disinterested thinking, and the plying of children with the various propaganda of all sorts of organizations, sects, cults and movements which see the schools a promising field for the dissemination of their facts and fancies." So, pleads *The Times*,

> "Let us train children to use their minds and develop their sympathies so that they can be trusted to embrace and improve upon the faith of their fathers, rather than rely upon a group of rival 'character-builders' to play on their young minds with religious ideas which their parents haven't thought worth teaching them. Such official religion can hardly make children any more religious, tho it may increase their resistance to leavening influences of modern cosmopolitan society."

A RADIO CHURCH

THE "MIKE" IS FOUND in many pulpits, but Portland, Maine, has founded and is beginning the maintenance of a radio church, whose congregation is limited neither by space nor creed. The Rev. Howard O. Hough had had some successful experience with broadcasting, and was encouraged to resign from the Advent Christian Church, we read, to devote himself to the new possibilities presented by an unseen congregation. The First Radio Parish of Portland resulted, and it was recently established with a dedicatory service, with clergymen and others representing nine denominations present in the broadcasting studio. Financial support of the church is said to have been pledged by business men of the city. A violin, a pianist and a mixed quartet assist at the services. Telephone calls, telegrams and letters, we read, attest the success so far of this pioneer church. But, as with all experiments, final judgment on the value of the Portland radio church is suspended. It has been proved, observes the Providence *Journal*, that church services broadcast from regular churches have afforded great satisfaction to many persons confined to their homes. But "whether the system is calculated to encourage the army of deliberate absentees and produce a further marked diminution of regular church attendance seems a question open to debate." To those unable to attend church and thus come into close contact with the preacher and churchgoers, radio services may be the next best thing, says the Pittsburgh *Gazette Times*. "But such a course does not provide a full substitute for presence in the house of worship. The radio parish services, while benevolently designed, may have a tendency to promote non-attendance at church as a by-product." "It is an odd arrangement, and one that will be interesting to watch," comments the Nashville *Banner*. But *The Banner* believes that "radio parishes are not likely to become universal any time in the near future, tho the conversion of the radio to the purposes of the church is already widespread." There is no doubt of the value of the radio as a means of extending their field of usefulness, comments the Pittsburgh *Chronicle Telegraph*, but churches using the "mike" "recognize that radio at its best can be merely an auxiliary."

> "Sermons and music sent broadcast can never take the place of what is meant by 'pastoral work,' personal visiting among the members and those whom it is sought to bring into the church, any more than the service heard by the listener in the pew can be sufficient without the 'follow-up' by the man in the pulpit.
>
> "Every congregation has as much need for the work of a 'pastor' as of a preacher, but the pastor of a 'radio parish' would need wings to cover the territory reached by his voice through the aid of transmitter and loud-speaker."

The notion of going to church by radio does not appeal to a large number of the old school, who see in it the intrusion of "lazy modernisms," notes the Albany *Knickerbocker Press*, remarking that the opponents of the idea hold that church attendance by radio marks the definite line between attendance and non-attendance, and that if the custom is permitted to grow it will destroy the old ideas of religious worship that cling around the church structure. Moreover, it is added, these opponents urge further that from the strictly business standpoint the churches will lose on any such arrangement, and that all ritualistic values of service likewise will be lost in the new practise. But, continues *The Press*,

> "On the other hand there are thousands of persons barred for years from church services because of their infirmities who now have their choice of a half-dozen sermons and services each Sunday morning and afternoon. To these the radio has meant much. Already they constitute a huge world-wide radio parish. They are the lame, the halt and the blind, the bed-ridden and the afflicted to whose bedsides and wheel-chairs the world has been brought by the discoveries of science. For them old limitations have been abolished. Radio has made the world happier even for the world's unhappiest."

THE PROFESSORS' FOOTBALL KICK

PEDAGOGIC DISAPPROVAL OF FOOTBALL is not a new thing, but the present scrimmage on the great gridiron of the press is decidedly more interesting and exciting than any contest between professorial critics and football enthusiasts yet exhibited to crowded stands. The criticism, however, is not directed against the game itself; the American Association of University Professors, through a committee headed by Prof. Ernest H. Wilkins of Chicago, complains of extravagant and wrongly placed stress, of alleged hysterical excesses, of drunkenness and dishonesty to which intercollegiate matches give rise. Western college presidents are quoted as saying that the conditions anathematized do not obtain on the prairie gridirons; in the East there are editorial admissions that there are certain excesses consequent on the great intercollegiate games, but it is asserted that the fault is not inherent in the sport, but is due to the colleges themselves or to the alumni who seek to rejuvenate their aging spirits by extravagances to which the undergraduates are not accustomed. The debate, to forego crowding similes, promises to develop into a lively issue before the first fall season practise. The quickness with which the professorial criticism was taken up is evidence that the pigskin is still the great symbol of college athletics, that football is still the favorite intercollegiate sport.

The condemnation is made by a committee bearing the ponderous title, Committee on Methods of Increasing the Intellectual Interests and Raising the Intellectual Standards of Undergraduates, and appears in the April *Bulletin* of the Association. It begins with the admission that intercollegiate football is a "good sport and an interesting sport," which, properly limited and controlled, would, by its recreative value, help and not hinder the attainment of the central intellectual purpose of the college. It is conceded that the game as played has some good effects on the undergraduate body in that it affords an absorbing recreation, creates a strong sense of common interest and provides a "clean and interesting topic of conversation and thought." The bad effects are listed in greater number. The game is at its worst, it is said, in football trips to other colleges. "It culminates in the madness of the yelling mob at the game itself. Such over-excitement is in itself a bad thing for intellectual balance and morale." It is also charged that football leads to neglect of college work, and that the "distortion in values" it brings about "lasts throughout the college course, if not through life. This distortion," the report continues, "is indeed so serious as to constitute the chief count in a reasoned indictment of football in its present state. Broadly speaking, the tendency is to exalt football prowess above all other kinds of excellence." Attack is also made on the great financial outlay involved, the report saying that "the sheer physical size of the stadium dwarfs the significance of the library, laboratory and lecture hall." Other counts in the "reasoned indictment" are that football tends to encourage drinking and gambling and to provoke "dishonesty in various respects." These disadvantages are not universal, the report admits, and they vary in seriousness in the institutions in which they exist. In respect to drinking, it is charged that—

"Football all too often brings to the fraternity house alumni out for hilarious rejuvenation who bring liquor with them and drink together or with undergraduates. Football all too often brings to the fraternity house visiting brothers whose fraternalism demands plentiful moistening.

"Even supposing the fraternity itself to have explicit house rules and a really strong intention against the introduction or use of liquor, it is a very difficult thing for the local undergraduate chapter officers to stand out against alumni or to eject visiting brothers.

"The game itself is occasionally marred by drunken shouting, by fighting in the stands and by performance by unauthorized side-liners. The football train, particularly on its return journey, is apt to be the scene of more or less disgraceful behavior."

"EXALTING FOOTBALL PROWESS ABOVE ALL OTHER EXCELLENCE"

The Yale Bowl, one of those stadiums in the "reasoned indictment" against the great college game whose "sheer physical size dwarfs the significance of the library, laboratory and lecture hall," and thus leads to a "distortion in values" and to "neglect of college work."

The "crudest form of dishonesty" is said to lie in "the indirect hiring of athletes, usually by alumni or groups of alumni without the connivance of college authorities." The football ticket situation is strest as offering temptation for dishonest practise, and the game is also blamed for the discontent among members of the faculty in colleges where non-faculty coaches are employed at salaries in excess of those paid to professors, and for the "at times very undesirable ways" in which alumni, "interested chiefly in football," show concern for their alma mater. The correction of the situation is seen either in Dr. Edgar Fauver's proposal to limit to one year the participation of students in intercollegiate athletics, which the committee favors, or in a plan proposed by the Wesleyan Parley, which advocates a four-game season and a graduate faculty system.

A strong witness for the professors is a winner of letters in three sports, Arthur Howe, who, when an undergraduate at Yale was chosen All-American Quarterback on one of Walter Camp's elevens. He was head football coach on the graduate staff at Yale in 1911, and is now an administrative officer at Taft School. In an address at Wesleyan University's round-table on intercollegiate athletics, he warned his hearers that spontaneity and fun in sports are bound to go, unless something is done to offset the present tendencies. Having made a business of securing victory, he says, as he is quoted in a bulletin issued by the university, "we are suffering from overorganization, super-coaching systems, luxurious equipment and the idolization of men, many of whom are mediocre, but who happen to have qualities of speed and physical power." All this, he says, is in keeping with the tendencies outside of the colleges, "but it is a sorry fact that the institutions of learning have done so little to direct these wasted energies into more important and more lasting channels." As this gridiron hero of other days goes on with the indictment:

> "It has meant that graduates have returned to coach, and because of their narrow idea as to the purpose of their college, they have had boys practising in the morning, in the evening, before college opens in the fall and during vacation periods. They have been blind to the physical, intellectual and moral effects of their systems, and, with the one great aim of victory, have pushed on headlong. It has dragged our colleges through the professional athlete era, and some are still in it. It has introduced supersalaried, highly organized and overspecialized coaching systems. It has wasted thousands of dollars on a few, and overemphasized the importance of athletics in the eyes of the youth of America, so that many a high-school boy thinks there are no more worlds to conquer after one has made his college team."

As a reform, Mr. Howe suggests: a reduction in schedule, class games as well as varsity games, no vacation practise, intercollegiate games played according to classification, regulation of the time to be devoted to practise and student coaches selected from among seniors who have played in their sophomore and junior years. A reform suggested at the same conference by Dr. Edgar Fauver, professor of Physical Education and college physician at Wesleyan University, would limit playing on the varsity team to one year. This, he says, would spread the training to include more students, do away with professionalism, since it would make professionalism unprofitable; give more time to academic work, and lessen the great amount of publicity given to individuals. Finally, it would place us back on the system "of judging a college on its educational work instead of by the number of football victories."

T. A. D. (Tad) Jones, famous head coach at Yale, on the other hand, tackles the indictment with all the vigor of a man trying to throw his opponent for a loss. He characterizes the indictment as itself "ridiculous and distorted," and asserts, on the contrary, that football "as it is to-day is one of the most powerful influences for good in our university life." He denies the charges in detail, and says, to quote him in part from the New York *Times:*

> "It is certain that players and coaches do not have an exaggerated view of the importance of football, and it is just as certain that football, instead of hindering scholastic work, actually makes for higher standards. If there is lack of interest in intellectual pursuits in our universities it is due entirely to the fault of our faculties, not football. It is a fact that here at Yale there are certain courses taught by certain instructors that are so interesting that our football men insist upon attending these classes at the expense of football, if you wish to put it that way. And in this attitude they meet with the encouragement of those of us who are identified with football."

Preponderant university opinion everywhere seems to be that football is, on the whole, a healthy college sport. Dean Christian Gauss of Princeton is quoted in the metropolitan press as saying that the game gives a wholesome outlet to the students' need for recreation. He asserts: "I have known many stars who were Phi Beta Kappa men. The football season is probably our healthiest season of the year. I wish we could play it the year round." Dean Herbert E. Hawkes of Columbia has encountered "no cases of drunkenness or dishonesty or neglect of work directly caused by football." Chancellor Elmer Ellsworth Brown of New York University says of his institution that football "does not dominate the life of the university to such an extent as would justify the more extreme criticisms" of the American Association's report. Dr. H. M. Gage, President of Coe College, is quoted as saying, "there is nothing in the bulletin to get alarmed about. It is intelligent, conservative, and by no means radical." So far as Dean Otis E. Randall of Brown University can see, "there is no reason for any drastic changes in the athletic policy at Brown, altho there may be elsewhere." The report primarily has to do with Eastern institutions, says President W. A. Jessup of the University of Iowa. Conditions in the Western Association, he asserts, are "different." And so says Maj. John L. Griffith, Athletic Commissioner of the Western Conference, who adds: "It is unfair to judge intercollegiate football by conditions that existed a generation ago in most of our institutions and still exist in a few isolated cases." "Keep football as a sport," comments Dean Charles J. Deane of Fordham University, "and not as a business. Do away with the championships, real or mythical, and you will not in any way infringe upon the fundamental purpose of a college education."

President E. M. Hopkins of Dartmouth has "no interest in the elimination of football or sports in general," since he "can not see what is coming in its place. The men of the student body are certainly not going to devote all of their time and interest to the curriculum." The Columbia University *Spectator*, a student publication, says that the faculty has been losing ground, and remarks, "if the academic affairs of the college were as well managed psychologically as the athletics, interest would adjust itself to a more practical level."

Turning to editorial comment, we find the Brooklyn *Eagle* saying that some of the evils ascribed to football are so much "pish and tosh." The alumni are held responsible for most of the "high jinks" at football games and at commencement, and to curb football for these things, we are told, would demand a curb on other activities. *The Eagle* thinks little of the alternative proposals suggested to remedy the situation, and says of the professors:

> "Their cry against the best college game is traditional. So far as results are concerned, it would appear that whatever reform is accomplished will not come from them but from the students. Faculty disapproval is sweeping and their cure is drastic, but it is to be doubted that the colleges are so steeped with sport that the only way to purge the game is to kill it."

However, there seems to be some agreement that there is something wrong with football as the game is now conducted and played, and that the professors' criticism is not, as the New York *World* puts it, "merely teachers' talk about bad boys whose ways annoy them." The boys themselves, notes *The World*, "are talking in the same tone about the same problem." The question apparent in most comment is how to retain football as a great college sport and rid it of such evil customs as are said to have festooned themselves around it. "That the game leads to a distortion of values and to the glorification of the successful player—often to his own injury and grave misfortune in after life," says the Springfield *Republican*, "is a charge which is neither new nor to be doubted by any candid student of the situation." And it is noted that the professors who drew up the report—professors representing Yale, Harvard, Princeton and other leading institutions, as well as smaller colleges, "should be better qualified to judge" of the evils which have grown about the great game than "outsiders."

But drinking, notes the New Haven *Register*, has always accompanied celebrations of every sort, and this voice from the environs of Yale thinks that the professors' report lacks constructive suggestion. Says *The Register:*

> "The whole statement fails to consider this one most important point in college life: The great benefit that follows the strengthening of character to withstand temptation. Youths should not be shielded from temptation till they have left the halls of learning, to be thrown wholly unprepared upon a world filled with lures. Such a policy has in it far more danger than the present conduct of college football now holds."

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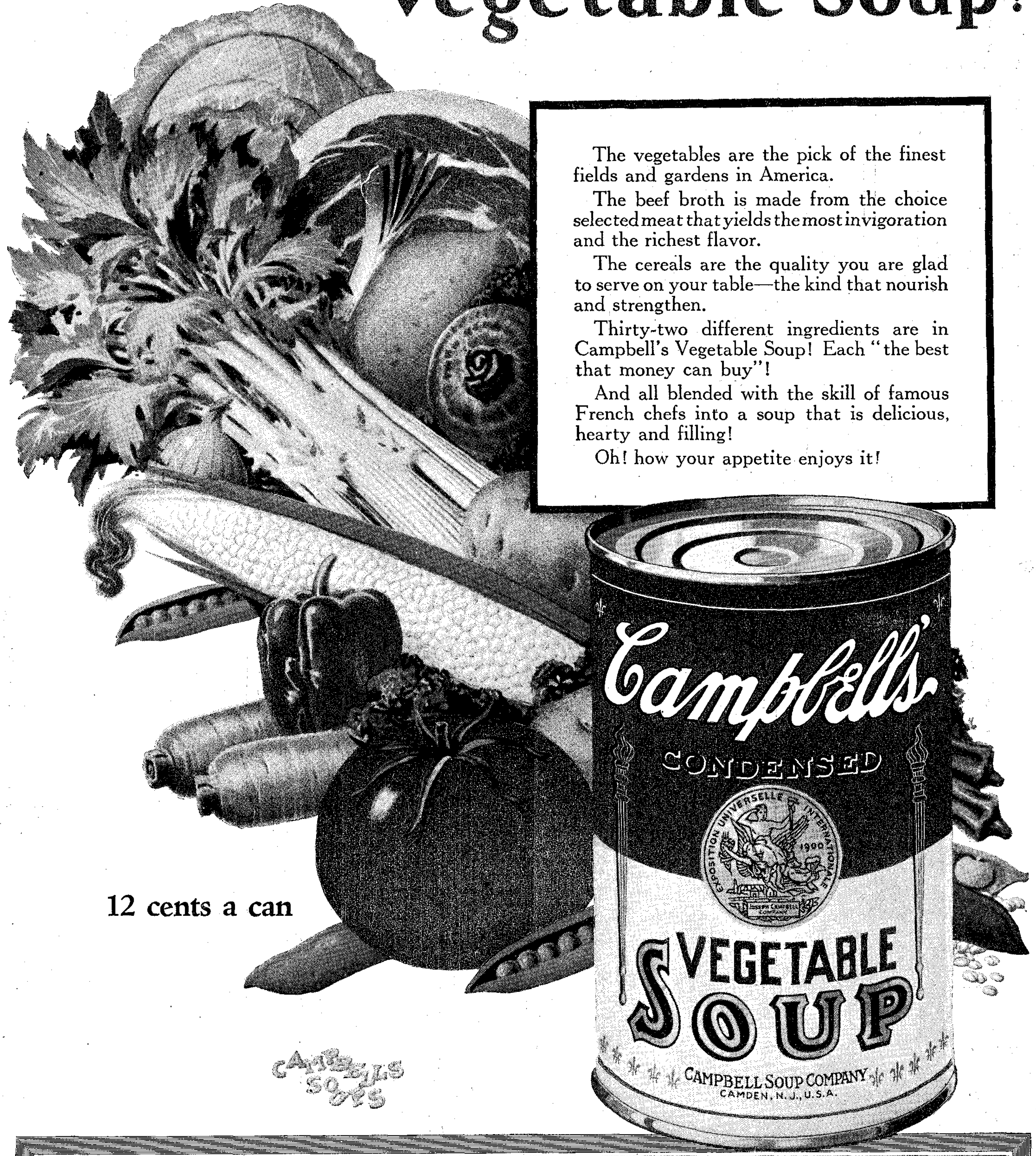

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CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

WHAT *confessio amantis* could any poet sing better than this in *The Commonweal* (New York)?

SONGS TO BE

By Theodore Maynard

Far in the darkness I can hear them coming,
And know not whether they'll be soon or late;
The bugle call, the faint drums drumming—
I cannot summon them, but only wait.

Yet closer than their splendor creeps their sorrow,
The sound of sobbing; but I cannot know
Their cause of heart-break; on some morrow
I'll learn what filled my heart to overflow.

I hark the elfin fluting of their laughter,
A thrush-note vague upon a distant tree:
It well may gladden me hereafter—
Already is its joy alive in me.

The throbbing in my veins, the sudden passion
Are but the answers to their secret cry.
Oh, hasten! In whatever fashion
Let me make beauty once before I die!

Lest we forget too quickly the deeds of Captain Fried and his brave companions, these lines in *The Evening Press* (Middletown, Conn.) give aid:

I AM THE SEA

By J. M. Alsop

Think ye by chains ye can fetter me?
I am all powerful. I am the Sea.

At times I mirror the blue of the skies
With the laughing gleam of a baby's eyes
The sea gulls dream on my quiet breast
As a mother who rocks her babe to rest.
My foam flecked waves do dance and sing
As ships fly like birds on the wing.
And the deep, deep hue of my azure blue
Is symbol of all that is good and true.

In my darker moods have care of me,
For I am merciless. I am the Sea.

I call to the North Wind from afar,
And he comes from the realm of the polar star.
The waves I pile up mountain high
Overwhelming the earth and sky
With shriek and groan and sullen tread,
What care I for the living or dead?

I am untrammelled, strong and free,
Men must be men who wrestle with me.

So honor I'll give to the men who wrought
By mighty struggle and endless thought
And for four long days their vigil kept
With eyes that faltered not nor slept,
But fought for and won the coveted prize
At the price of an awful sacrifice.

This tale will be told in many ways,
Like a Norseman saga in bygone days,
As an epic of these times that be
That a mighty will can conquer Me.

Something to muse over, from *The Sunday Times* (London):

"AFTERWARDS"

By Marjorie D. Turner

Fling wide the gates of memory
And call them home once more,
The dear dead dreams of yesterday
That clamour at your door.

The gay glad hours which once were yours,
The hope of joys to be,
The many-cargoed ships that sailed
And sank on some wild sea.

When all the songs of life are sung
And all Life's tales are told,
Fling wide the gates of memory
To treasures loved of old.

Here are two out of four of the first published verses of a colliery laborer, not yet twenty-four. He is employed in night work on the pit bank in Derbyshire, and these poems appear in *The New Leader* (London):

THE SON OF MAN

By F. C. Boden

Matthew and Mark and Luke and John
Say God was good to look upon,
He bringeth light into the dark,
He bringeth balm for sin and cark.
So said Matthew and Luke and John,
And so said that apostle, Mark.

I do not doubt a word they said,
But I'm alive and they are dead.
I am alive, and Luke and John,
Matthew and Mark, all are gone.
They have no call to earn their bread,
This Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John.

There was a town—Jerusalem,
And a village called Bethlehem.
And up beside a land-locked sea
A little place called Galilee.
And here were Gods, and one of them,
Or so they say, did die for me.

So says Matthew, Luke, and John,
And so says Mark, the other one.
But I, who was not there to see,
I cannot think how it should be.
And Luke and John and Mark are gone,
And scribing Matthew, so is he.

I doubt not they had thoughts like mine,
And liked the girls and loved the wine.
I doubt not once they wasted breath
Like I do here, in Nazareth.
Nor doubt they thought their God divine
By that long lake, Gennesareth.

By Jericho or Babylon
Sleep Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John
Or maybe in Gethsemane
Or Magdala or Bethany.
Where'er it be—in Gibbithon—
I know they sleep nor think of me.

I know they sleep nor think of God,
Nor think of me beneath his rod.
They sleep so sound and fancy-free
They do not know how God hurts me.
O never now they think of God,
Never now of God or me.

O Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John
How wearily I travel on.
O when shall I be up and free
Of this sad load you left to me?
Hard is the bed I lie upon,
Hard as the rocks on Calvary.

DREAM NO MORE

By F. C. Boden

Have patience for awhile, my lad,
Dream no more i' the quiet night,
For ever since the world went mad
Lads have dreamed to set it right,
And there was never one that did.
Such lovely dreams some lads have had,
But all dreams vanish in the light.
—I meant no hurt, lad—love forbid.

Of old a dreamer strove to mend
The mad world's warp with his white hands.
But lo, as every dream doth end,
So ended his with lash and brands.
The mad world sat and drank and diced.
And, as a dreamer hath no friend,
He hung alone above the lands
And dreaming, died; his name was Christ.

. . . .

The pity of "old, forgotten, far-off things" breathes in these lines from *The Commonweal* (New York):

AT TIVOLI

By Charles L. O'Donnell

It was some villa, possibly Medici,
Grey as its ghosts and colder than a tomb—
We entered from the sunlight and the sky
And wandered drearily from room to room.
If it were only ghosts of happy laughter
Haunted the mouldy silence all were well,
But why should all that sometime beauty, after,
Ache with an emptiness no words can tell!

Only one little ray of light came breaking
Across the marble gloom, a joyous breath
To answer centuries of vague heart's aching
And turn to rose the dusty air of death:
Standing before some poor god's sculptured form,
By chance I touched your hand, and found it warm.

We reprint this from *The Herald* (Tippecanoe City, Ohio) as a sentiment typical of the period. We think we know what Mr. Mencken will say of it, so will offer something the editor says:

"MY TOWN CAN'T BE TOO GOOD FOR ME"

By "Wib" Chaffee

(For nearly three years the Chaffee jingles have appeared in the advertising of The Big Green Barn garage and they have been a source of enjoyment to all. His present contribution published below can not be classed as a jingle, however. In our opinion it is not only his masterpiece, but a bit of verse that is outstanding in current poetry.)

My Town can't be too good for me,
Nor I too big or good for it;
Though small in size My Town may be,
I'd have it big in "Push" and "Grit."

My Town must meet emergencies
With dauntless courage, vim and "Pep";
Though progress is not bought with ease,
My Town must not get "out of step."

My Town must tackle every task—
Go forward always—ne'er back down.
'Neath foreign suns though I may bask,
I'd think with pride of this, My Town.

My Town, of course, is good enough,
No matter how my fortunes swell,
Nor yet how fortune may rebuff.
My Town's defamers I would quell.

—And yet, down deep within my heart
I know My Town improved could be;
To help improve I'll do my part—
My Town can't be too good for me!

This is a poem not for bachelors. The New York *Sun* presents it:

CHANGELING

By Abigail Cresson

He was born on an April day
In a gust of rainy weather;
And we think that an April wind and he
Crept into the house together.
His ears are pointed the tiniest bit
And he looks like a baby faun;
And his rain gray eyes hold flecks of green
That flicker and then are gone.
A fairy child is a precious thing,
But it's hard to make one stay;
And I know that we both should break our hearts
If ever he went away.
In April we have to guard him well;
We lock every window and door,
Lest the wind should come and steal him away
As it carried him in before.

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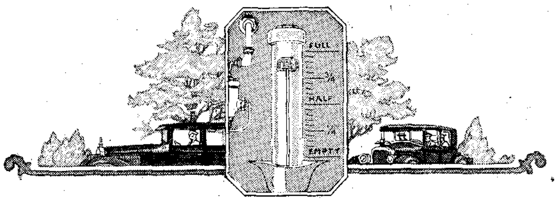

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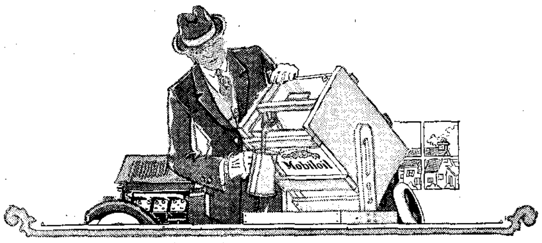

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Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler 4	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Chrysler 6	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jewett	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Oldsmobile (4 & 6)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Packard 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Star	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Velie	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc
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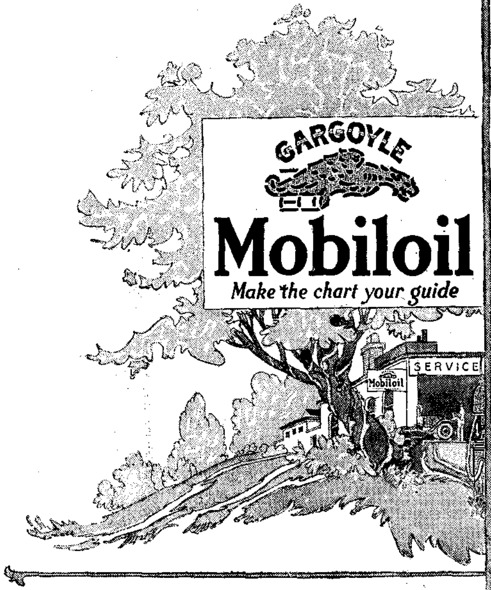

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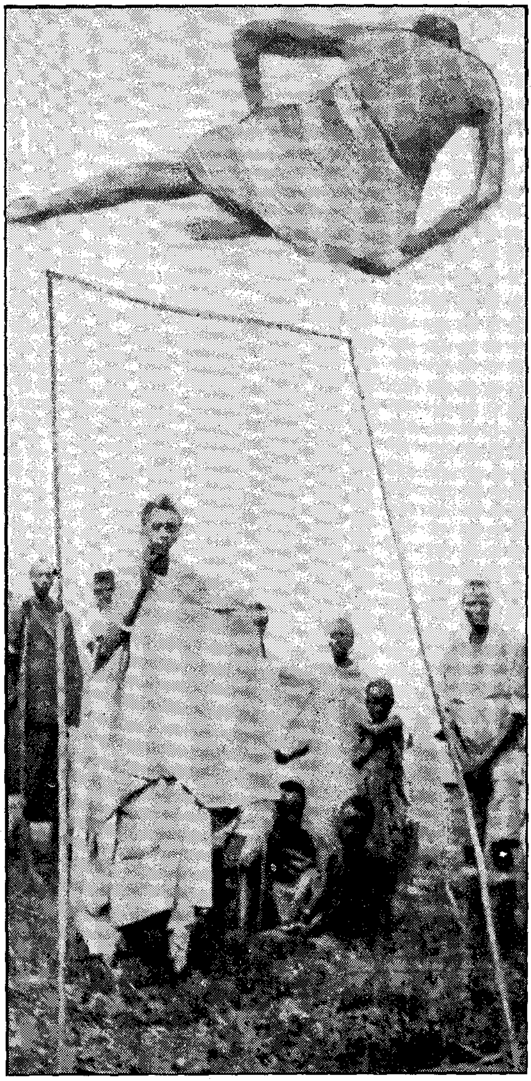
PERSONAL • GLIMPSES

AFRICAN "GIANTS" WHO BEAT OLYMPIC RECORDS

THE KING OF THE GIANTS WAS IN A SUNNY MOOD. Instead of roaring a "Fee-Fi-Fo-Fum!" and turning the English missionary over to the royal chef, with appropriate culinary instructions, His Majesty entertained the reverend gentleman with an exhibition of the prowess of his subjects, the giant folk. And now—"Can you imagine athletes seven feet and more in height?" exclaims the Rev. W. J. W. Roome, F. R. G. S., safely back in England from his adventures and discoveries in the heart of Africa. "Can you imagine what would happen to our Olympic Games records if those chaps took part?" Mr. Roome is the East and Central African secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. His fellowship in the Royal Geographical Society marks him as a diligent and accurate observer. That he should discover a new and extraordinary race in the Dark Continent is by no means incredible, for he recently returned from "his tenth trip across Africa"—a continent that he has also threaded lengthwise, from Cairo to Cape Town, five times—all in all journeying "75,000 African miles," we are told, "by motor-car, train, boat, bicycle and on foot." His impression that the gigantic warriors of towering old King Mazinga proved themselves, before his eyes, breakers by a generous margin of the world's record high jump is not lightly to be dismissed. Neither is his impression of a facial resemblance between these giants, with their dignified bearing and their robes of state, and the ancient Egyptians as pictured and sculptured in pyramids and temples. Writing in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* Magazine, a copyrighted account of Mr. Roome's adventures—adventures not only with giants, but also with pigmies and other human oddities "which no white man had ever seen before"—H. C. Norris dwells on the fact that the traveler in all cases went absolutely unarmed. His pacific nature is reflected in his personality:



Photographs by courtesy of the Philadelphia Sunday *Public Ledger*

SAILING OVER THE 6-FT. 6-IN. BAR

The missionary's impression that one of the giants "cleared it by what seemed at least a foot" seems to be confirmed by this snapshot of the feat.

> It was the most unassuming, even the most diffident, of men who sat in an office of the Bible House on Queen Victoria Street in London and told about the people and things he had encountered. Round about were glass cases containing the British Bible Society's priceless collection of antique copies of the Scriptures.
>
> Even amid the visible trophies of his travels, Mr. Roome looked less like an explorer and adventurer than any one you ever met. He looked gentle, kindly, a middle-aged man with pleasant blue eyes and brown hair turning gray. His voice was quiet and cordial, but while he talked his forehead wrinkled now and then as if he were actually afraid that what he had to tell might not prove entertaining! Take all the adventure books of the world, add a dash of the Arabian Nights with a double handful of magic, and read them by the light of Aladdin's lamp. Then you'll gain some idea of the astounding things seen and experienced by this man whose home is in Belfast, Ireland.
>
> "Africa," said Mr. Roome with his quiet smile—and the very word seemed oddly alien in that place and from those diffident lips—"is the wonder place as well as the treasure house of the world. It has possibilities as well as regions which we so far do not even suspect. Good-natured and grateful normally, the African's contribution to the human race will, in my opinion, be on the practical rather than the artistic side. It is he who will serve humanity by hewing out and digging out the treasures of that rich continent in aid of commerce. White men can not do more than direct such work. They can not do the work themselves, for only an African is able to stand the climate. Surely the rôle of worker, of server, is not one to be despised when the work and service will benefit all the rest of humanity.
>
> "The natives vary remarkably in physique and intelligence. Going unarmed as I do, perhaps I see them at their best; in any case, at their most natural. My rule is never to bully a wild man or a wild animal. Just smile and pass on. More than once I have passed a lion or a leopard within forty paces, yet I have merely been stared at and not harmed. More than once—oh, many times—I have had cannibals as my hosts, and as soon as they were convinced of my friendly intentions I have never had any trouble. One of my porters, however, making a return journey alone, was killed and eaten. Sometimes, of course, the innocent suffer for the mistakes of the guilty. A lion will remember an injury for about three weeks. If you happen to meet him within that time, he may have a faulty memory for the features of his original assailant and vent his annoyance by attacking you.
>
> "Remarkably enough, the two extremes of African intelligence are found in the two extremes of physique. The seven-foot men whom I met were good-natured, well advanced in primitive civilization and very intelligent indeed. The pigmies, the men less than four feet tall and the women about three feet nine inches, are little more than animals. In a general way their intelligence is exceedingly low, but in their own way they are exceedingly clever."

It is the Kingdom of Ruanda, near Uganda, says Mr. Roome, which is inhabited by "giants" averaging seven feet in height. They are "the ruling caste of the country," and their old monarch, King Muzinga, "is still a magnificent specimen," of whom the missionary told the writer:

> "Tho he walks with a stoop now, due to old age, he is still six feet eight inches tall. He must formerly have been at least six feet ten. Many of his nobles are well over seven feet, and extremely athletic.
>
> "These giants have a dress differing remarkably from that of most natives. They wear a long white robe, like the Roman

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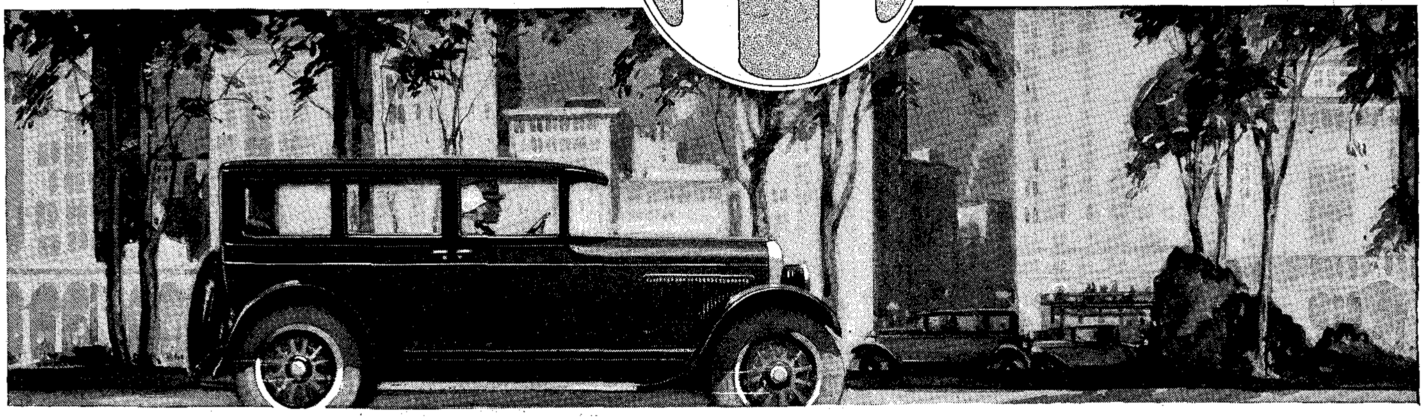

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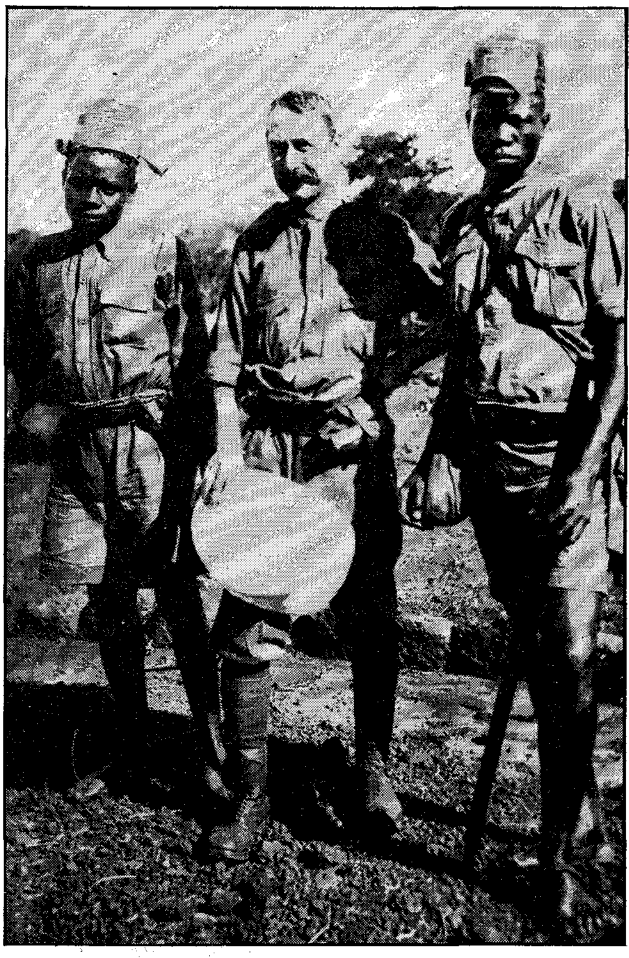
NEW SERIES HUPMOBILE EIGHT
—There is not an eight power plant in existence more soundly engineered; nor a performance program which can surpass it

toga, often strikingly decorated. Muzinga, who rules more than 2,000,000 people, of whom about 10 per cent. are in the giant class, is a real king, every inch of him. He has a profile exactly like that of Seti I, the Egyptian monarch whose mummy is in the Museum at Cairo. I was studying this mummy a few weeks ago, comparing it with Muzinga. The features of the Watusi—the native name of the caste of giants—are Egyptian rather than negroid, and their skin, instead of being black, is a reddish brown or bronze, as we believe the ancient Egyptians were tinted. Some of their art, too, bears striking similarities to ancient Egyptian art. It is my belief that the Watusi are descended from some proud tribe of olden Egypt.

"They are very active, very athletic, and outdoors most of the time in an open stretch of country. To please me, King Muzinga had some of his young warriors try the high jump. I thought the world's record was six feet six inches. I find that E. Beeson, the American, holds the world's record at six feet seven and five-sixteenths inches, tho H. M. Osborne, of Illinois, is credited with jumping six feet eight and five-sixteenths inches. King Muzinga fixt the bar, under my direction, at six feet six inches, and several warriors easily jumped over it. One of them cleared it by what seemed at least a foot.

"Next to the giant athletes, whose physique and strength are utterly incomprehensible unless you have seen them, the people of greatest interest are the pigmies. You can find no human beings any lower in the intellectual scale. I am speaking of the true pigmies, not of the pseudo-pigmies, considerably taller, who are found nearer to civilization. Those whom I studied are the forest pigmies, or Batwas. They live in a dense belt of forest 1,000 miles long by perhaps 600 wide, and I first came upon them at about the point where the explorer Henry Stanley was almost lost. Previously I had several times traveled this forest without seeing one of them. They are shy as rabbits, and the little fellow who fled past me one dawn looked not much bigger.



MR ROOME WITH TWO OF HIS NATIVE "BOYS"

These are not in the giant class but their husky physiques suggest the thought that Africa certainly does breed men.

"A bit farther on from this point we came to a sort of tunnel through the bush. It wasn't over three feet high, and it led for half a mile to a river. On the bank we found tiny footprints, and followed them to an encampment, a quarter of a mile in size, where we found about fifty people. Their encampments are right in the heart of the forest, and since the thick growth hides the sun the pigmy is almost ocher color instead of black. He is a wild little thing, always on the move from place to place; the wildest human species in the world to-day. Hiding behind trees, looking down from lofty limbs, these strange creatures peer at you like small animals. You catch a glimpse of bright suspicious eyes—and usually the watcher is gone, silently and with lightning speed, before you can speak to him.

"When I made my way to the encampment of fifty people, the pigmies hid at first, but some of them, tho still nervous, slowly came out again and stared. They are nasty little fellows when hostile, strong as any negro of ordinary size, and adept with their tiny bows and arrows. The arrows are poisoned, and many a traveler through that country has been killed by a poisoned dart without ever seeing his assailant.

"They gave a tribal dance for me, one feature of which was the beating of their hairy chests with their hands. By this means they telegraph messages for long distances. The women with their babies looked like little girls with dolls; the men in bark-cloth skirts, with their monkey faces and hairy chests, looked like gnomes."

Shooting with the bow and arrow and tree-climbing are the "really amazing" accomplishments of the pigmies, said the missionary to his interviewer, and he cited this example:

> "I set up a two-inch piece of white paper on a tree at a distance of fifty yards. They hit it easily with their little arrows, many of them hitting the paper right in the center. Then I selected a tree about eighteen inches in diameter and about fifty feet to the first branches.
>
> "When I indicated the tree that I wanted them to climb, they ran up the trunk like cats, using their fingers and toe-nails and hardly using their knees at all. When they reached that branch fifty feet from the ground, they ran along it as quickly and unconcernedly as we might run along a pavement. Half their life is spent in the tree branches and the other half under them.
>
> "By saying that the pigmies trade by signs, I do not, of course, mean that they have no language. This is the great trouble with Africa; it has too many languages. Often I have had to change porters every ten or twenty miles because the ones I started with did not know the language of the next district. The mix-up of dialects, numbering, according to different authorities, anywhere from 450 to 843, is the thing most discouraging to the traveler."

Still, there are other things which might be expected to discourage. Secret societies, for example. Africa has its fraternities, just like civilization, but the savage fraternities are things of doom and terror.

Of all the dreadful secret fraternities, the one called the Human Leopards is by far the most appalling. It is well named.

> "One night when I was traveling just north of the Equator," said Mr. Roome, "I decided to sleep on the veranda of my hut instead of inside. It was very hot, and the interior of the hut was like a furnace. Hardly had I prepared, however, for a night on the veranda when some natives hurried over to me and explained that it would be extremely dangerous to sleep there. They pointed out that their own huts were strongly barricaded, and that mine must be barricaded in the same manner. I didn't understand just what they meant, but I did understand their evident alarm, so I spent the night in the barricaded furnace.
>
> "Next day I learned that the terror was inspired by the Human Leopards. Its members arm themselves with iron claws and wear leopard skins. This district was being raided by the terrible secret society, which had seized more than forty of the natives and carried them off into the bush for its atrocious rites."

Some curious methods of "telegraphing" messages were noted by Mr. Roome during his journeys. The pigmies use the beating of their chests to keep in touch with one another while hunting. Their method of hunting, as it happens, is to wound a large animal and then pursue it till it falls of exhaustion.

This drumming of human chests adds a weird note to the jazzy orchestration of the jungle. One can imagine how the pursuit of a wounded beast of large size and dangerous temper by troops of semiarboreal dwarfs would culminate in a crescendo of victory and a long Armistice Day jubilation of thumpings. Moreover—

> Another telegraph system used by various tribes is the beat of the pele drum. Under favorable conditions the noise can be heard ten miles. Once when Mr. Roome was searching for a certain native, a message to the man was tapped out by drum. Somebody, hearing it, hunted up the man and delivered the message. It had taken only two hours to locate him.

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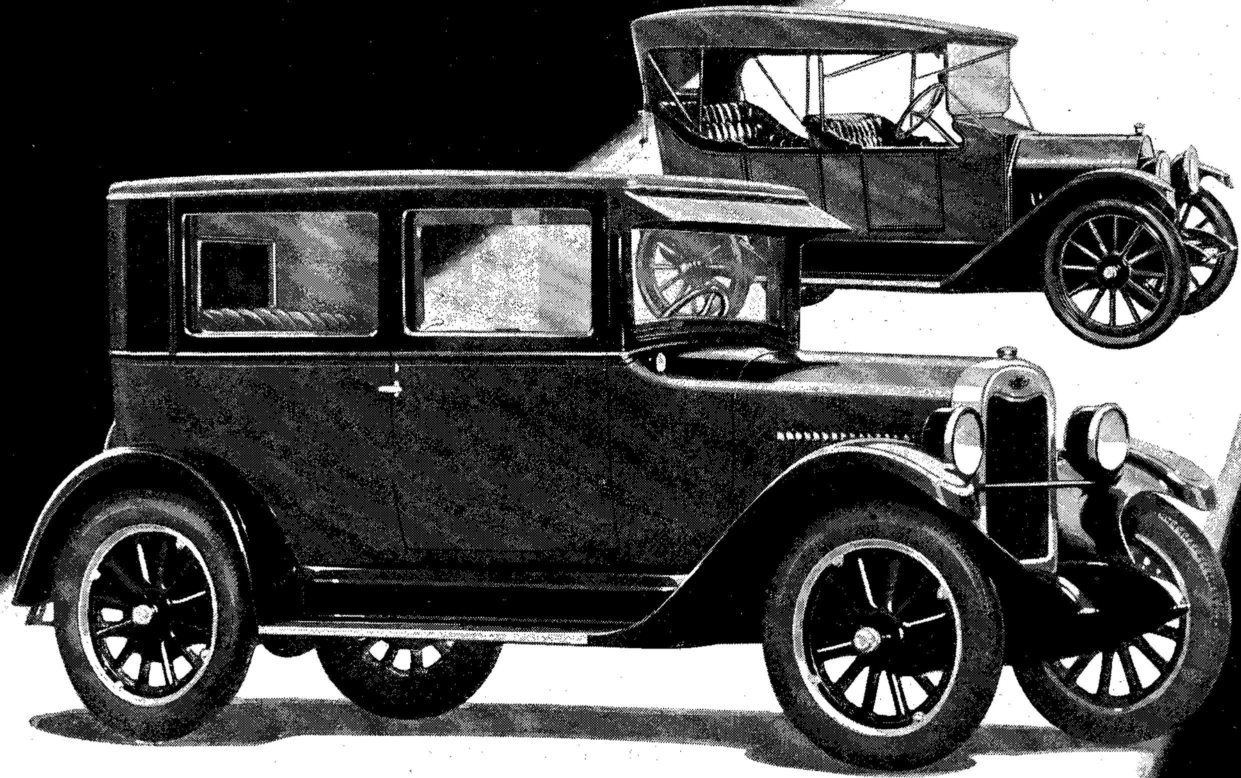
cost $1000



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Twelve years ago Chevrolet sold the Touring Car pictured above for a thousand dollars. It compared very favorably with other cars in its price class in that day.

In contrast, today Chevrolet offers the Coach, a closed car selling at nearly one-half the price, beautiful in appearance, thoroughly modern in design and construction with a performance that is a revelation.

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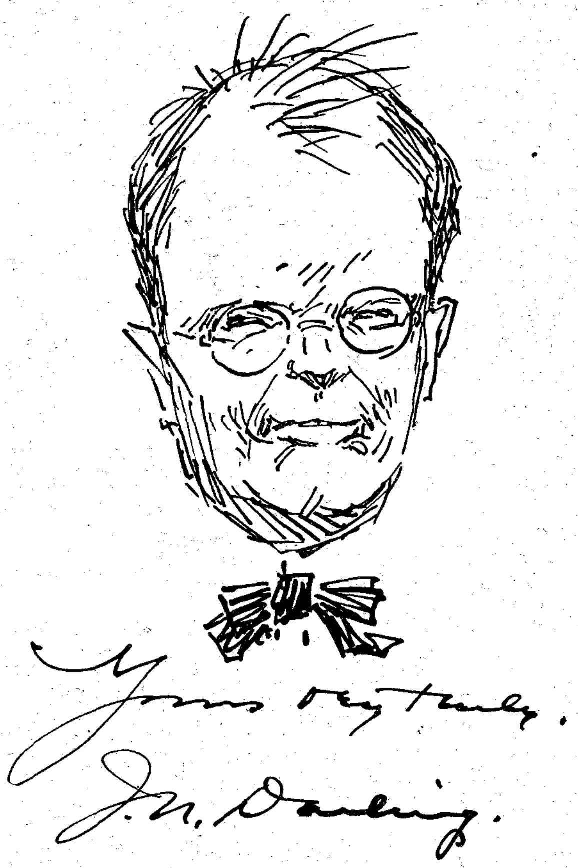
QUALITY AT LOW COST

HOW "DING" CAME BACK

FIVE MILLION CARTOON FANS have acclaimed Jay N. Darling's return to harness, according to one editorial panegyrist, who doubtless gets his total by adding the circulations of the papers from coast to coast that print the "Ding" cartoons. Twelve months ago, as William Allen White reminds us in a dispatch from Emporia to the New York *Herald Tribune*, the world heard that "Ding" was dying, and "all over this land and in many foreign lands editors sat at their desks hammering out his obituary, to be read when the flash came announcing the end." Mr. White interjects sententiously that editors are "a hard-boiled lot, who have to conserve their emotions"; but he adds with an air of swallowing a lump in his throat, that "no editor wrote about Ding that night without moisture in his eyes and to conceal his sorrow he had to swear a little at the man who spoke to him." This invasion of sentiment is explained by Mr. White on the score of the cartoonist's "gay gentility" and his "sweet and happy wisdom"—things "for which every editorial writer strives," and the spectacle of which "going from the earth" was a heart-breaking one. Dwelling on that mournful period, the sage of Emporia continues:


Yours very truly.
J. N. Darling.

"DING," BY HIMSELF

> As the bulletins came from the sick-room in Des Moines where Ding lay fighting the brave fight, it seemed one day that the end had come. Scores of these editorials were released for publication. The editorial page goes to press early. The editors, not wishing to be late with their tributes, sent them down to the foundry, and so in many American papers are to be found the affectionate farewells of his fellow workers in the American press.
>
> Fate gives man many strange and delightful gifts, but to read one's obituary must be one of the joys reserved for the few anointed.
>
> And now Ding comes back.
>
> He brings something unique to American journalism. Something worthy as well as rare. Quite apart from the technique of his art, tho glowing through the skill of it, J. N. Darling, the cartoonist, has a combination of spiritual qualities that makes his work an unalloyed joy. He has wisdom, the wisdom of the humble. He has courage, the courage of unflinching candor. He has a deep and loving kindness that tempers all his work. But the thing that gives him genius is that he sees life wisely, frankly, affectionately, through the perspective of a merry eye.
>
> So his humor is never clownish, his mood is never bitter, and he never strains for his effects. He gets his results easily, brings conviction without rancor, and we accept his wisdom with a smile.
>
> There is art, great art, Ding's art. For nearly a quarter of a century, with growing vogue, Mr. Darling has impress himself upon the spirit of America. He stands well among the leading men of his profession who shape public opinion. He handles lines as others handle words. No mere hired jester is he in the court of democracy. He is councilor, speaking up to old King Demos with a man's full right.
>
> Millions follow him. He has never betrayed them by insincerity, by cowardice, by meanness or by folly. Yet he permits himself no vast solemnity because of his power. He seems to play his own inexhaustible fountain of merriment upon his own conceit and keep it drenched with a kind of genial modesty. So he disarms us with a consummate art, keeps us always smiling, sometimes gleeful, always cheerful. To begin the day with Ding makes us happy. And while our hearts are open in lively mirth, he pours in his wisdom and that day well begun becomes, through the alchemy of Ding's genius, something more than a cheerful day, for the days that make us happy make us wise.
>
> So Ding comes back, bringing joy and judgment with him.

Whether "Ding" is the ablest of all American cartoonists, says the New York *Times* in a graceful welcome to its neighbor's restored knight of the crow-quill, is a question on which opinions honestly might differ, but—

> There will be no denial of the assertion that Mr. Darling is among the very best of those whose wisdom and humor find expression in newspaper pictures. None who has seen those produced by him can fail to rejoice that after a year-long struggle with illness he has recovered and is again ready and able to contribute to the gaiety of at least one nation.
>
> Tho Mr. Darling does not scorn the absurd, there is in him, as in every true humorist, an underlying seriousness. The laughter he so often excites is not empty, for always behind it is a realization that the cartoon has a purpose beyond flippancy. It is to "correct morals by ridiculing them," and tho this is never done in bitterness, it often has had its sting for those who deserve stinging.
>
> Mr. Darling's pen never has been the slave of any party, and he selects according to his own beliefs and convictions the causes to support and to attack. Some artists look askance at his draftsmanship, but none of them has any hesitation in admitting the effectiveness of his seemingly careless lines or in praising the economy with which he uses them. He is incomparable in producing the semblance of rapid motion; often in looking at one of his pictures one involuntarily listens for the crash of wheels, the whistling of winds, the murmurs and roars of crowds. When he makes a runaway horse, the horse really runs away, and you can hear the clatter of his hoofs.
>
> Among his other talents Mr. Darling has that of being funny without ever being vulgar. All his work is so clean that its cleanliness escapes notice—it is taken for granted.

With characteristic whimsicality "Ding" celebrated his return to harness with a madly whirling vision in pen and ink of his own distracting problem in "catching up with the world," which prompts the Watertown (N. Y.) *Daily Times* to remark:

> But he has caught up and he has caught up well and his drawings have all their old time punch and vigor. He has made up a batch of cartoons dealing with the current news events and they are the work of the same old Ding. . . .
>
> As long ago as last fall Ding thought he was well enough to get back into the harness and made a sort of a half promise that he would be back on the job January 1. But the doctors thought differently. They said that he needed conditioning after his long sickness, so they sent him to Arizona and New Mexico, telling him to live out in the open, to fish, to hunt and forget all about his work and to do nothing but get well. That he observed orders is demonstrated in a letter which *The Times* received from him about three weeks ago in which he said that he was so tough that he "opened sardine cans with the thumb-nail and shaved with a blow-torch."
>
> Ding occupies a unique place among cartoonists. He belongs to the Mid-Western school. He loves to depict scenes with a wealth of detail. He has a sense of humor, but it is not of the kind that hurts. Even those who are the target for his pen hold no grudge against him. He never leaves a feeling of bitterness. He sometimes gets under the skin, but he never rubs salt in the wound. He can say in a cartoon a few inches square more than many persons could write in a whole page. Five million readers all over the United States are glad to see Ding again. It is like meeting an old friend.

A sentiment which will be heartily echoed by DIGEST readers, long familiar as they are with the cream of "Ding's" admired creations.

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The Cadillac market is bubbling over everywhere with delight in this new expression of Cadillac fitness for fine manufacture—and growing in sales volume as no Cadillac before ever inspired it to grow. New hosts of owners are coming to the 90-degree Cadillac because a new buying spirit is abroad in the land—a spirit which has weighed its own less happy experience against the everlasting satisfaction of the Cadillac owner—and found that other experience lacking.

It seems strange to say at this late date that Cadillac has come into its own—but it is true because the experience of years has shown to thousands that the oft repeated promise of equality with Cadillac has not been fulfilled.

All the millions of car owners in America have always admitted that their own private estimate of the last word in motoring was Cadillac—Now thousands are acting upon their conviction because they fully realize at last that there is no substitute for the deep satisfaction of Cadillac ownership.

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DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

BODY BY FISHER

SHOOTING THE CHUTES FROM AN UNDERSEA DEATH

THE DIVER WAS GROPING IN INKY BLACKNESS. "Iron walls hemmed him in on all sides as he searched frantically and in vain for an escape." Reaching above his head for his life-line, he found that it was hopelessly tangled and jammed among the débris of the foundered tug he was exploring in the muddy tide directly below the Brooklyn Bridge. He had dropt into an unseen pitfall. "Trapt in the boiler of the sunken marine tug *No. 6* at the bottom of the East River," writes H. F. Watkins in the New York *World* magazine, "Galen L. Potts experienced the most harrowing moment of his career as a deep-sea diver." And the very desperation of his plight quickened the man's resourcefulness and nerved him to hazard the dangerous expedient of the "blow up." To make a balloon of his diving dress, daring the rigors of compress air—to give himself, by turning a valve, the sudden buoyancy of a football—might extricate him from the trap. If the high-pressure air, taking the shortest possible cut to upper levels, would lift him, without fouling any of his gear through the opening by which he had fallen into this iron prison, it would shoot him to the surface. The experience would be an alarming and painful one, perhaps fatal; but at least it offered a hope of rescue; whereas in the existing situation his chances of ever seeing daylight again were fading to zero. Potts was no novice at the diving game. For six years, we are told, he had been doing nothing else, and "these excursions to the beds of rivers, harbors, lakes and oceans had been made in numerous temperate and tropical parts of the world." In fact, by contrast—

NONE THE WORSE FOR RIDING A WATERSPOUT

Galen L. Potts was in the Navy during the war, but he "never knew what a real thrill was until he became a wrecking company's diver in New York waters."

Because this day's work was to be done in shallow water, close to the shores of Brooklyn and directly under the Brooklyn Bridge, he thought it a particularly easy job. Two nights before the Sound steamer *New Hampshire* had rammed marine tug *No. 6* amidships, and in a couple of minutes the tiny craft had disappeared without a trace. Potts as diver for the Merritt-Chapman and Scott Wrecking Company, an internationally known salvaging concern, was on hand to take a leading part in retrieving the vessel. A descent of only fifty-five feet was in prospect, and then a few hours' activity in preparing the hulk of the sunken tug for hoisting and towing to a near-by drydock.

Donning his diving dress, a waterproof garment capable of great expansion with air, Potts whistled cheerfully as his attendants adjusted his heavy metal helmet and corselet. With the test of the air-pumping apparatus and the outlet and inlet valves to his dress proving satisfactory, the diver was ready. A line with a heavy weight attached—called the "shot line"—had been dropt overboard from the work boat, the seat of operations. Around this line the diver wound one leg and started down, increasing the inflow of air into his dress as the pressure of the outside water dictated.

Touching bottom with his feet, incased in a pair of lead-filled boots weighing eighteen pounds apiece, the marine worker attached a guide rope to the vertical "shot line" and struck out for the sunken tug.

It was a groping job. The muddy waters around New York permit but little light to penetrate even fifty feet below the surface.

The tug reached, Potts set about his work, altho a strong tide made it difficult for him to keep on his feet.

His work completed at the bow of the tug, Potts got to his feet and groped his way toward the stern. He felt fairly sure of his footing, for charts previously studied had given him an idea of the boat's plan and construction. But the tide fought him every inch of the way. Gingerly he stumbled along, fatigued but game. And then the flooring of the boat seemed to fall away from under him. Helplessly and without warning, he sank.

The drop was but ten feet and then Potts had the sensation of standing on something solid again. But this was uncharted territory. He was puzzled.

And suddenly came the startling discovery that he was a prisoner in a narrow cell, and that he could not signal his attendants above, owing to the entanglement of his life-line. Reading on:

In the meanwhile the diver's comrades bobbed about in the little work boat fifty-five feet above. They were anxious. Twenty minutes had slipt by since the last signal that all was well came from the diver below. The silence was oppressive as the crew waited tensely, and the minutes flew by. Then another diver aboard, not satisfied that Potts was safe, began to don a diving dress. All hands helped arrange and adjust it. Every second counted now, for certainly something had gone amiss below.

Intent on rescue, the diver was preparing to drop overboard and down the "shot line," when something akin to a water spout appeared just to the leeward of the work boat. All eyes were focused upon the disturbance. A spray of water shot high, accompanied by an ominous hissing sound. In a moment the miniature geyser had spent itself, and when the waters had quieted there floated on the river's surface what looked to be a balloon from which the gas was fast exhausting itself. The crew promptly struck out with their oars, drew up the work boat and fished in the bladder-like object.

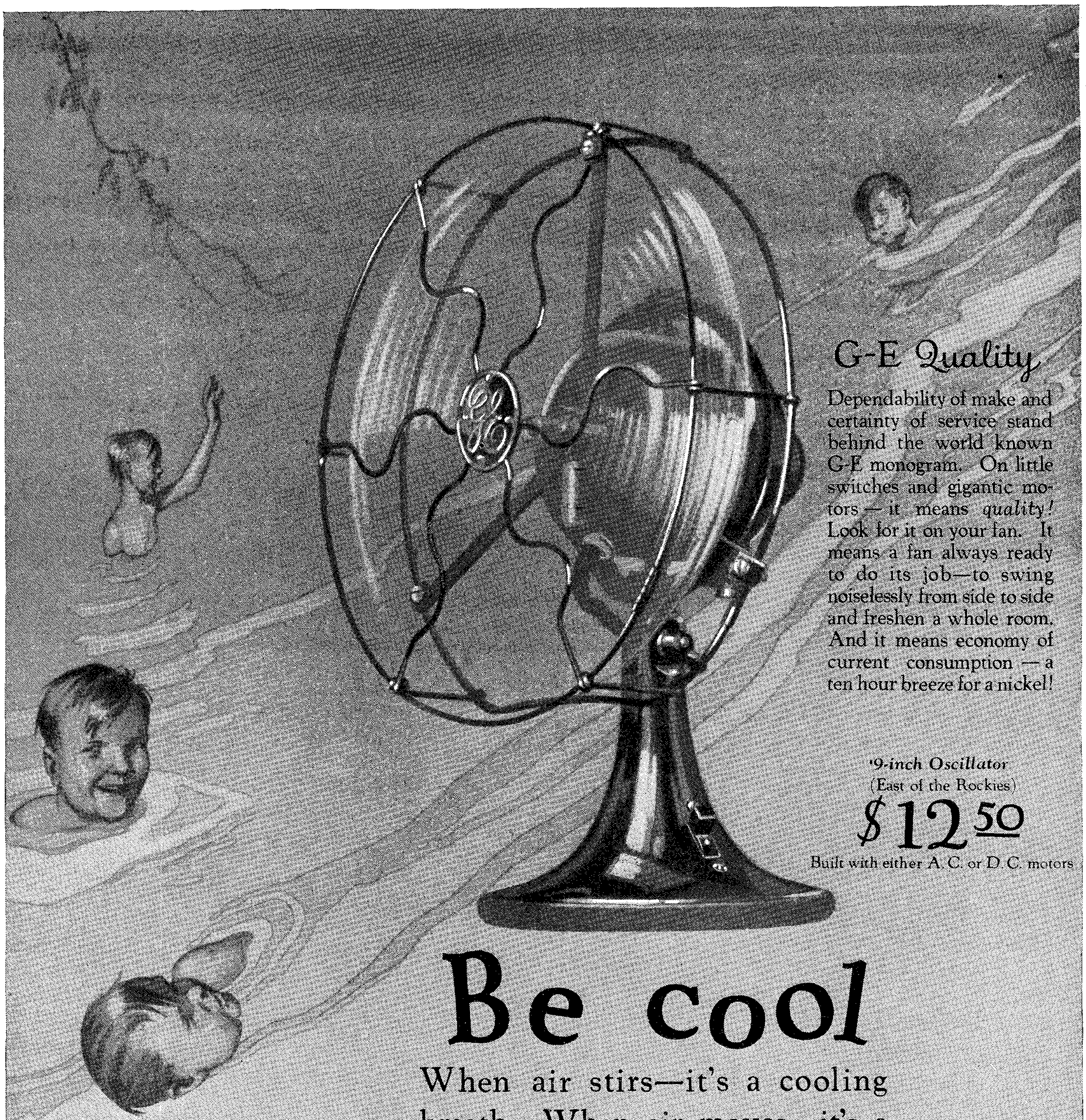
It was Potts, his diving suit partially inflated with air. The helmet quickly removed, Potts was found unconscious.

It was several minutes before he was sufficiently revived to talk. He told then of the terrors of the iron-bound chamber and of the manner in which he released himself from it.

After exploring the walls of the enclosure, he sensed that he had fallen into the sunken craft's boiler. The smoke-stack, it seemed, had been removed the day before by another marine worker, and this fact had not been reported to Potts. It was into the opening caused by the stack's removal that Potts had fallen. But in his confusion, and in the face of death, the diver could not locate the opening again. Frantic at first with his dilemma, his better sense took hold of him and he considered his predicament calmly.

He concluded that not another moment could be lost in fruitless search for the exit. The imminent possibility of his air supply being cut off prohibited that. There seemed but one chance of gaining the surface of the river again—and that was a long and desperate one.

Ordinarily a diver is on guard against the "blow up." It is caused by discharging an excess of compress air into the diving



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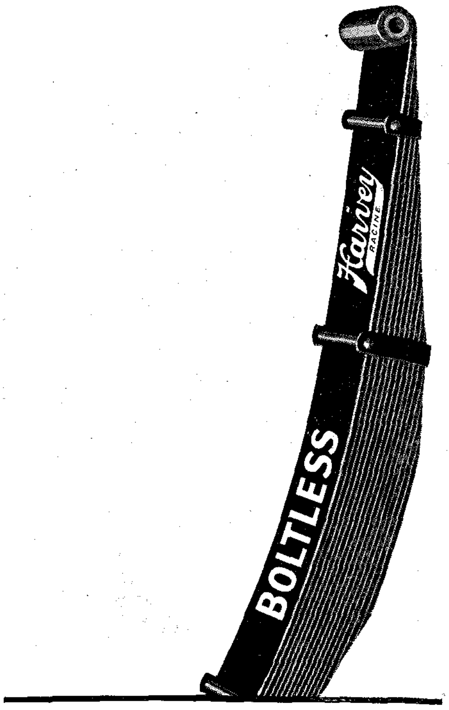

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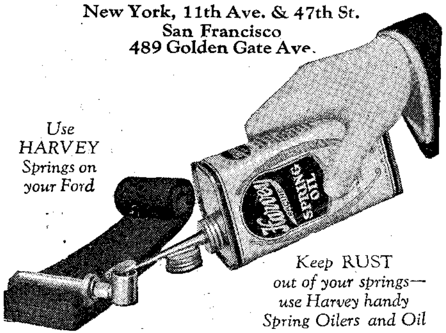

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dress and then throwing the outlet valve wide open. The air pumped into the dress penetrates all parts of the diver's body. The oxygen is used up and expelled, but the nitrogen is partly absorbed by the blood and tissues. A quick ascent to the surface, by thus abruptly reducing the high pressure, allows the nitrogen in the tissues to expand more rapidly than it can escape. The result is usually agonizing, causing severe pains at the joints, and in serious cases, paralysis, or even sudden death.

Potts was fully aware of this danger, but his predicament left him no other choice of escape. He accordingly threw open the inlet valve at his waist, permitting a sixty-pound shot of compress air to blow his dress out to capacity. A minute later the outlet valve at the side of his helmet was similarly opened and deflation began. Then the diver closed his eyes, resigned to his fate, but hoping for a miracle.

Fortunately the tide favored him. Helpless now in his huge envelop of air, he was carried inexorably upward and through the opening where once the stack of the tug had been. The run of the water had guided him aright. Clearing the entrance to this subterranean prison, he continued to rise with greater and greater speed until, nearing the surface, he was shot like a bullet into the air.

HEAD-HUNTERS OF THE EAST

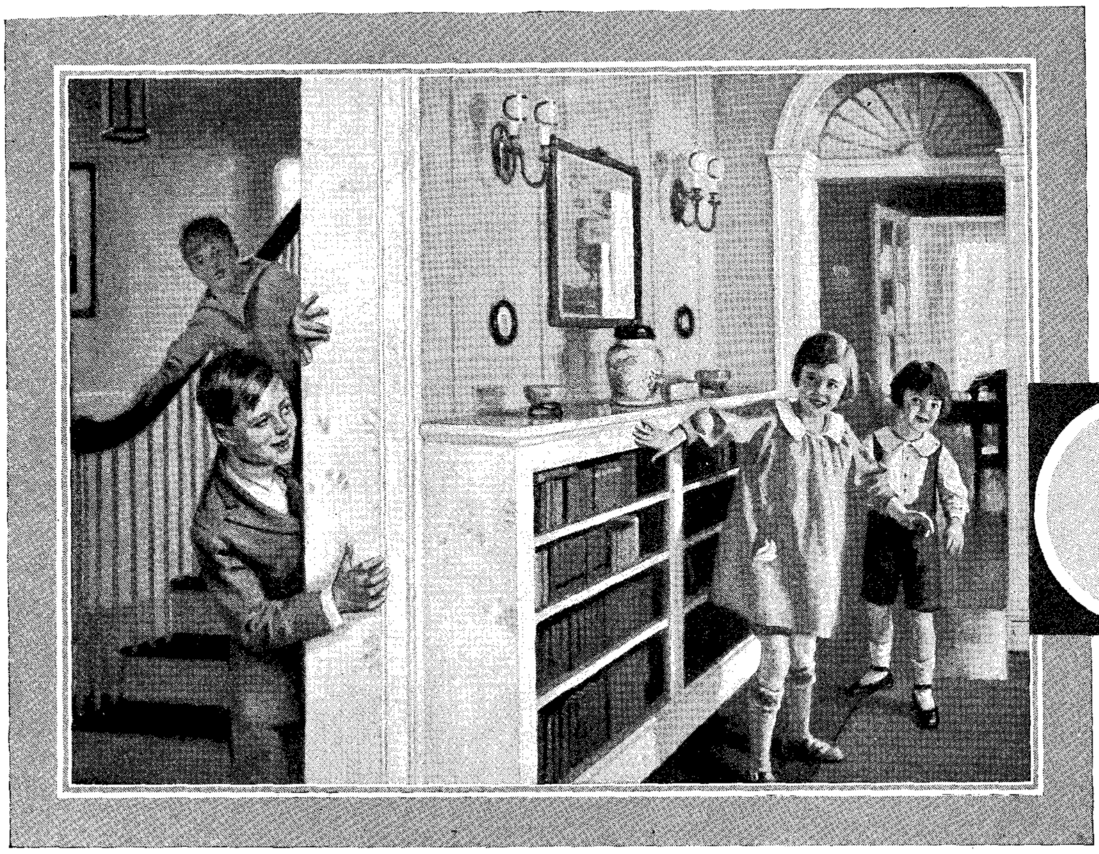
ALTHO the famous Sir Thoms Raffles, for whom that prodigy of nature, the gigantic flower Rafflesia was named, wrote a description something like a hundred years ago of the singular tribes inhabiting the island Nias, off the coast of Sumatra, these people are still but little known. It seems that they differ greatly from the savage head-hunters in other parts of the world, in that they possess a considerable degree of skill in such arts as architecture, stone-cutting, jewel-making, and the weaving and embroidery of textiles.

Of late years both the Dutch Government and the missionaries have made such energetic efforts to suppress the time-honored custom of adorning a chieftain's rooftree with the heads of his enemies or his slaves, that the faithful have been compelled, we are told, to substitute heads carved from wood for the genuine article. Fresh accounts of the Niasians and their practises have been given to the world recently by German explorers. We quote from one of these contributed to *Uhu* (Berlin), by Dr. A. Ponsel:

> The little Dutch steamer from Sumatra carried only a few passengers for Gunung Sitoli, the harbor of the island of Nias—an assistant on a plantation, two missionaries full of hope but without illusions, and a Dutch government official. The hills beyond the harbor grew increasingly clear of outline, and now we could make out the lines of the countless gay-colored sail-boats. The sirens howl, the anchor chains rattle down, and agile Malay coolies pick up the baggage of the travelers. None of the islands of the Malayan Archipelago has been so successful as Nias in maintaining for so long a time and so unbrokenly, its original culture and its peculiarities, altho it has been included among the Dutch possessions since the seventeenth century.
>
> Gunung Sitoli is the only European settlement of considerable size on the North coast of Nias. A short distance inland and there is nothing left to remind one of Europe and its civilization. First come stretches of primeval forest, then rice-fields, plantations of coconuts and plantain, and then one begins to ascend the steep slopes of the volcanic mountains. There are only a few plantations conducted by Europeans, and these are mostly in the neighborhood of the coast. In the interior no traces of Europe are left—here the Niasians are monarchs of all they survey. Here they dwell in villages (*kampongs*), raise swine and do a little farming, fishing and hunting. They hunt for wild game—and for human heads. Or, they carry on war with neighboring tribes, for in contrast to their racial brethren of Sumatra the Niasians are anything but lovers of peace.

The traveler tells us that while there are numerous missionaries, neither they nor the Dutch troops in command have had much success in modifying the ancient beliefs and practises of the people of Nias. The island was discovered by a Persian merchant named Soliman in 851 A. D., and he described the tyranny of the chieftains and the slavery of the people much as things are to-day. Neither Christianity nor Mohammedanism has gained a strong foothold here. Reading on:

> This is readily explained by the attitude of this race toward nature. The Niasian regards every object, whether living or lifeless, as possessing its own particular spirit, its own divinity, its *Adu*.
>
> At the very entrance of the *kampong* stands the *Adu* of the village, a grotesque monster usually carved in stone, and big enough to frighten away hostile spirits. Each house within the village is adorned with numerous *adus* in the form of men carved in wood. Most of all is this true of the house of the chieftain, since, as the greatest man of his race, he is naturally beset by the most numerous and the most frightful enemies.
>
> The houses within the village are particularly striking. They are built of bamboo and contain many primitive ornaments, but what arrests the eye is the decoration of the projecting roof-beams, which consists partly of hanging human skulls and partly of wooden effigies when the owner has had no luck in hunting heads. The house is usually filled with men and children while the women of the household join the slaves in outdoor work in the fields. The men busy themselves, however, with the preparation and repair of their weapons while the children play happily about their feet.
>
> Children are regarded as sacred, and are never punished no matter how naughty they may be. If an unsympathetic observer remonstrates at this laxity the father or mother responds simply, "That is my darling child and it would hurt him to punish him."
>
> The two sexes are strictly separated while they are growing up. The boys are early inducted into the use of weapons, and learn how to use them in hunting and in fighting. The girls employ themselves in housework and in preparations for marriage. The custom of bride-buying prevails in Nias as upon nearly all the islands



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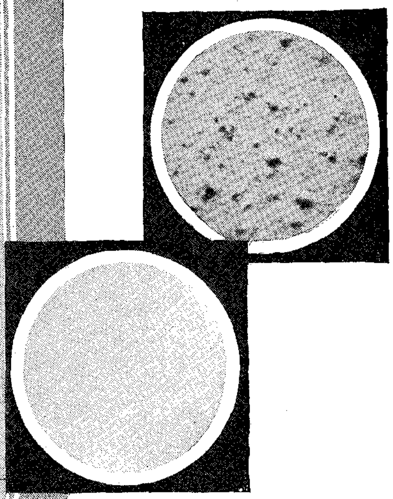

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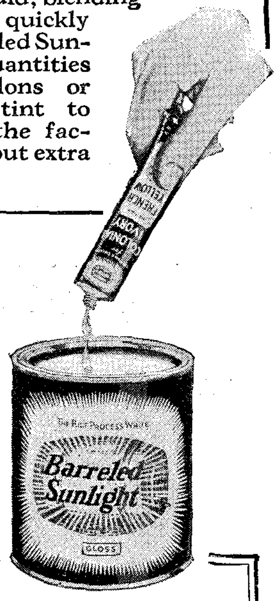

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WASHING REMOVES THE DIRT BUT NOT THE PAINT

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

of the Archipelago. If a marriage is not arranged previously during childhood the mother of the groom visits the mother of the bride and the two women come to an agreement as to the price of the girl. A few days before the wedding the relatives of the groom, drest in their best clothes, approach the parents of the bride and ask how long the maiden is supposed to remain under the protection of her mother. On this occasion a part of the purchase money is paid in gold coin. On the day set the girl is fetched from her home and the rest of the money is paid, the gold being this time wrapt in a red cloth.

The wedding is then celebrated with striking ceremonies. The bridal pair are sprinkled with water and then led up to a plantain-tree. The groom strokes the lips of the bride with a green leaf, the women present their wedding gifts and, finally, the tree is cut down and thrust into the earth in front of the home of the young couple. Then the wedding feast is set forth with roast pork and palm wine, and the inevitable dancing begins.

The people dance at every opportunity, but most of all at funerals, which are continued for four days and three nights. Immediately after death takes place, drums and gongs are beaten and the dirge of the dead begins. In the evening the neighbors visit the house and express their sympathy by howling. Then the dance goes on all night long while the descendants of the dead sing his praises and beat their breasts continuously with wooden staves. All this is done to keep the evil spirits far away. Toward morning pigs are killed and the guests are fed. When daylight comes the silk-covered coffin-board is brought out, the images of ancestors placed on it, and the friends of the dead, bearing veils hung upon their spears, stand at the head of the coffin to keep evil spirits away. That night there is more dancing, and on the third day more pigs are killed, two for the guests at the wake and two for the village in general.

A curious custom is now observed. The able-bodied fighting men of the village, armed to the teeth, enter the house and appraise the value of the goods it contains in order to estimate the number of pigs which ought to be killed according to the rank of the deceased. And then, at last—

The body, arrayed in festive garments, is borne forth upon its bier, the women trying to hold it back to show how dear to them the dead man was.

The corpse is now carried to the open plaza, and a cooking pot filled with rice and cakes, food for the journey for the dead wayfarer, is placed at the feet. Meanwhile, a place for the grave is selected in the cemetery, which lies immediately in front of the village, and a stone wall in the form of a roofless house is erected. On the next day, the fourth and last of the funeral, the corpse upon whose mouth and whose heart green leaves have been laid, is carried to the grave. A roof is erected over the latter, and the *adu* of the dead man is thrown away, while a new one is carved for his heir, to prevent the dead man having a grudge against his successor. After the burial all those who have taken part in the ceremony take a bath, and this is the end of the affair.

But in the burial, as in all other festivals, the decapitated heads play a great part. When a chieftain assumes a higher title, when a new village or a new house is built, at the death of the chieftain or any influential man, on occasions of illness, in short, on every possible occasion, this fact comes home with deadly earnest to slaves or enemies or even to mere outsiders.

At funerals the motive for the cutting off of heads is explained by the statement that the spirit of the dead man seeks to disturb his successor in his new possessions. This can be prevented only by the spirit of a person killed especially for the purpose, and if the deceased was a particularly powerful man, the local priest decides that the number of heads must be greater than ordinary. While in cases of death the heads are furnished by the men and women slaves of the deceased, on other occasions heads are gained by the hunt.

When a man plans to give an especially gorgeous festival he invites other warriors to go head-hunting with him. He feeds them plentifully with rice and pork, but furnishes no plates. They must eat out of a pig trough as a delicate intimation that if they come home without heads at their girdles, they are no better than pigs.

Moreover, the hunters take a sort of oath, saying to their host, "if we bring home no heads for you, take our own and those of our wives and children." A very literal embodiment of the old saying, "on my head be it!"

The head-hunters are rewarded with a small amount of gold and the present of a cock. For weapons they take a kris (a slightly curved sharp knife), spears and shield. They anoint their bodies with oil in which magic charms have been placed in order to protect them from evil spirits. Turning their steps toward the interior, they make some pretext for visiting the distant villages of neighboring tribes. While they are enjoying the hospitality of these they keep their eyes open for likely victims among their hosts and then waylay these in fields and lonely paths till they find an opportunity to decapitate them. Finally they sneak home through secret ways, wading in brooks and choosing lonely bypaths to keep the relatives of the victims from seeking bloody vengeance.

When they arrive at their own village a special day is set for the delivery of the heads and the receipt of the reward. Everybody in the village puts on his best clothes. With the chieftain at the head, all approach the gate, whereupon—

The hunters, likewise drest in their best and chanting *hoj hoengo*, approach, and the chieftain gives them money and leads them ceremoniously into the village. Arrived at the plaza, another portion of the money is advanced, with an accompaniment of dance and song. The heads are then handed over and the balance of the money bestowed. The hunters are further honored by the bestowal of special neck rings, and this ends the ceremony.

After reading of these bloodthirsty customs it is something of a relief to learn that in many cases the sacrifice is only pretended, the victim being ransomed at the last minute—this being often done in the case of funerals. However, one is reminded of the old saying that you might as well kill a man as scare him to death, for the victim is obliged to lay his head upon the headman's block without any previous knowledge that he is to be spared the fatal blow, and he gets a terrible fright.

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TRADE MARK REG.

ENGINEERED TO A STANDARD—
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In Miami—
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Whether it be just a little heat for a little while, in the chill damp days of Fall or Spring—or consistent heat for days at a stretch in coldest winter—Kleen-Heet gives exactly the right amount—at the right time.

This is the Kleen-Heet ideal—and this its achievement!

For the Kleen-Heet burner is *instantly efficient!* Heat is needed. In a moment Kleen-Heet is working—automatically—at full efficiency. The need satisfied, Kleen-Heet rests. It is not strange therefore, that Kleen-Heet should be most economical of fuel!

Kleen-Heet is not an adaptation of the industrial oil burner. It is "engineered to a standard"—to do one task perfectly—to heat homes!

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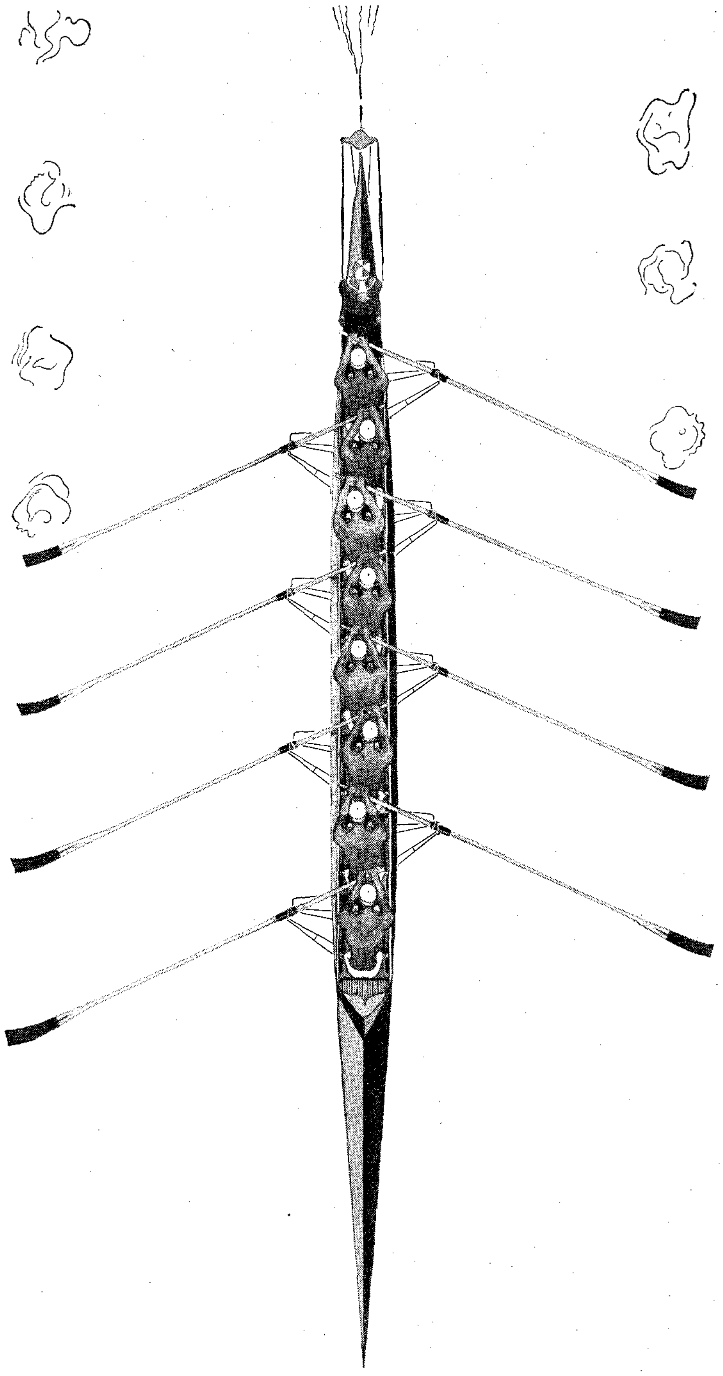

Together

The young men of today are taught the value of team-work from the beginning. Even in our primary schools, group activities are fostered. In the universities, sports are conducted by and for the student body. Everywhere, the star system is disappearing, even from the theatre and from the movies.

When these young men come to business, they fit easily into organization work. They know how to use collective effort and how to direct it. They know the value of concerted thinking and acting. They are familiar with the power of a group to meet emergencies that leave individuals helpless.

The number of business organizations that are captained and manned by such young men is surprising. Every enterprise welcomes men who add to the brilliance and daring of youth, a knowledge of the value of co-operation. Responsibility waits for those who do not have to be taught that the whole is greater than any of its parts.

Such men, trained to set a proper value on organization work, are quick to appreciate and use the house of N. W. Ayer & Son. For here they find other men, trained in the same school, directing the collective work of this house—with 57 years of active endeavor in business for a background.

They find an organization that has been adjusted and co-ordinated by long experience in marketing practically every known commodity. Capable of fast and forceful action when extraordinary conditions call for speed. Quick to sense the changes in media and in markets. Ready with mature advice and seasoned counsel. An organization that has proved the value of concerted work in winning, for many leading advertisers, the prize of public favor.

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THE REV. PATTY HORN—AGED 19

SHE WEARS A SHINGLED BOB, and doesn't turn up her piquant nose at a lipstick. She is the very popular pastor of the Church of the Disciples of Christ in Promise City, Iowa, and doesn't disdain a powder-puff. She defends the younger generation against all accusations of depravity, has methods of her own for attracting young people to the church, and discourses with winning sagacity and warmth on life and religion. Summing up her personality in the Sunday magazine of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, Harry R. Burke remarks that, "except for the little matter of Truth," it would be easy to classify Miss Horn as "the flapper pastor." But he bravely refrains from falling into that somewhat obvious verbal trap. "Truth insists," he confesses, "Patty Horn is not a flapper—no more than she is a hard-shelled, man-hating old maid." A co-ed at Drake University Bible College, this reverend young lady is presented to us as "just a simple, healthy, happy, normal girl." In proof that she is not a flapper, Mr. Burke makes it known that the Rev. Patty Horn passes up such flapper pursuits as smoking, drinking, swearing, jazzing, petting and joy-riding. "But she does know something about the heart of the youth of to-day," he adds, "and her prescription as a cure for the evils of 'Flaming Youth' is simple. 'Elimination,' she says, 'and substitution.' She doesn't attempt to say to the young folks of her church: 'Thou shalt not.' Instead she issues them an invitation. 'Do this,' she says, 'with me, and we will all of us have a good time.'" And we read on:

Photographs by courtesy of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*

COSMETICS ARE NOT SINFUL

Not, at all events, "if used with discretion," says the Rev. Patty, who is here seen toying with something suspiciously like a vanity case, for "we all prefer to see a powdered nose to a shiny one."

Promise City is just about like any other Iowa village of 250 inhabitants. It has a Methodist Church, and it has a Church of the Disciples of Christ. The latter languished until Patty Horn became its pastor. Then things began to pick up. The young folks began to be interested in going to church. The Rev. Patty Horn was regularly fulfilling her pastoral duties. She was calling on the sick, the aged, the infirm, but she was also getting the young folks interested in church. Every Saturday night she was having a party for them. They did as she did. They had a good time.

On Saturday evening it was "Patty, let's do this," or "Patty, let's do that." The youngsters didn't say: "Please, Pastor, may we—"

"And do you know," says Patty Horn, "I like that. Sometimes the older folks will call me 'Reverend,' and sometimes they say 'Preacher,' and more often it will be 'Sister Horn'—they just do that, I think, to tease me. But the young folks call me Patty. And I like it. It seems almost like I was an older sister to them. After all, you know, I can't say to them: 'Out of my vast experience I have found out that it is better to do thus and so . . .'"

"You mean," I hazarded, "that it's easier to say, 'Let's all have a good time together,' and then show them a harmless, healthy way to have a good time, than it is to say to them, 'Out of—'"

Patty Horn, smiling, took up the words I hesitated to speak.

"'Out of my vast wisdom'"—and she laughed. "'Out of my vast wisdom I am telling you what you ought to do.' They never would fall for that."

She isn't unaware that over in Palmyra, Indiana, Clyde Martin has been charged with heresy by the elders of the Church of Christ because he established for the young folks of the community a recreation hall where basket-ball was played, where young folks roller-skated, where they played checkers and, at times, had amateur dramatics.

"I have been told," she says, "that a young college man was persecuted because he advocated free athletics and healthful diversions for the young people of his town. It is unbelievable that with our civilization of to-day we could find people who would object to such a thing as this."

So she disposes of the problem. And at Promise City they dispose of it by letting Patty Horn have little plays in the church, to keep the young folks interested.

"We dramatize the Bible stories," she says. "All young folks like to act. I try to get them interested in the Bible by having them enact Bible stories. Of course these little dramas are impromptu. I have my studies at Drake to carry on. The other young folks have their school work and the chores at home. But we do our best, maybe on the spur of the moment. And the little dramas make the story seem more real. The best things we have done were 'The Prodigal Son' and the story of Ruth and Naomi, from the Book of Ruth."

A "disarming smile" masks the face of Patty Horn when she speaks in defense of the youth of to-day. "Youth is not bad. She knows that." Therefore she does not condemn, and—

Neither does she condemn youth's elders. In her own way she seeks to bridge the gap between. Seeking an interview, I tried to arrange it for 9 A. M. She could not see me before 9 P. M. The reason was simple. One of her parishioners at Promise City had been near death's door. Miss Horn had let her studies at Drake slip by to be with the stricken family. Now she was catching up with her college work.

"But what could you do?" I asked. "Pray for the sick one? Talk to the family to comfort them?"

"It is enough," she said, "just to be there. Words mean so little at a time like that. You just try to help by being with them."

It is significant—that phrase—of the tact which has won for Patty Horn the warm-hearted support of her parishioners in Promise City.

In November she accepted the call to that pulpit. It was not her first.

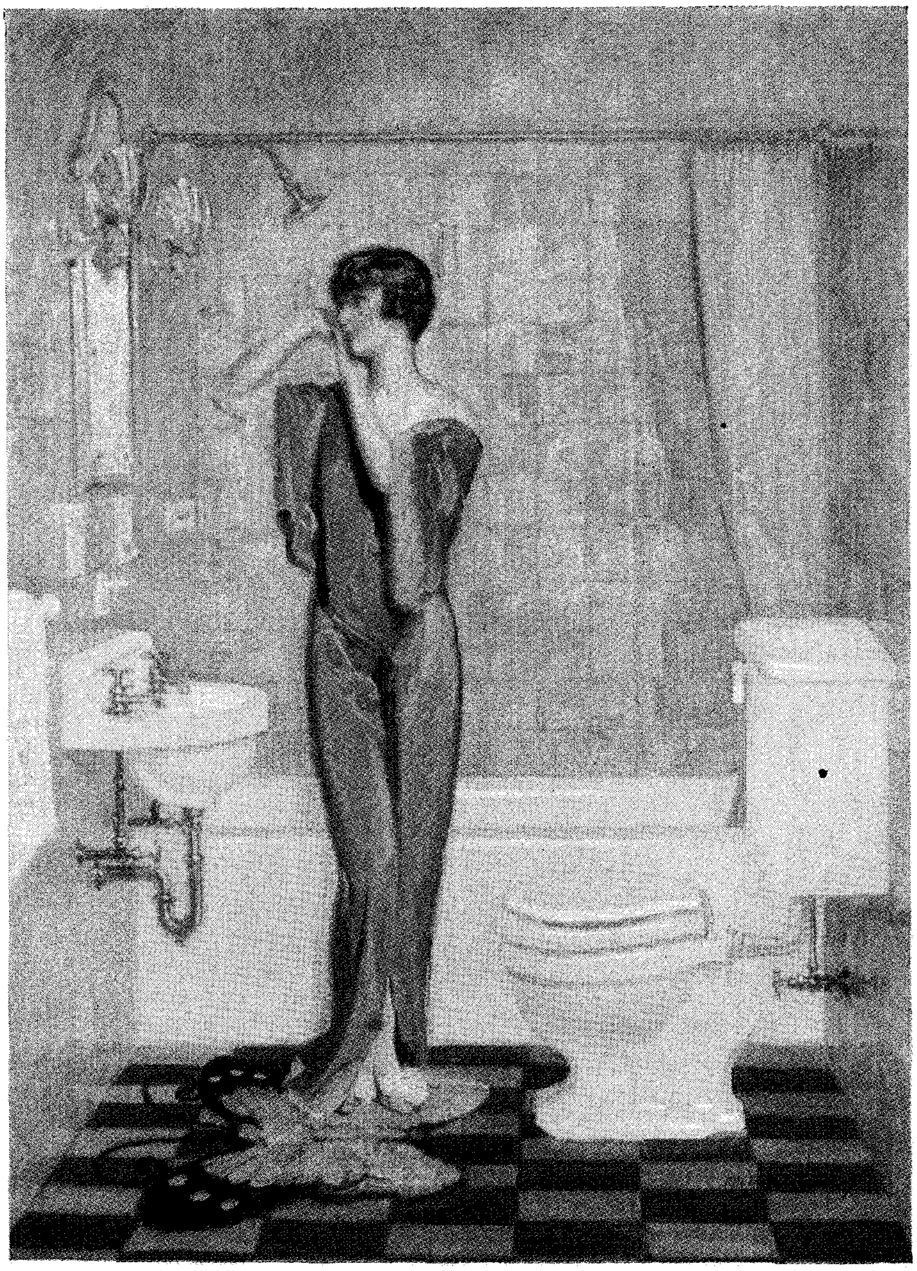
When Patty Horn came into this world her father was a minister down in Rome, Tennessee, and a soft drawling Southern accent is her heritage. She grew up in the parson's family. He, like most ministers, moved. Last year he was in the town of Lindsay, Oklahoma, a little city of 5,000 people. Patty, at that time, was a co-ed at Phillips University.

She had learned something of ministerial routine just as the son of a farmer learns to do the chores, learns to plow a straight furrow, learns to understand the theory of crop rotation. And when her father last year needed a vacation, the congregation of the Church of the Disciples of Lindsay asked his eighteen-year-old daughter to fill the pulpit.

Patty Horn had taught Sunday-school ever since she was big enough to direct a "cradle roll class." She had been the leader of the Young People's Society. She had pursued theological studies at Phillips University. The people of Lindsay, knowing her, asked that she fill her father's pulpit while he was away. She did. Her first sermon, preached on Easter Sunday last year was on "The Charge They Have Left Us."

(*Continued on page 53*)

Oh how she had longed for a bathroom all her own—



—where she could take her own sweet time, knowing it would not be remarked upon—confident that others were not being inconvenienced.

How hard it is to use a bathroom on a schedule!

Leisurely washing, and splashing, and fixing, and primping before the lavatory glass—how much it has to do with beauty, poise, charm.

Give that girl of girls a bathroom of her own. There are sound health reasons. Delicacy, privacy—encourage it. Avoid bathroom congestion, with its unfortunate disturbance to health habits.

Your Plumber will show you how the delightful bathroom at the right can be tucked away in a space five feet square—a closet—an odd corner.

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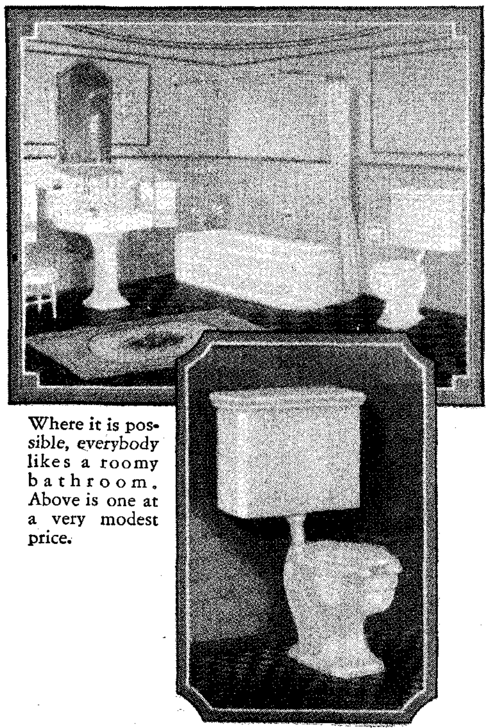

Where it is possible, everybody likes a roomy bathroom. Above is one at a very modest price.

The trend in home sanitation is toward the all-white closet with concealed metal parts, extended bowl, and open-front seat. The closets in the two small pictures above are "Standard" "Devoro."

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FAUCETS and other Fittings—much depends upon them for satisfactory bathroom service. This is doubly assured when both Fittings and Fixtures are "Standard".

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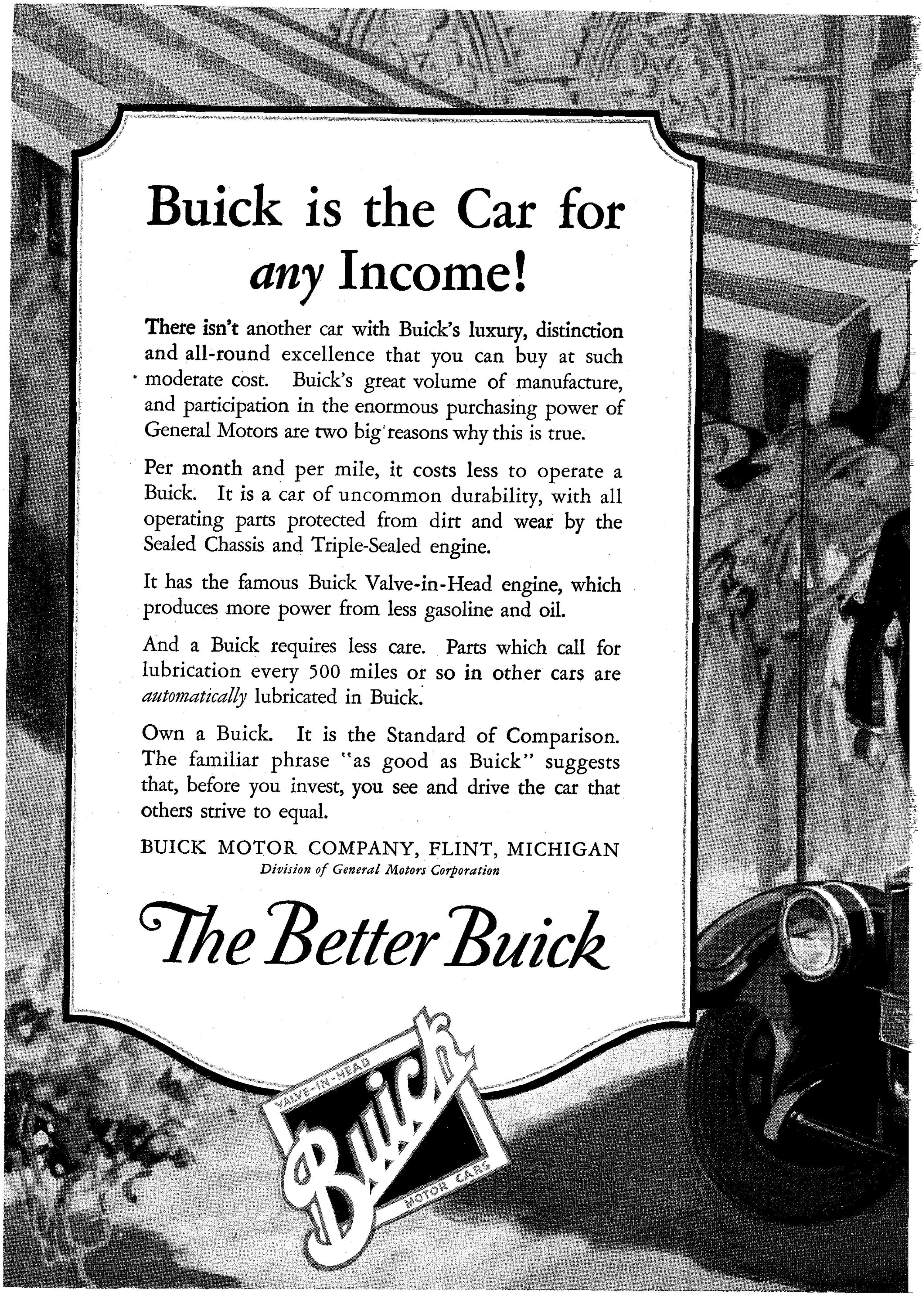
HOME BOOK—"Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home," helps you plan your bath facilities wisely. Gives prices for your guidance. Write for copy.



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Per month and per mile, it costs less to operate a Buick. It is a car of uncommon durability, with all operating parts protected from dirt and wear by the Sealed Chassis and Triple-Sealed engine.

It has the famous Buick Valve-in-Head engine, which produces more power from less gasoline and oil.

And a Buick requires less care. Parts which call for lubrication every 500 miles or so in other cars are *automatically* lubricated in Buick.

Own a Buick. It is the Standard of Comparison. The familiar phrase "as good as Buick" suggests that, before you invest, you see and drive the car that others strive to equal.

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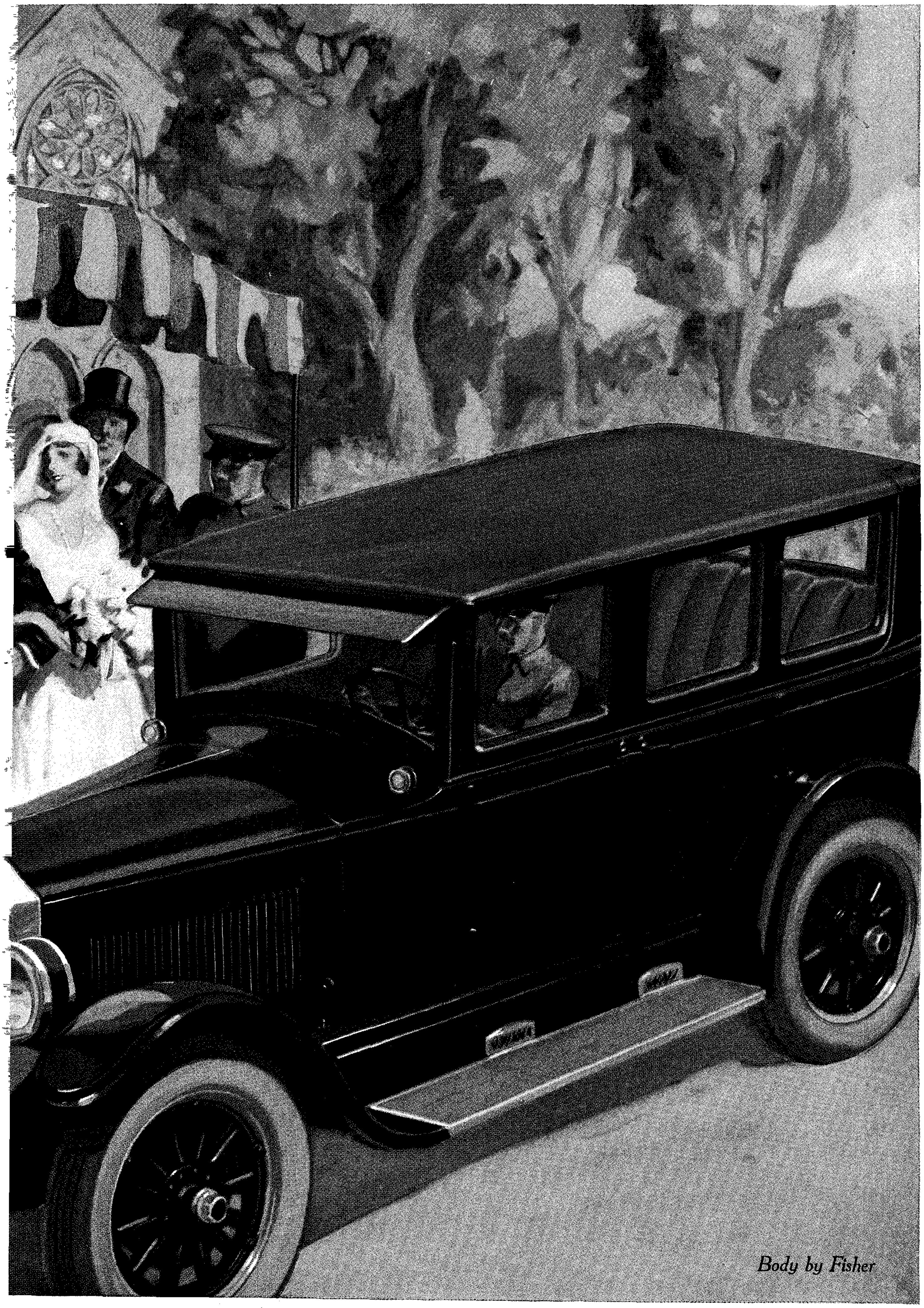
Body by Fisher

UILT — BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

He can save you time and trouble

Your dentist can save you time and trouble if you will give him the chance. Go to him at least twice a year. He will keep your teeth and gums healthy and may forestall serious illness frequently resulting from infections in the mouth.

4 out of 5 *contract pyorrhea needlessly*

Dental statistics tell the story of pyorrhea's menace. Carelessness lets this dangerous mouth infection fasten itself upon four out of five at forty, and many younger.

But there is a safe way to place yourself among the favored few who escape. When tender, bleeding gums give pyorrhea's warning, go at once to your dentist for treatment and start brushing night and morning with Forhan's for the Gums.

Your dentist undoubtedly will recommend Forhan's. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid which dentists use in their treatment of pyorrhea.

No matter what dentifrice you now prefer, you should begin using Forhan's today to prevent pyorrhea from numbering you among its victims.

Children like its pleasant taste. It is the ideal dentifrice for the entire family.

It firms the gums and keeps them a healthy pink. It cleanses the teeth thoroughly and brings back their whiteness and lustre.

You owe it to your health to begin now to brush regularly with Forhan's. Why not start today and avoid dangerous chance? All druggists 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

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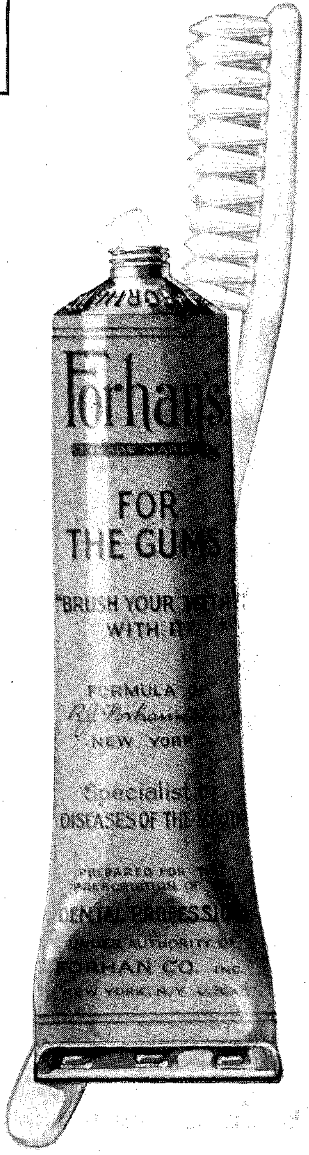
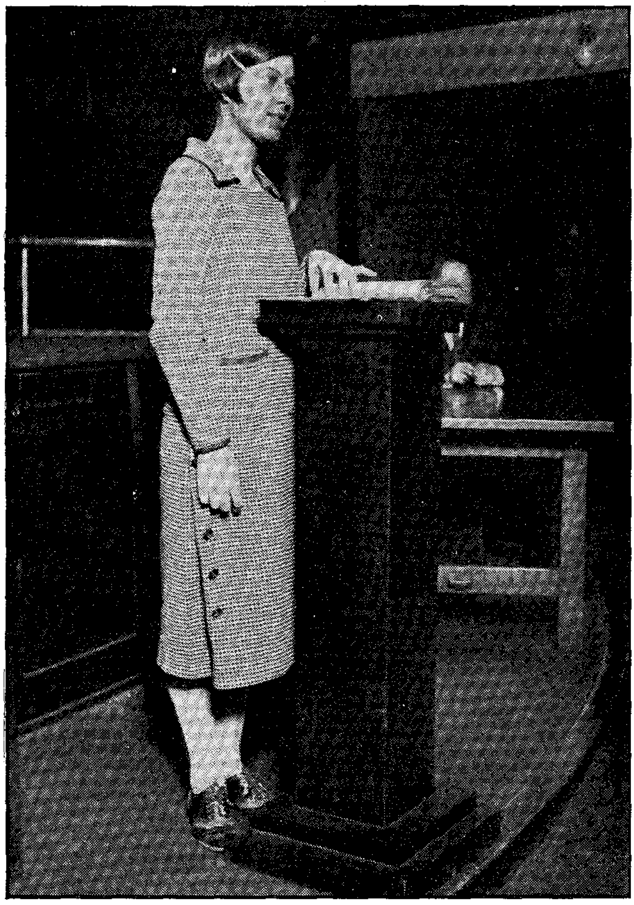
FOR THE GUMS



MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . *IT CHECKS PYORRHEA*

(*Continued from page 48*)

Meantime Father Horn had been asked to help out Drake University in its campaign—or crusade—for an endowment. He moved to Des Moines. Patty went with him. He went out over the territory surrounding, preaching the need of a Christian education. He came to Promise City. There was a church without a pastor. The elders invited Mr. Horn to fill the pulpit. When he explained that he could not remain there, they asked for a recommendation. He, remembering his daughter's success down in Oklahoma, suggested her. So Patty Horn, at a stipulated salary, became pastor of the church at Promise City. And the church began to grow.



WHEN PATTY PREACHES

"The big problem of the church to-day is to get the young folks to come to church"—and they come to hear the Rev. Patty Horn.

Instead of preaching damnation to the youngster because he is young, she has preached a doctrine of humanity, which has been acceptable to young and old. And she is most frankly a defender of the youth of to-day.

"There are some girls," she says, "who have a powder-puff for brains, just as there are some boys whose whole intellectual life consists in an endeavor to blow smoke-rings. Suppose the youth of to-day were arranged in a half-circle. You might draw a line—or try to draw a line—to bisect it. But you would not have all the good on one side, nor all the bad on the other. There are, however, both extremes—good people and bad; so that down in the outer corners you might find some folks so bad there was no living with them, and some folks so good that with them you could scarcely get along.

"Young people of to-day," she continued, "aren't anything like they are painted. If five young folks fling a wild party it gets on the front page of every newspaper in the neighborhood. At the same time 500 young people will be holding a Christian Endeavor convention. That is lucky if it gets on the back page of the newspapers."

Patty Horn smiles as she says this. There is no dimple in her smile, and because of that one is astonished. The rounded face seems made for dimples. Brown hair crowns it, shingled behind, and brought forward to frame an oval physiognomy. The brow is high, smooth, placid. Her eyebrows lift in rounded arches above limpid brown almond-shaped eyes. There is a little pug to her nose. Her mouth is laughing, her chin is firm. She is pretty, rather than beautiful, but the prettiness is but skin deep. Beneath it shines character.

"I believe," she says, "that there is more meanness in the world than there ever was before. I believe that there is also more good. That is because of education. If you educate a bad man he is meaner than an uneducated man. If you educate a good man he is better than an uneducated man.

"Just because of these contrasts there has grown up the idea that all youth is bad. That is not true. The great bulk of the young people of to-day aren't bad. Youth isn't essentially bad. Sometimes it is misguided."

And here she told an anecdote which proved how firm and frank is her grasp of life as it is lived to-day:

"I have in mind a handsome little chap, aged sixteen. I was shocked and surprized when I learned the ideals this little child possest.

"He told me one day that his mother came home and found him and a girl sitting in the living-room with the lights turned low. 'What did she say?' I asked. 'Why,' he said, 'she didn't think much of the girl.' I looked steadily at him. 'Tom,' I said, 'who turned that light out?' He didn't hesitate. 'Why, I did,' he answered. 'Do you think it was fair to the girl?' I asked. 'Should she be scorned by your mother for what you had done?'

"He had the old-time double standard. It doesn't go any more. A girl has a right to demand that her husband shall be just as clean as she is; that he shall be perfect for her, just as she is perfect for him.

"The older folks know that our generation isn't as bad as it is painted. I talked to a man with white hair, who, despite his wrinkles, has youth in his heart. 'It makes me tired,' he said, 'this talk about young folks being so bad. I have four sons and every one is a credit to me and a reproach against what I was at their age. They don't know half the things I knew when I was as old as they. They haven't done half the things I had done when I was a boy of twenty-one. And I don't mean things that were good for me, either.'

"The modern girl is blamed because she seeks to make an attractive appearance," she continued. "How can you blame her for that personal pride? Your necktie is correctly knotted, your hair is combed, your trousers have a crease in them. Every girl has a right to be attractive. Bobbed hair is becoming to the average girl. It's easier cared for than long hair. In my view, short hair for women is sensible.

"And skirts of medium shortness are also sensible. They permit the girl to lead the active life she is accustomed to. Short skirts are certainly more dainty, more healthful and cleaner than the long skirts with which our grandmothers used to sweep up the dust.

"Cosmetics also have a rightful place in the life of a girl. But their use must be reasonable. We don't like to see any girl painted up like a circus parade. But I am sure we all prefer to see a powdered nose to a shiny one.

"Some think the youth of to-day is going to the devil by lightning express. I don't. I believe the youth of to-day wants amusement. I am sure it will seek amusement. It rests with others what that amusement shall be.

"Things aren't good or bad by a hard and fast rule. I have never danced with a man. I don't see why a girl should not dance with a man if the dance is purely an innocent pastime. I have danced with girls and in the gymnasium. But, of course, dancing can serve an evil purpose. So can an automobile. An automobile is a great thing if used to call a doctor or a minister when some one is near death. It is a bad thing if used for the purpose of petting parties."

And here the girl pastor grew quite lyrical in disapproval:

"Petting parties are cheap and they are immoral. Because boys and girls are thus taught to regard that which should be the most sacred and pure of all things of divine origin in a frivolous sort of light. They make young people cynical about Love, which is God's great gift. They induce them to become blasé, worldly wise and old before their time.

"But physical things, like the automobile, are never, of themselves, the agencies of vice. The vice comes from the hearts of the people who use them.

"College boys and girls bear a bad name because of the front-page headlines which are built about the exception rather than the rule. I have attended two universities. I have known a number of students in each of them. I have never known any girl in either who smoked or drank, and I have never become acquainted with the so-called college person who carries a flask on his hip."

"Tell me," I said, "about your Saturday parties."

"Well," she said, "I leave Des Moines about ten o'clock Saturday morning. I reach Promise City in the afternoon. I spend the afternoon visiting those who were sick or who were unable to come to church last Sunday. Then, Saturday evening, I have the young folks down to a party. We play charades

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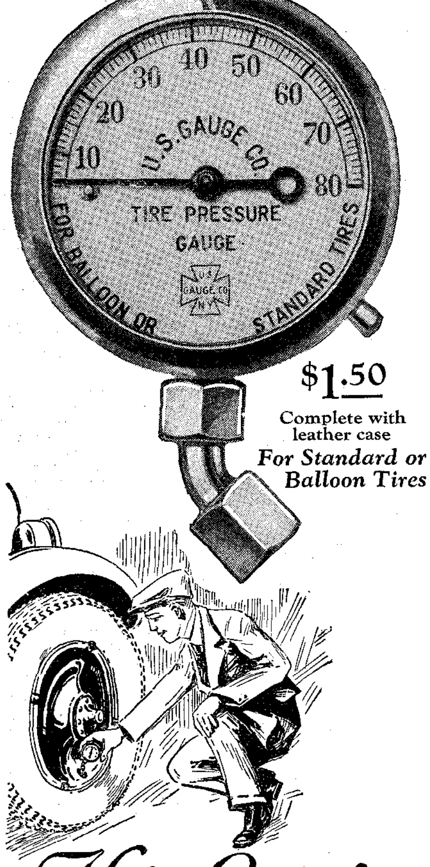

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

and games—games like 'Follow My Leader,' 'Flying Dutchman,' 'Three Deep' and 'Fox in the Pen.' These are varied by puzzles and contests. But the larger part of the evening is devoted to active athletic games like 'Follow My Leader,' because the young folks need activity. They are full of vitality. They had better work it off in things like this than otherwise.

"And then sometimes we have refreshments. It's all simple."

Upon that theory Patty Horn has gone about her business of spreading the Gospel—an apostle of youth among the elders of Zion. The elders like it. In her womanly presence that is inevitable. She was born to the task.

"And are you regularly ordained?" I asked.

"No," she said.

"Then you couldn't perform a marriage ceremony?"

"No."

At which point the correspondent grew strangely inquisitive, not to say personal:

"Well, then," I insisted, "have you ever been approached about this marriage business?"

Patty Horn grinned—it may have been with a little malice. "Not," she said, "professionally."

NO FEMINISM IN DARKEST AFRICA

"WHEN my lion came," says one of the most typically feminine women you will ever meet, "I shot him." She had lain in wait for that lion at night on a platform in a tree. Concerning the risks involved, she says, smilingly, "I might have fallen off the platform, a panther could easily have climbed the tree and attacked me, or a snake or a poisonous mosquito have bitten me. Anyway, I had to stay up there all that night, because the lion could have caught me had I returned to the camp before morning." She is Mrs. Carl Akeley, and Helen Hulett Searl, who reports the interview for the New York *World*, notes that her hair is white. Running on in her account of her talk with the intrepid hunter of big game, who has lately returned from Africa, the inquisitive journalist tells of asking, "Weren't you in mortal terror of being alone with those natives?" and the story continues:

"It was not the first time," replied Mrs. Akeley. "On our first expedition to Africa we arrived just six weeks after the subjugation of certain tribes by the British. The men of our party were going into the jungle after elephants, and my husband was at a loss what to do with me in their absence, for at that time I had never handled a gun, and was not at all eager to learn. I finally decided to stay in the native villages and continue my part of the work, which was to collect ornaments and implements for the Field Museum of Chicago. My sojourn among the villagers was wholly pleasant and without anything to alarm me in the least, and from that time dates my real interest in the native of the interior, to me one of the most interesting human beings from an anthropological standpoint. After I had shipped my specimens from Nairobi, I went back into the Kongo country to study the women and children."

On this part of her trip Mrs. Akeley rode in a sort of litter carried by native bearers, a most comfortable means of conveyance in her opinion. The natives sang as they went along, and when they approached a village the women would run and hide in the bush, thinking it was some official come to collect poll-tax, but when assured the visitor was a woman, they would come back and offer her the hospitality of their humble abodes.

"A woman is thought so little of in that part of the world. She is not allowed to eat with the men, but takes what is left of the food outside somewhere and makes her meal out of sight of her lord and master. It amused my boys very much to see me eat the native food with these women."

Naturally, the "typically feminine woman" talked with native women, talked with African mothers about their children and about society affairs in the jungle, including of course "the weird and sometimes unspeakable native dances," and so—

Mrs. Akeley probably knows more of the customs of these people than any living white woman. Yet she speaks of it all not as a student or an investigator but as one human being of another, telling with a quiet humor of the African widow who dons mourning for her deceased spouse by having her black body painted with a coat of white clay, and when the clay begins to wear considers herself in half-mourning and begins to attend the dances and look around for a new husband, for life must go on even tho husbands go the way of all flesh.

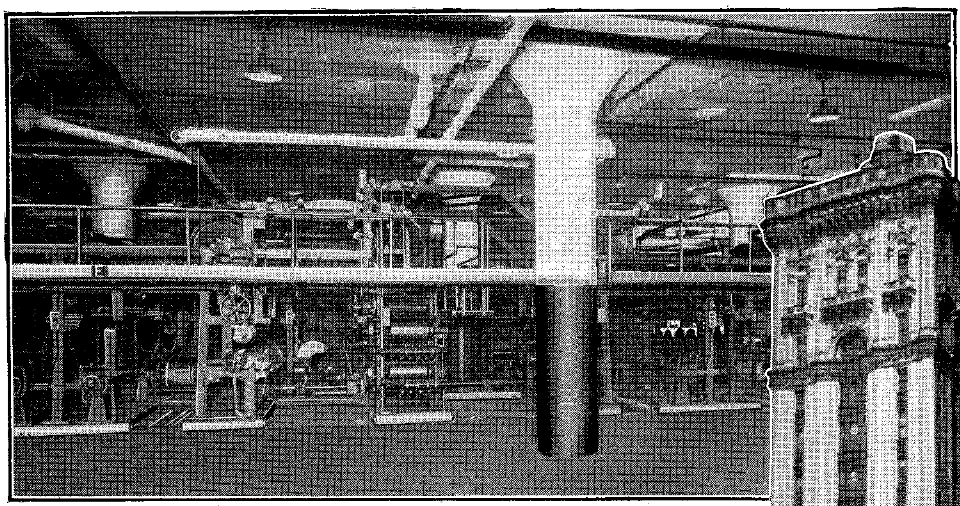
Here the interviewer asked Mrs. Akeley if she spoke the native language, and was told, "No, but I communicate with them in English, a word or two of French and much, much sign language." Also—

"I was fortunate enough to pick up a boy about thirteen years old, as clever a little mimic as you ever saw, and he used to tell the others with great pride that he was the only one who understood me.

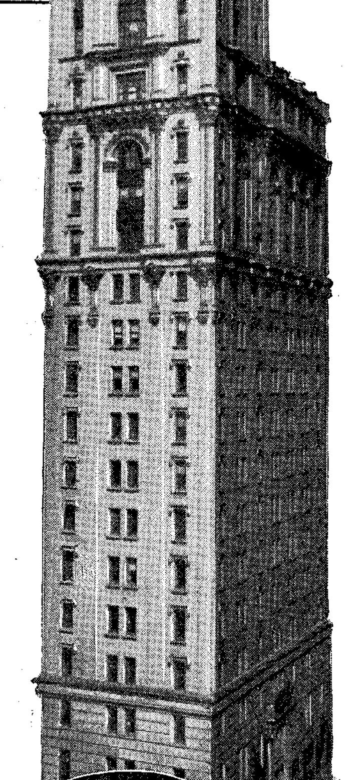
"The way in which he learned English was rather disconcerting. One day I hurt myself badly and said a good American swear word before I thought. Later in the day I heard Mogombo muttering to himself, 'dammit, dammit.' 'Oh,' I said, shocked, 'you must not say that. Very bad!' Several days later we were visiting some missionaries and I chanced to say something was very bad and turned to Mogombo, who always accompanied me, for confirmation. Imagine my surprize to hear him say gravely, 'Very bad, dammit!'"

As the *World's* contributor informs us,

Among the curious things which Mrs Akeley brought back as personal souvenirs is an ebony and ivory swagger stick, surmounted by a Menje head carved in the ivory so beautifully that it is really a museum piece. A queer-looking shield fashioned of fiber, tough enough to turn aside the sharpest spear, leaned against the wall of the room, emphasizing the incongruity between this gentle-voiced woman and her remarkable exploits.



In this famous Rotogravure printing plant of the New York Times, 40 units of Foamite - Childs Protection are installed to safeguard operation against interruption by fire.



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FIRE takes many forms—and so do extinguishing methods. A method effective on one kind of fire may not be effective on another kind.

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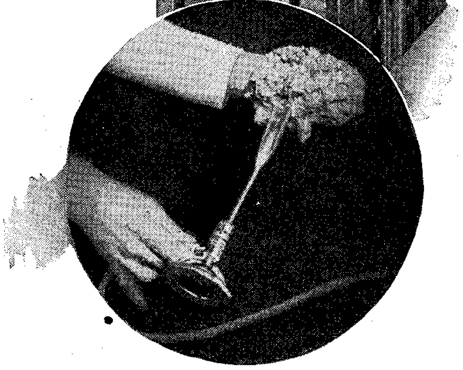

A hand covered with Firefoam from Foamite equipment can be held in the 1800° heat of a Bunsen burner. Thrown on any burning surface, Firefoam instantly smothers the fire. Then it dries and may be brushed or washed away. No liquid damage!

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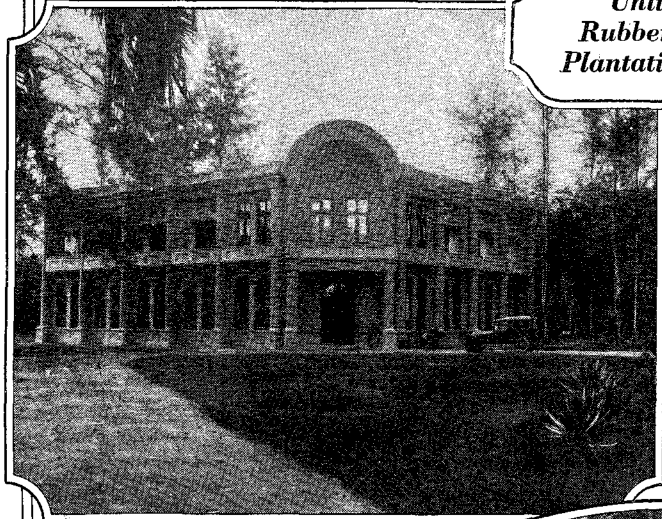
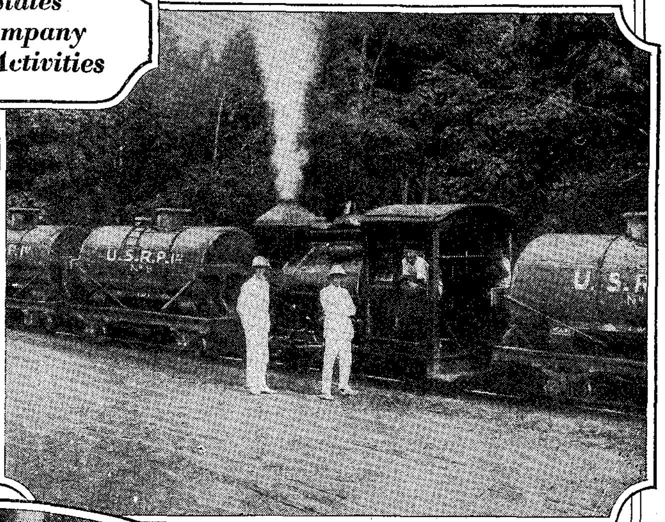
UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

United States Rubber Company Plantation Activities





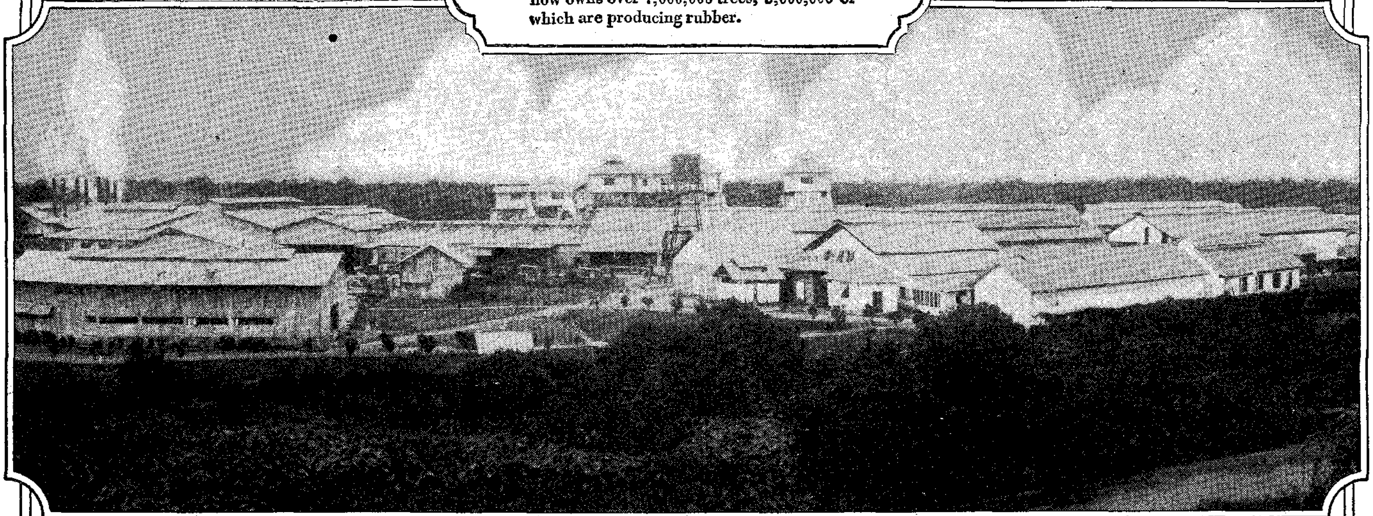
The Administration Building of the largest producing rubber plantation in the world, owned by the United States Rubber Company near Kisaran, Sumatra.

A train of latex tank cars on a United States Rubber Plantation. 60 miles of narrow-gauge Railway and 200 miles of motor roads have been built on the Company's properties.

Rubber producing trees on a United States Rubber Company Plantation. The Company now owns over 7,000,000 trees, 5,000,000 of which are producing rubber.

Below—a group of factory buildings on a United States Rubber Company Plantation. Sprayed Rubber derived direct from Rubber Latex without the use of smoke or chemicals, is produced right at the plantations.

The United States Rubber Company regularly employs 20,000 people on its plantations in the Far East. These plantations comprise about 136,000 acres and produced 20,000,000 pounds of rubber in 1925.



UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

Answering some more questions about the United States Rubber Company's Rubber Plantations

Q—*When did the United States Rubber Company first start to grow its own rubber?*

A—In 1911 the company planted 14,000 acres, or about 22 square miles in Sumatra. This represented then and still does, the largest planting operation completed by any one company in a single year.

As new property has been acquired the work has gone steadily forward until today the company has 136,000 acres, approximately 60% of which are already planted.

Q—*Does it take long to grow a rubber tree?*

A—It takes about 4 to 6 years from the time a seedling is planted until a tree is ready to be tapped, and its initial yield is only small. Clearing the jungle, removing stumps, draining the land, breaking ground, growing seedlings from selected seeds, budding, grafting, transplanting and carefully tending the young plants to say nothing of building roads, railways, wharves, storage tanks, and buildings to house power plants, equipment, and employees in a wild tropical country—all take time and money.

Q—*Why did the United States Rubber Company make this investment?*

A—Because it foresaw the time coming when in the interest of greater economy and better and more uniform quality it would be advisable for it to know all there was to know about rubber growing and to be producing a considerable portion of its own rubber. Recent events have justified this farsighted policy, and every man who buys a United States Tire or any other United States Rubber Company product is today benefiting by it.

Q—*Is the United States Rubber Company Plantation well regarded by authorities on rubber?*

A—Yes. Herbert Ashplant, the British Rubber Mycologist of Southern India, in his report entitled "Recent Developments in the Rubber Planting Industry," referring to the United States Rubber Company Plantation at Kisaran, Sumatra, says:

"Of all the areas visited, none produced so much useful information. Kisaran, the headquarters of these plantations, has become the Mecca of all planters who wish to keep abreast of recent rubber research. It is astonishing to find how many of the familiar problems of rubber planting have been satisfactorily settled during the last few years by the researches of the scientific staff."

United States Rubber Company

Trade Mark

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Give *All* your teeth a square deal. *This brush does*

NO tooth can sidestep this scientific brush. The way it is built is a guarantee that it will *reach every tooth.*

First there is the curved bristle surface. It curves the way your jaw curves. Next there is the big, cone-shaped end tuft. This makes those remote rear molars as accessible as your front teeth. And then you have a curved handle, curved so that it goes toward your teeth, making the Pro-phy-lac-tic one of the most comfortable brushes to use.

Sold in three sizes by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world. Prices in the United States and Canada are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Also made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, and soft.

Always sold in the yellow box. Look for the hyphenated, facsimile word Pro-phy-lac-tic. This denotes the genuine.

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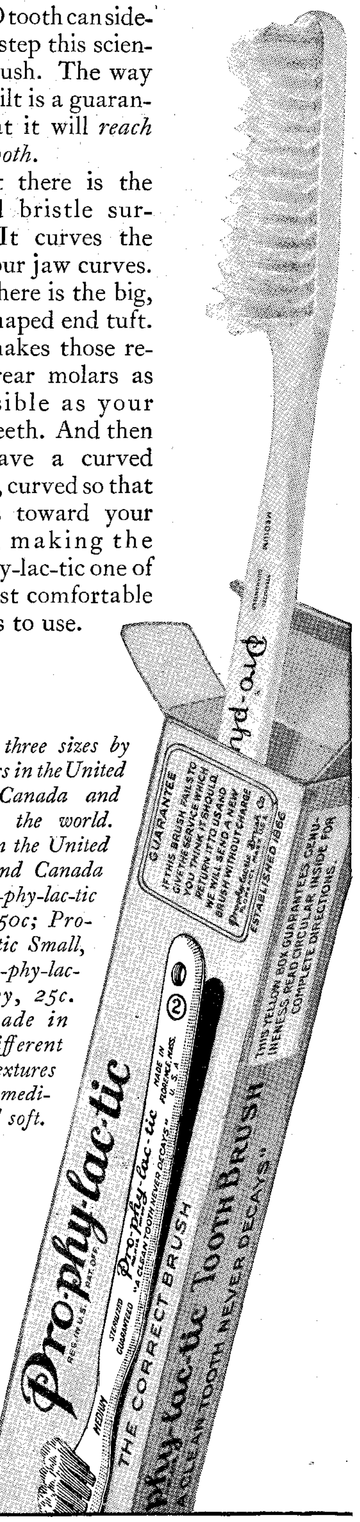
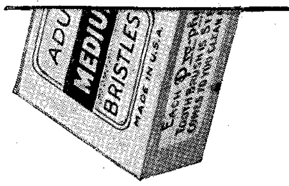




MINISTERING DAUGHTERS OF GENIUS

LITERARY history reveals the curious fact that a "genius" seldom or never transmits his own peculiar gifts to his offspring. At first glance it would seem that the law of heredity does not act in such cases—that, on the contrary, a great man's children never inherit his greatness. A Dickens, a Thackeray, a Trollope, a Tolstoy, a Shelley and a Milton certainly do not bequeath the full fire of their genius to their children. The inexorable fact of the uniform sterility of genius, so far as the transmission of its own special quality goes, can not, however, safely be taken at its face value, according to an editorial by Dr. Clifford Smyth in the May *International Book Review.* Dr. Smyth finds historical warrant for the belief that "the emotional and intellectual impulses of a great genius are not lost to his immediate posterity." He continues:

No less a place than Stratford Church bears interesting and irrefragable testimony to this ability of a great genius—in this instance, the greatest of all geniuses—to transmit something of his own peculiar qualities to his children. The testimony is engraved on the tombstone of "Susanna, wife to John Hall, Gent., ye daughter of William Shakespeare, Gent.," as follows:

> Witty above her sexe, but that's not all,
> Wise to Salvation was good Mistress Hall;
> Something of Shakespere was in that, but this
> Wholy of Him with whom she's now in blisse.
> Then, passenger, ha'st ne're a teare,
> To weepe with her that wept with all?
> That wept, yet set herselfe to chere
> Them up with comforts cordiall.
> Her Love shall live, her mercy spread,
> When thou hast ne're a tear to shed.

Allowing for the quaint exaggerations peculiar to old epitaphs, the modern "passenger" learns from the first four lines of this verse not only that Shakespeare's fame as a wit was well remembered by his native town thirty-three years after his death (Susanna died in 1649, Shakespeare in 1616), but that this marked gift of his genius was inherited, altho in less degree—"*Something* of Shakespere was in that," the line goes—by his daughter. Her fellow townsmen—and they ought to have known—recognized her illustrious father in a mental characteristic that had descended to her from him, nor is it difficult to see a further paternal inheritance in the sympathy for humanity that the epitaph writer attributes in generous quantity to "good Mistress Hall."

Regarding the case of Shakespeare's daughter as fairly typical of the ways in which the creative faculty may be inherited, altho in an outwardly different form, by the child of a specially gifted father or mother, Dr. Smyth goes on to cite a more modern instance of the same fascinating branch of heredity. It came to the public attention last month in the newspapers when the Rotary Club of New York presented a "service medal" to the daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop—Mother M. Alphonsa Lathrop, O. S. D., as she is now known—"in recognition of her Mercy and Valor and the free gift of a life of service to hopeless, destitute sufferers." The event, he says, links the name of New England's famous romancer to a story of transcendent beauty and self-sacrifice that will never be forgotten "until"—as Mark Twain once said of it—"pity fails in the hearts of men, and that will never be." Hence—

As one hears the fragmentary outlines of this story one can only hope that some day it will find full and adequate expression among the chronicles of noble deeds that are mankind's best treasure. The story starts thirty years ago, when Mrs. Lathrop, who had attained an enviable name in the literary and social life of the period, left the brilliant circle to which she belonged, took up her abode in a two-room tenement in Water Street, New York, and there set to work nursing such cases of incurable cancer as she could find among the most destitute in New York's tenement district. She was alone, no one was "backing" her—she had a capital of $25 to start with—and the patients she picked up she cared for in the restricted quarters of her Water Street tenement.

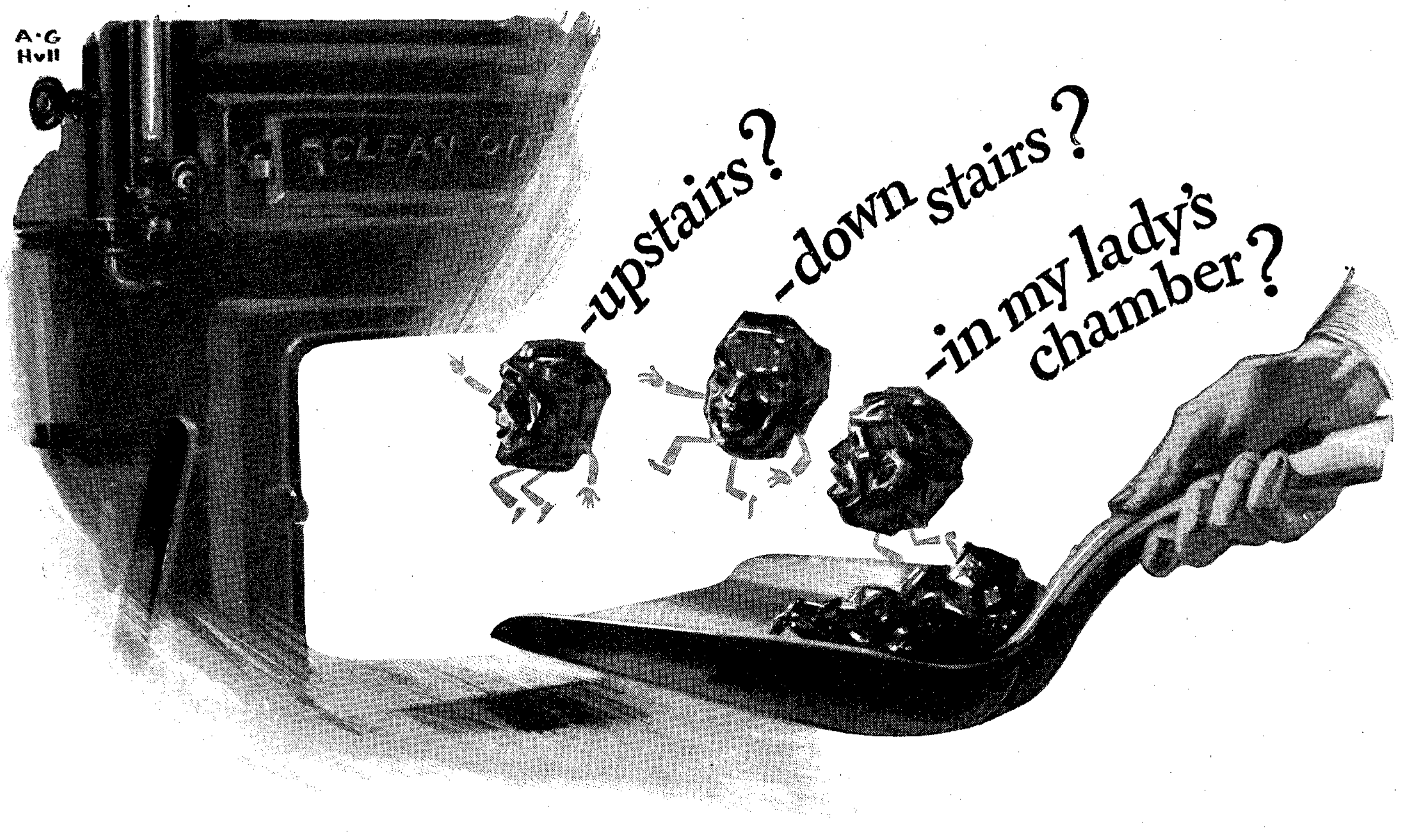
Without her indomitable cheerfulness, courage, faith—her amazing personality, in fact—such a combination of formidable obstacles would have spelled failure. In the ordinary course of affairs one can not imagine anything else as possible. The marvelous success, however, that, after years of patient struggle and endurance, is coming to this unique and noble effort to alleviate humanity's sufferings seems almost incredible. A few friends helped at first with their money. Then another noble woman—known to-day as Mother Mary Rose Huber—joined Mother Alphonsa in her work.

Larger quarters were taken—always without capital ahead, always dependent, as now, upon voluntary contributions, but always finding capital when needed—until to-day those two little Water Street rooms have grown into two large institutions, one at 76 Jackson Street, New York City, the other in Hawthorne, New York, with an average total of 160 patients, still presided over by the gracious woman, now at the age of seventy-five, whose fervent personality, creative genius—and something miraculous besides, one is almost tempted to say—have made them possible. "Something miraculous," for the amazing faith, the answer to prayer when the outlook seemed darkest, gives to the history of this charity a mystical beauty rare indeed in such work.

The late Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, some years before his death, wrote of this "feeless hospital for men and women suffering from that dreadful and inexplicable disease, cancer":

In this asylum—which is not charitable in the cold, hard sense of the term, but which is loving and tender—men and women of all races and creeds, Jews and Christians and infidels alike, are received and treated with exquisite affection. It is only necessary for them to be suffering and to be poor. No pay can be accepted, under any circumstances, from a patient. Thus there is an absolute equality among the inmates of both these homes. . . And the ideal from which this unique refuge sprung and was nourished came from Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Mother Alphonsa herself says that the first influence to take up this chosen work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CLEAN OUT
-upstairs?
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-in my lady's chamber?

Will they ever get there?

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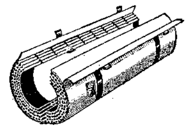

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Nature's summer ambrosia . . salad of the gods! . . a dozen fruits in one, glorifying miles of breezy uplands. Guavas for the picking on highways; breadfruit and mangoes as yard trees; papaias, passion fruit. At breakfast whiff the Kona coffee that grew nearby. Ah! This is June and you're *in Honolulu!*

Great trees flower in fiery red, yellow, pink, arching streets that lead *mauka* (toward the mountain) or *makai* (toward the sea). Rare night-blooming cereus . . cold, white, silver moons . . crisp northeast tradewinds! "Boy, another bed-cover."

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

came to her from the attitude of her father's mind toward both moral and physical deformity and corruption, and she instances the chapter on English poverty in "Our Old Home" as showing "how far his practical pity reached down, both in observing the exterior aspects of the lowest class and the inner misery out of which they spring; and the yet more stunning truth that the lowest class is the composition of the neglect of the highest one." So Hawthorne's genius—in its aspect of pity and sympathy—really was transmitted to his daughter. This is Dr. Smyth's final comment:

> Truly, romance, creative romance, can be written in flesh and blood as well as on paper, and in this notable instance of the transmission of a famous father's genius to one of his children, there is the feeling that the romance of endurance and beneficence lived by Hawthorne's daughter will, in its truth and utter loveliness, occupy an inspiring and an imperishable place in the annals of humanity.

The Tolstoy family furnishes a somewhat similar instance of transmitted yet transmuted genius in the same issue of the *International Book Review.* In the course of a review of Ralph Fox's book, "People of the Steppes," Frederick O'Brien cites the striking character of a young grandson of Count Tolstoy whom Fox met and lived with for months in the desolate expanses of the Kirghiz steppes. Between the hardy nomads of the Asiatic plains and the wastrels and wasted peasants with whom he was elsewhere thrown in contact, were one or two men of dual natures; and such was Ilya Andrey'ich, Tolstoy's grandson.

The special articles in the May *International Book Review* include the following:

"Old and New Lights of London," by Arthur Bartlett Maurice; "Paul Bunyan, Munchausen of the North Woods," by Donald Douglas; "Acknowledging Our Debt to Greece and Rome," by George Meason Whicher; "How Rosalie Evans Died Fighting in Mexico," by Gertrude Atherton; "Maxim Gorky Finds Romance in Exile," by Elizabeth W. Slaff; "Looking at Nature Through an Artist's Eyes," by Brander Matthews; "When James Gordon Bennett Was Caliph of Bagdad," by Robert Emmet MacAlarney; "The Dual Personality of 'E. Barrington'"; "The Crime Wave in Fiction," by Louise Maunsell Field; "Out East, Where Men Are Men," by Frederick O'Brien; "Introducing the Occult Wisdom of the East," by Zona Gale; Editorial: "Daughters of Genius"; "Arrows in the Air," by Mr. Smith; "Ossendowski Finds More Marvels—and a Prison," by Hildegarde Hawthorne; "How Photoplay Writers Think in Pictures," Rowland Rogers; "Judge Lindsey Does Some Plain Speaking," by Jim Tully; "Spoiling a Famous Lincoln Story," by Edwin L. Shuman; "High Spots in Danish Literature of To-day," by Julius Moritzen; "Adventuring with Great Germ-Hunters," by John Walker Harrington; "Peary, the Man Who Refused to Fail," by Marie Ahnighito Peary Stafford; "Some American Ladies Sit for Their Portraits," by Percy A. Hutchison; "How Tolstoy Discovered Anna Karénina," by Leo Randole; "Revealing Two Secrets of the Sorrowful Werther," by William A. Speck; "New Books for Boys and Girls," by Mary Graham Bonner.

DON'T BELIEVE A FARMER WHEN HE SHOUTS "DAYLIGHT!"

THE queer farmers for whom Guy H. Smith has worked would make a very amusing list; it seems, for they include the farmer "who wouldn't let him take a wrench into the field because the last man lost one," the farmer who "expected him to repair his implements during the noon hour," and the farmer who "toasted his feet and sipped coffee by the fire," while Mr. Smith did the morning chores. However, Mr. Smith is of the opinion that "a farm hand is as well off as any other laborer working at other tasks," and this he tells us after having "worked on many farms in different places across the continent from Maine to California." Sometimes he "slept in guest chambers furnished in mahogany." Sometimes he slept "on straw piles." What he complains of, principally, is not the work or the fare or the wages, but the having to get up so awfully early in the morning and stay on the job so late. Writing in *The Country Gentleman,* he pictures the case vividly:

> "Turn out! Turn out! It's daylight!"
>
> We raised ourselves on our elbows, my chum and I, to look out the window. We shivered, for it was October. Outside it was so dark that we couldn't even see the barn. A few stars twinkled overhead.
>
> "Daylight! Daylight!" the boss shouted again as he strode toward the house.
>
> My chum growled, raised the window and shouted, "You're a liar!"
>
> This incident is one of the earliest that I remember in my career as a farm hand. We were picking potatoes on a farm near Caribou, Maine. There were not enough beds to accommodate the extra help, so we had been sleeping on a mattress on the attic floor. This, coupled with the fact that potato-picking is hard on the bones, prevented us from sleeping as well as we might have. Hence the angry outcry from my chum.
>
> But I have since learned that when a farmer shouts "Daylight," he is often stretching the facts a bit.
>
> The first farm I ever worked on was the Aroostook State Farm, at Presque Isle, Maine. My work here consisted mainly of keeping the weeds out of the small plots where they were conducting various experiments with small grains and grasses. This was in 1917. I was seventeen years old and not much larger than a smelt.
>
> When, later, I moved to Caribou and went to work on a large potato farm, I learned that farm days are long days, especially in Aroostook County, Maine. Our usual working day started at 6 A. M., when we went into the field, and lasted until 6 P. M. This was in addition to the chores, of course.
>
> During haying it was the local custom to work after supper, and one night, in order to wind up the job, we hauled hay until 10:30. Luckily there was a good moon that night.
>
> At potato-digging time, the busiest season of the year, we teamsters were abroad at 3:30 A. M., and we kept moving until 8 P. M. The horses were cared for like thoroughbreds, and often we would be out in the barn currying our horses—"poundin' hair" we called it—when we were so tired we could gladly have lain down in the straw and slept.

One night Mr. Smith was sitting in the

Don't tell *me* you can't smoke a pipe!

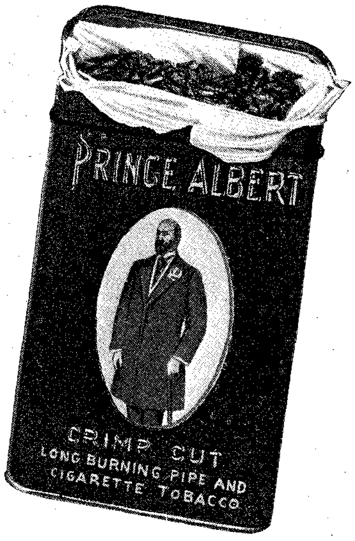
I'M HERE to say that you *can*. And it isn't a matter of perseverance, either. Let me give you a page out of my own book. I used to think that *I* would never be able to smoke a pipe. That is, and enjoy it. I was doing an "off again, on again, Finnegan" with first this tobacco and then that.

Then I made a discovery! A friend of mine suggested that I try a load of his Prince Albert. (*I'll* say he was a friend!) I tried it, and I want to go on record here and now that no other pipe tobacco ever tasted like that before. I tried a second load, to be sure my taste wasn't kidding me.

The second load tasted even better than the first. I knew that I had found the one tobacco for *me*. That was seven years ago, and I've been a Prince Albert regular ever since. P. A. is so cool and sweet and fragrant, so genuinely friendly, you just want to hit it up from morning to midnight (and do!).

P. A. doesn't bite the tongue or parch the throat. That's one of the reasons I've stayed with it these years. I know just what you're going through, Old Man. Just tear a leaf out of *my* book. Get yourself a tidy red tin of good old P. A. today. No friend ever gave you better advice.

P. A. *is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.*



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The Telephone at the Centennial

ONE hundred years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the infant telephone was first exhibited at the Philadelphia Exposition.

Since the dawn of civilization, mankind had sought some means of communicating over distances which unaided human speech could not bridge. Drums, signal fires, swift runners, the pony express, and finally the electric telegraph were means to get the message through. It remained for the telephone to convey a speaker's words and tones over thousands of miles.

"My God, it talks!" exclaimed the Emperor of Brazil before a group of scientists at the Philadelphia Exposition, as he recognized the voice of Alexander Graham Bell, demonstrating the new invention.

Today, after a brief half-century, the telephone lines of the Bell System have become the nerves of the nation. The telephone connects citizen with citizen, city with city, state with state for the peace and prosperity of all.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

kitchen and chatting with the other hired hand, when the boss returned from a visit to his parents, and said, "Say, the boys over home loaded up a couple of jigger loads of potatoes to-night and they aim to be the first ones at the starch factory in the morning." Laughing, and slapping his knee, he suggested, "Wouldn't it be a joke if you boys got up early and beat them in with a couple of loads?" Personally, Mr. Smith "couldn't see the joke," but the other hired hand "thought it would be great," so he "offered no objections when the boss suggested that they go up to the potato cellar and load their wagons for an early start." Says Mr. Smith:

It was nine o'clock when we returned to the house after filling fifty barrels and rolling them onto our wagons.

The next morning I had my team hooked to the wagon and started for town before five o'clock. When I got to the first crossroad I saw the fellow I was trying to beat to town coming down the other road. I had a 400-yard start on him. Owing to the muddy roads, it was impossible for him to overtake me, and I had my potatoes half unloaded when he arrived at the starch factory.

Arriving back at the farm at 10:30, I put my horses up and went into the kitchen to ask for a lunch. I found dinner cooking on the stove, and the table was laid for one. "Sit down," the missus told me. "Dinner's all ready for you." That sure was a grand and glorious feeling!

As Mr. Smith tells us, "many farmers in Aroostook thought it a great disgrace if they couldn't do more work in the field than any of their hired help." Particularizing, he says:

Two of the most disagreeable jobs that ever fell to my lot in Aroostook were harvesting buckwheat and clearing stumps from new land. We always mowed the buckwheat early in the morning while the dew was still on, and if we could get a day with a slight drizzling rain, why, so much the better.

But, nevertheless, all this hard, disagreeable work had its compensations. Every hired hand was treated like a member of the family. He hired out for a stated sum per month, which included board, room and washing; and he was not expected to furnish his own blankets and sleep out in the potato cellar or orchard, as is too often the case in the Far West.

On Sundays, when the family went for an automobile ride, or on a picnic, the hired man went along as a matter of course. Whenever the family entertained company in the front room the hired man was expected to be present with the rest; sometimes, if he had a good voice, he was called upon to sing. Invitations to weddings, funerals, surprize parties, and so forth, in the neighborhood always included the hired man.

Northern Aroostook is one of the greatest places in the land for horse racing. Whenever there were circuit races in town, all hands knocked off work and went to the races, no matter how rushed we were with the farming. Invariably I went as the guest of my employer, and received full pay for the day too.

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. . .

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. . .

Every day a new and important use for DUCO is found. It will pay you to determine if there is some place in your manufacturing operation where DUCO can be used profitably.

—it is Duco, the enduring finish. A competitor of yours has already found that Duco increases saleability of his product. Duco can do the same for *your** product. Tear out the memorandum printed below, and dictate a letter to us.

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Radio Parts and Cabinets
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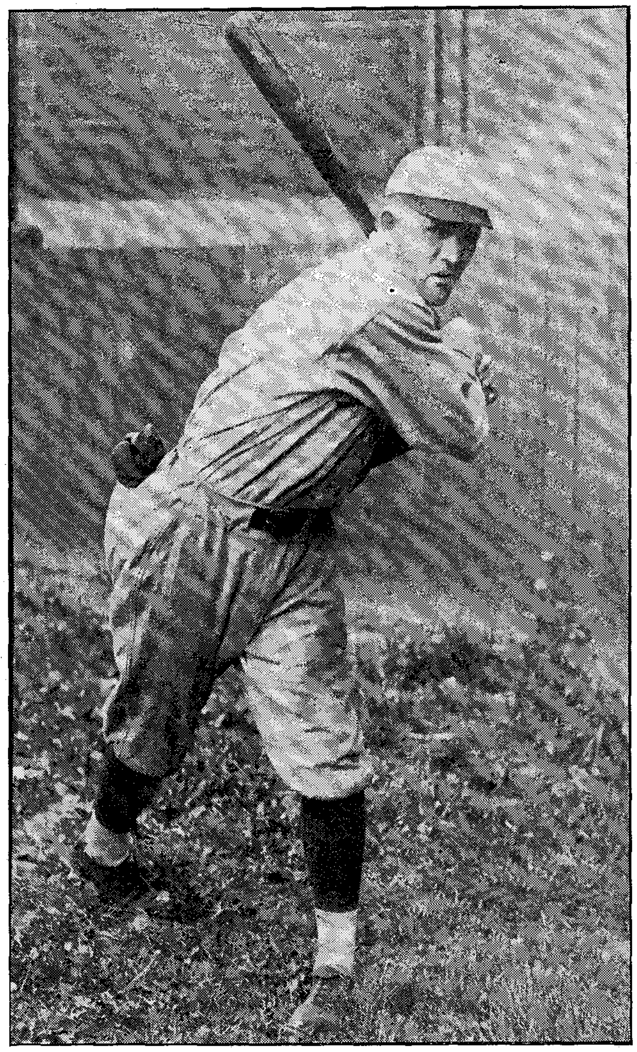
SPORTS • AND • ATHLETICS

ROGERS HORNSBY'S MOTTO: "PICK OUT THE GOOD ONES"

THERE WERE THREE MEN ON BASES, two out. Washington and Pittsburgh were tied—each had three games and seven runs in the final game of the 1925 World Series. Young Hazen Cuyler at bat had two strikes and no balls; apparently Walter Johnson, the great Washington star pitcher, was about to end Pittsburgh's last and only chance since the opening of the season to take the lead. Dramatic moment of moments! "Cool as a young Eskimo, Cuyler stood in his box and let two balls whiz past into the catcher's glove. Two and two!" BUT "when the next ball came Cuyler swung—and the series was all over, for he sent the ball into the field stands, and two men scored. Pittsburgh won the game 9-7 and the championship, four games to three." This is the climax of a situation which Rogers Hornsby, National League champion batter, uses to drive home to players the importance of some things besides mechanics of hitting if they want to become good batters. "Cuyler had confidence and determination," says Hornsby in *The American Boy* magazine.

He was confident that he could hit the ball; he did not let the gravity of the situation worry him. He knew his own ability, and refused to give up his belief in it. Moreover, he was determined to do his best. He didn't admit, even to himself, that there was a chance of his failing. Every batter must have that confidence, and that determination. He has to perfect himself mechanically, of course. He must swing well, watch the ball, pick out the good ones. But he must also have the proper mental attitude toward his work.



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WATCHING IT COME

Rogers Hornsby won his National League batter championship by keeping his eye on the ball, as you see him doing in the above picture, and swatting the good ones.

So Hornsby reemphasizes "picking out the good ones" in the batter's progress, and he speaks with some authority, since he has made the highest batting average in modern baseball—.424 in 1924—and has held the National League batting championship for the last six years. How widely batters may differ, both in the big leagues and on the high-school playing fields, Mr. Hornsby makes clear in an article that will appeal to boys of every age from eight to eighty. He opens with a consideration of the principal faults in batting, the ones that "cut down hitters' averages and help along the pitchers' percentages." And there's one in particular that "bothers high-school and college fellows most—major leaguers, too. Let's talk about it," says the champion batter, and proceeds in this strain:

Every boy who can handle a bat knows what the "good ball zone" is. If the ball is over the plate and between your knees and shoulders, it's a strike; if it's high, low or wide, it's a ball. The men who govern the rules didn't decide it that way just to be making another regulation. They had a reason—and the reason was that balls coming within that rectangle are the ones a batter can most easily and accurately hit. Rules protect you, you see, if you let bad ones go by. But everything is against you when you swing at the bad ones; for if you don't miss altogether, you'll probably foul off or hit an easy pop-up or grounder for a sure out.

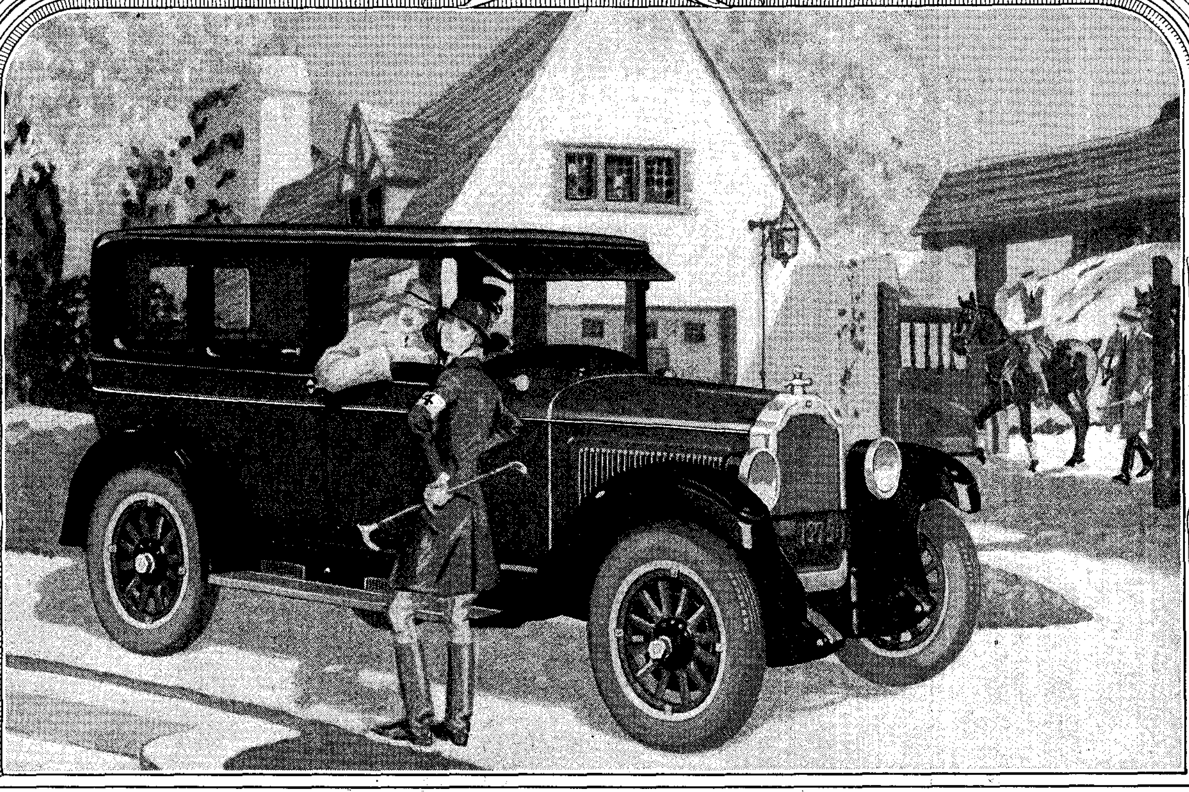
Last season I had an opportunity to watch a sand-lot game, and the big right-fielder on one of the teams was a perfect example of what I mean. This fellow had a long, easy swing at the ball, and every move made me think he was a real batter. Then I saw him face the pitcher, and in five times at bat he made only one single. He swung at anything—low balls he liked particularly, but he hit at just about every pitch, no matter how far he had to reach for it. The result was that in spite of his promise he did nothing but foul or hit weakly into the ground. His one hit was a long, clean one—and he made it when he swung at a good pitch!

So learn to judge the ball as it comes to you, and to decide whether it's going to count for or against you if you strike at it. That's the first thing I want batters coming to the St. Louis club to know, and it's a thing anybody can teach himself. Practise every chance you get; see to it that your high-school or club team goes through batting workouts just like a big-league club does. And don't think that because nothing depends on it you are free to cut at the bad balls. Unless the pitch is in the good ball zone, your bat shouldn't leave your shoulder.

There's no possible compromise on that point, if you believe Hornsby — and who wouldn't? Having driven it home with a bang, he continues:

When you've got that rule down tight, you're ready to go on with *your batting training*. There are several things every batter must know, and I'll take them up one at a time. The first one ties up closely with the good-ball rule. Keep your eye on the ball. I don't have to tell you that you can't connect squarely with the horsehide if you're not watching it every minute. I've seen fellows who looked at the pitcher, at the field, at the runner, at the player through whom they wanted to hit it. That's bad. From the minute the ball leaves the pitcher's hand to the instant it's where you want to hit it—or let it go by—keep your eye on it. Never look away for a second.

Naturalness is an important part of good batting. A good deal is said about correct batting form; but when you've seen the long, free swing of Harry Heilmann, Detroit player, who led the American League in batting last year, and the tremendous wallop of Babe Ruth, and the powerful choke-swing of Jim Bottomley, first baseman with the St. Louis Cardinals—when you've seen all these and try to analyze them and write down



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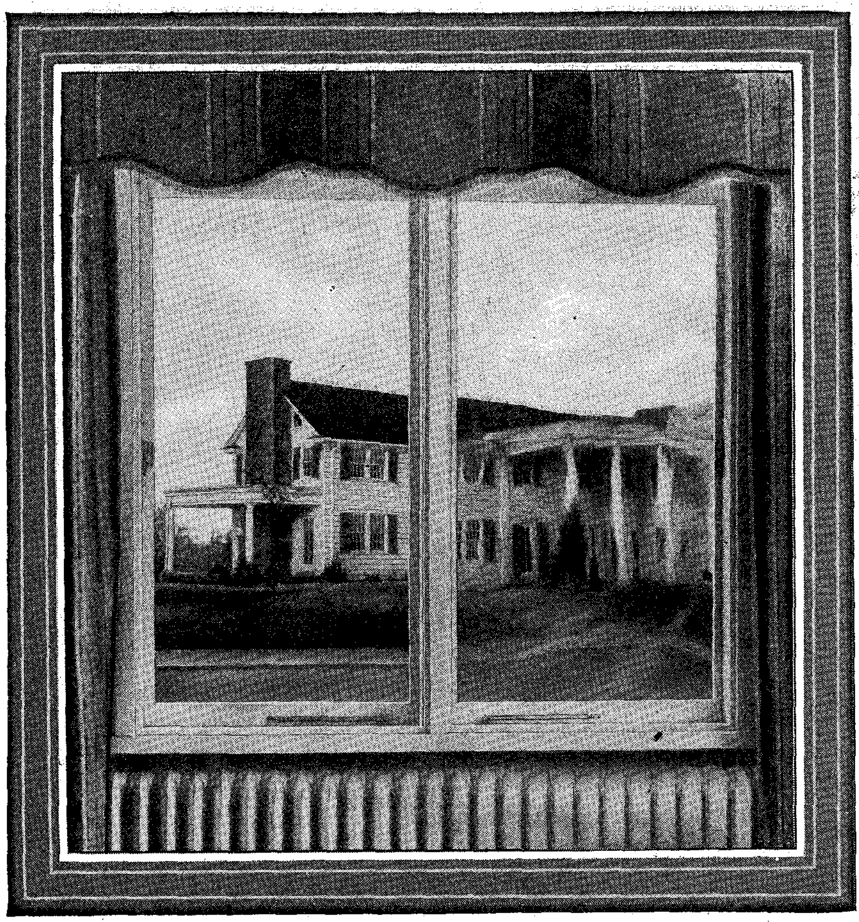

WHY is that house across the way so strangely distorted when you look through the window pane at the right, and normal when you look through the glass at the left? The right pane is ordinary sheet glass; the left, Plate Glass.

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Specify Plate Glass for your house. Have your architect give you comparative figures. You will find that it costs but little more than ordinary glass—about one per cent of the cost of the house. But it pays for itself many times over in increased renting and selling value. Plate Glass Manufacturers of America, First National Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Nothing Else is Like it

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

similarities of form, you'll find it pretty hard to do.

The answer is that all of the great batters have their own individual styles—the styles that are easiest, most natural for them. Cultivate, as far as possible, the style of swing and grip simplest for you. I don't mean that you should scorn advice from players or coaches who know good batting; frequently their hints will help tremendously. But work in those hints with your own natural batting-habits—make the two work together.

Your stance at the plate should also be just what is easiest for you. Some players stand with feet close together, others with them spread and not on a line. Every good batter faces the plate squarely, so that he can meet the ball when his bat is at the most forceful point in its arc.

Ordinarily I'd advise every batter to learn to "step into the ball" as he bats, rather than to step backward. "Stepping in" means advancing the left foot (if you're a right-handed batter) toward the pitcher as you swing. That increases the power you impart to the bat, and puts you in a good position to start your sprint for first if you connect. . . . Even that is not a hidebound rule, altho most batters practise it religiously. An outstanding exception is Al Simmons, the young outfielder with the Philadelphia Athletics, who made such a fine record in 1925, his first big-league year. Simmons steps back and still gets his hits. Most batters don't.

Where are you going to grip your bat? That's another question that depends largely on individual preference. Of course there's more power in the free swing with the bat held at its extreme tip; I hold my bat that way, and likely that's the reason I've been able to put a fair share of balls over the fence. But not all good batters use that grip. Jim Bottomley, second high in the National League last year, is a choke hitter (that is, he holds his bat about six inches from the tip and so makes his hits on shorter but extremely powerful swings). So are Blades, Toporcer and other good batters on the St. Louis team.

Ty Cobb has a grip different from both of these. He hits from the right side of the plate, with his right hand at the tip of his bat and his left about five inches above. We know how successful he's found that grip.

Three rules for batting with power and two more suggestions for meeting the ball are explained with League examples as follows:

You have your position, your grip. The next thing is to meet the ball. I've already told you that your swing must be easy and natural; it must also be powerful. To get the maximum of power, remember three things:

Swing your bat in one horizontal plane.

Meet the ball at the "top" of the swing; time it correctly.

Don't forget the follow-through.

The first rule is easy to understand. If the bat is moving in one plane—that is, if it's circling perfectly level with the ground—it's going to deliver more power against the ball than it would if it were weaving up and down from one level to another. So train yourself to swing the bat exactly on the plane in which you plan to meet the ball.

Second—Time the swing properly. That means that you should hear the crack of bat and ball at just the instant the bat has gained its greatest momentum. Timing is a mighty difficult thing to get exactly right; if every batter had it down pat there'd be a big increase in the home-run crop. The great batters are the ones who have perfected their timing—old Hans Wagner, Cobb, Ruth, Sisler of the St. Louis Browns, Jacques Fournier of Brooklyn, Frisch of the Giants, and others.

Don't think that, just because I say timing is hard to get exactly right, it can't be learned. You can improve your timing in baseball just as you can in your golf swing, your tennis swing or your football kicking. Practise is the thing. Thevenow, the young shortstop who played with St. Louis last year, proved this. Thevenow came to the Cardinals determined to improve his batting, and every chance he got he had somebody pitching to him. He watched his timing, along with the other elements, and by the end of the season he was a much better batter.

Follow through! Here again comes the parallel to golf, tennis, and football. The bat should not stop dead when it hits the ball, nor immediately afterward. The arc should continue just as it started; the bat should keep on its path while the ball is well on its way. The follow-through is the logical conclusion of the swing, and it's worth a lot of work. I wish every young batter could watch the work of men like Bottomley, or Zack Wheat, the veteran Brooklyn star. It's his vigorous follow-through that takes Babe Ruth off his balance when he swings and misses; and it's the strength of this follow-through that, imparted to the ball when it meets the bat, gives it such long rides. You don't have to lose balance like Ruth, of course. I never fall, altho I put a lot of strength and rhythm into my follow-through.

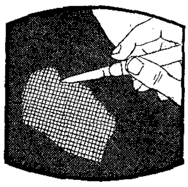
A mighty good way to develop follow-through is to take your bat and practise free swinging—practise the long level arc and the continuation of the swing far around to the front. There's plenty of rhythm in a good baseball swing; try to get it into your own work.

I've told you that you should meet the ball at the "top" of the swing. There are two more things to know about meeting the ball. One is a snap of the wrists that gives to the bat, just at the moment of impact, an added bit of force. Until the moment of this snap, the bat angles backward from your hands; the snap brings it suddenly out to the perpendicular from your body, so that it smacks the ball squarely instead of at an angle.

The second question is that of just where to plan on hitting the ball—directly over the plate and opposite your body, or out in front and slightly ahead of your body. Both methods are used in big-league play. Stuffy McInnis, right-handed batter with the Pittsburgh Pirates, hits in front of the plate, as do many others. I hit the ball in closer to my body. It seems to be a question of individual differences again. Ernie Vick—you'll remember his name in football as well as baseball, for he was All-American center at the University of Michigan, as well as a star catcher, before he joined the Cardinals—learned to improve his hitting considerably by connecting out in front of the plate.

Hornsby has much to say about bunting, slumping, and place hitting, which is more suggestive than ordinary discussion on the bleachers:

Scratch a piece of ordinary window shade material lightly. Tiny particles of chalk or clay "filling" fall out. BRENLIN *has no filling. It outwears several ordinary shades*



Beauty

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Bright frames of daylight, the largest, most conspicuous features of your walls—your windows! First to catch the attention of all who enter, they sound at once the dominating note of the whole interior scheme.

It is there that the beauty of the room begins—where the light comes in! It is there that you must plan most carefully.

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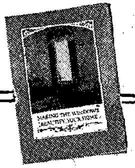

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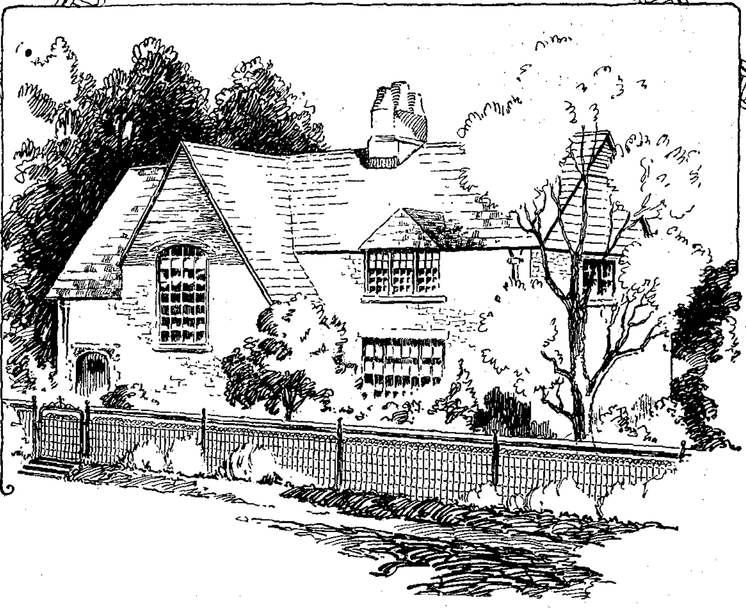

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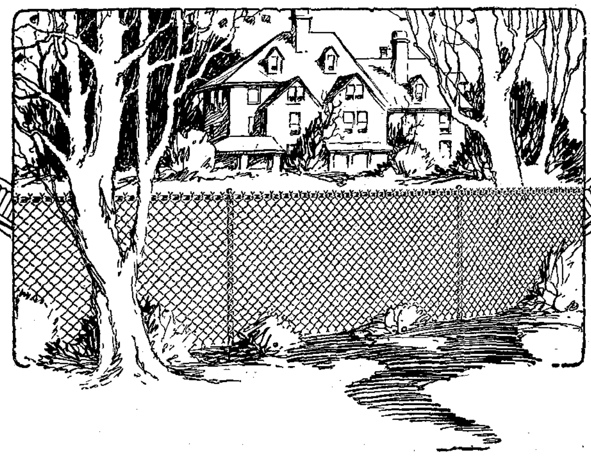

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

Bunting is a form of batting that absolutely demands hitting out in front. Your purpose in a bunt is to lay the ball down where it's going to be hardest for anybody to field. In effect, you stop the ball dead at the plate; your bat doesn't crash into it as in an attempt at a smashing hit, but simply meets it and drops it on the ground at your feet with just enough force to keep it out of the catcher's reach, but not enough to carry it too rapidly to any other fielder.

Since the purpose of the bunt is to stop the ball and put it where it can be fielded with most difficulty, the direction in which you send it must be controlled. You must be able to tap it along the third base foul line, or toward the first sacker, or to the pitcher's right if you know he has difficulty in fielding that kind of ball. And in order to control the bunt you must hit it out in front. You can't do it accurately if you try to meet the ball over the plate, even with your body. Some men always step far to the front of the batting box for a bunt.

So keep that in mind when you try to bunt. Remember, too, that you don't get the free swing into a bunt. The bat is almost motionless, as a rule, when it meets the ball. Most players choke their bats when they bunt.

Here's a warning on bunting—do your best to hide your intentions from the men in the field. Of course, there are plenty of situations when the bunt is a conventional play—when there are less than two down and a man is on first, for instance—and usually in such situations the third baseman and the others will play in. But if you hold your bat in just the same way you do for a full swing (at least until the pitcher delivers the ball), don't look where you're planning to send the ball, and otherwise veil your plans, you've a much better chance of making the bunt effective.

Because bunting is so different from swinging into the ball, it's mighty useful in another way—aiding a batter to work out of a hitting slump. There's never been a very good explanation of a slump—it's something that simply comes. Right in the midst of their season, frequently, leading big-league sluggers find themselves unable to connect—their batting eye is bad, their swing feels awkward, their average goes down. Apparently they're doing things properly, too. But the base hits don't come. George Grantham, of the Pittsburgh champions, hit the ball hard all season and right up to the World Series in 1925; he had been particularly effective against right-handed pitchers. But in the Series he couldn't hit a thing—a slump got hold of him.

Often bunting comes in handy in a case like that. When you find you're unable to hit the ball at your usual average, forget every kind of hitting but bunting for a while. Practise all you can on bunting for a few days; gradually work back into regular batting, taking it easy as you go. It's more than likely that you will find the break from free swinging has chased the fault out of your batting, and that you're able to make your share of the hits again.

I've heard high-school baseball players exert a lot of extra energy in discussing the virtues of "place hitting." When they get to the big leagues, they'll forget it. Some men, according to report, learn

> o put the ball where they want it—to mash to left field, or through shortstop, or down a base line—but I've never run onto any of them.
>
> About the only place hitting we do in the big leagues is try to hit *back* of the runner, rather than in front of him. For instance, if a man is on first and the order is given to sacrifice him to second, a grounder down toward first is a lot more likely to be successful than one toward second. The reason is that he'll be nearer to second than the ball if the ball is hit behind him, and hence have a better chance of getting to his base safely. . . . That's about the extent of place hitting. Spend your time in learning to meet the ball squarely and hit it hard, rather than in trying to place it as you would a tennis ball.

"Guess hitting" is bad, Hornsby declares, and young players waste a lot of time on trying to figure out what a pitcher is going to do—throw a curve? a fast ball? a wide one? And what's the thing to do? True, he concedes,

> Some of the great batters, I know, say that by figuring what the pitcher is trying to deliver they're able to set themselves for it and hit better because of it; and this would be an excellent principle if every batter could always outguess the pitcher. I remember one game in which our team outfigured a pitcher by always swinging at the first ball he pitched; that was because we knew that invariably he made the first ball good. But that's different from guessing right on every ball.
>
> The trouble with "guess hitting" is that it's so frequently misleading. Suppose ou have figured that the pitcher is going deliver a low curve, and you set yourself or it. Then you find a fast ball speeding toward the plate chest high. You haven't time to reset yourself and take a full cut at the ball; the result is either that it sails over for a called strike, or that you whiff at it, or send it off for a foul or easy out.
>
> If, on that same ball, you'd been ready for any good pitch, within the strike zone, instead of being prepared only for the one kind of ball (the kind that didn't come), you'd have had a much better chance of hitting it squarely. As a rule, guess hitters have a batting average of around .240. That's why I say "wait for the good ones!"

Two additional hints—having a bat that fits the player, and running out every kind of a hit—Hornsby throws in for good measure.

> There's a lot of value to a player in having a bat that fits him—one that has the right weight and length and grip for him. It isn't just individual whim that leads almost every big-league player to have his own favorite bludgeon. It's a knowledge, born of long experience, that the bat that is just right has a lot more base hits in it than the one which seems a little too heavy, or too short. Sometimes players use the same bats; more often each one has his own, and guards it jealously.
>
> Around some clubs I've known there is a lot of wailing on another score—it comes when a man fails to run out a hit, and it's caused by a manager's bearing down on the batter. Running out every kind of hit is mighty important. It does not make any difference if the hit is the simplest kind of grounder to second baseman, if first baseman is all set to field the

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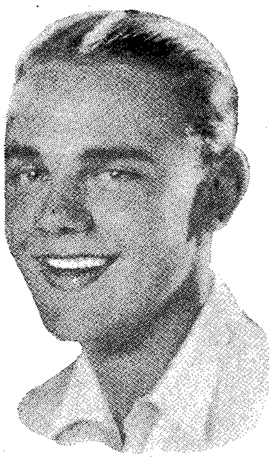

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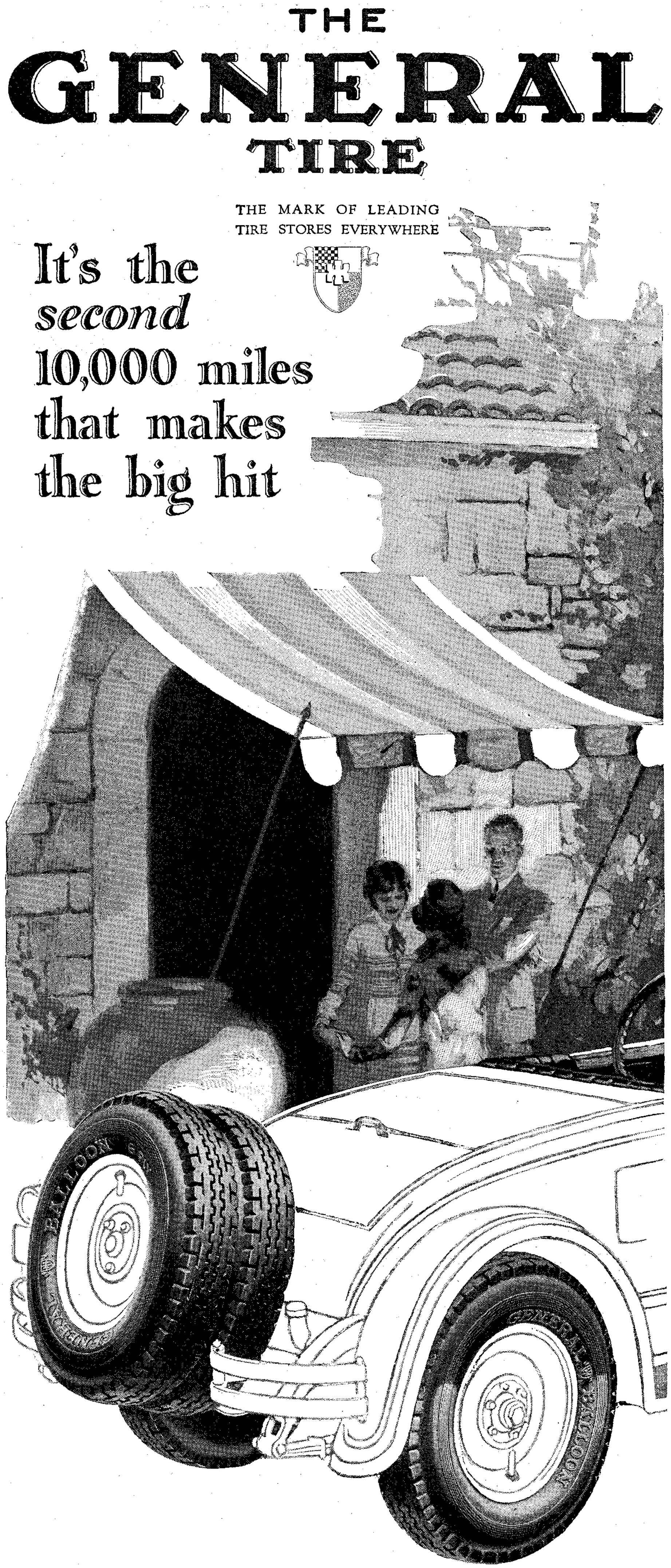


throw and you're still 40 feet from the bag. A thousand things can happen to prevent the completion of the play; and if you're tearing for first you can get there in time to take advantage of every mistake. A fielder can drop a ball and pick it up again in just an instant—but if you're on the ground that instant is long enough to make a great big difference.

JAY GOULD'S ABDICATION OF THE COURT-TENNIS CROWN

JAY GOULD, who won the American court-tennis championship at the age of seventeen, in 1906, and the world's championship at eighteen, has surrendered his national title after holding it for twenty years. Thus ends one of the longest reigns in the realm of amateur sport. Mr. Gould's muscles had been so stiffened by the "flu" that he gave up any attempt to play the challenge round this spring against C. Suydam Cutting, who succeeds to the national title. Stories of Gould's early and later triumphs date from his first winning of the national title by defeating Charles E. Sands in this historic old indoor court game twenty years ago. Thus the New York *World* tells us,

> The younger Jay Gould had learned how to handle a racquet well from his father, the late George Jay Gould, at Georgian Court, the old Gould home at Lakewood, New Jersey. Spurred on by his victory over Sands the youthful American champion went abroad with the hope of meeting Eustace H. Miles, champion of England.
>
> So brilliant was the playing of the seventeen-year-old Gould in the preliminary round of the English championships that Major Cooper Key, a prominent English tennis player of the time, remarked that "America has put the brains of a veteran into a youth of seventeen."
>
> Miles did not care to play Gould after he had won the right to challenge for the world title. Public sentiment, however, forced Miles into the match and he won.
>
> Young Jay then returned to the United States and entered the freshman class at Columbia. His court-tennis activities turned the spotlight on him at the University, but outside attention did not change him. He was the same jovial youth he always had been. He was elected captain of the freshman track team, led his class in a triumph over the sophomores in the annual class rush and waited on tables and shined shoes as part of his initiation into the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity.

In the spring of 1907, young Gould obtained a leave of absence from the university, continues the *World* writer, and again went abroad in quest of the world's court-tennis championship. In the sequel—

> He beat Vane H. Pennell, three sets to one, for the right to play Miles for the title.
>
> This meeting of Miles and the youthful

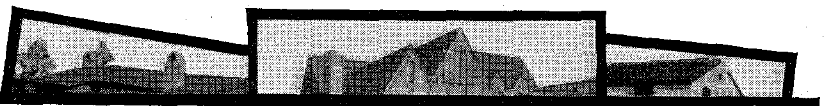
Gould attracted international attention. After one of the hardest court-tennis matches ever played in England, Gould captured the world title by winning three out of five sets from his English rival. The encounter lasted for two and one-half hours. The ability of the eighteen-year-old American player to stand the grilling pace was the marvel of the sporting circles of London.

Miles attributed his setback to cramps, but the English public was lavish in praise of the young American, who handled his racquet with the accuracy of a veteran of many years' experience.

From that day Jay Gould dominated in court-tennis. Professionals and amateurs alike had to admit his superiority. Last year he beat Roger Cutler of Boston in defense of his American title in straight sets, losing only one game.

As viewed by Allison Danzig, of the New York *Times:*

> The career of Jay Gould is the story of a player who was prepared almost from childhood to become a champion.
>
> When he was a boy of twelve he was placed by his family under the tutelage of Jack Forrester, the Tuxedo professional, and since that time he has devoted himself assiduously to court-tennis, until he became the recognized world's greatest master in the amateur ranks.
>
> Not even Eustace Miles, England's great player of former days, was held in greater respect than Gould. One of the leading authorities of the game express the opinion only a few days ago that Gould is half 30 better than any other amateur in the world.
>
> Gould captured the title in 1906 by defeating Charles E. Sands of New York in the challenge round at the old Forty-third Street home of the Racquet and Tennis Club. With the exception of the two years during the war, in 1917 and 1918, he has successfully defended his title each year, his wizardry increasing with each new triumph. In all those twenty years since 1906 the incomparable master has lost only one singles tournament match. That was to E. M. Baerlein, the English champion, in the international play at Paris in 1923. Gould's father had died only a few months preceding this match, and he had not practised as much for it as he would have ordinarily.
>
> The following year Gould reversed the result by defeating Baerlein in England, demonstrating his superiority in convincing fashion. The score was 6—5, 6—3, 6—1. In this country no player had been able to approach him until two years ago, when Hewitt Morgan of New York reached the challenge round. The battle between the two was one of the most exhausting physical tests Gould had ever gone through. The sheer magic of his racquet brought him through to victory, after he had been seized with a cramp in his hand. Last year he was in much better condition and allowed Roger W. Cutler of Boston only one game in the challenge round, winning at 6—0, 6—1, 6—0.
>
> There is no department of the game in which Gould does not excel. He has developed his technique to the stage where court-tennis, as he plays it, has become a science, as much of a science as William Tilden has made of lawn-tennis. In playing the floor or wall shots he is equally deadly, and to the sheer artistry of his stroke production he adds also the consummate strategy of a master who has made almost a life study of the game and knows tactics



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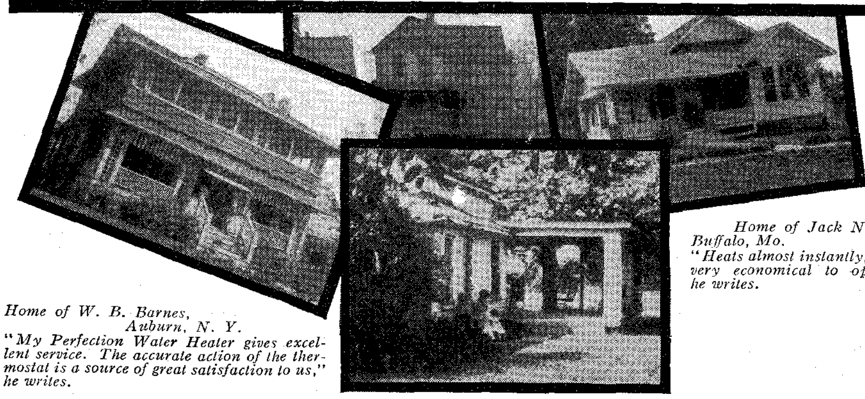

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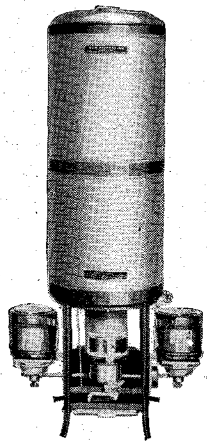

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

backward. More than any one else, he has developed the railroad service until it has generally come to succeed the old style of side-wall service.

C. Suydam Cutting, the new title holder, the *Times* authority says, "is regarded by many as the greatest player at the game next to Gould, altho Hewitt Morgan also has his supporters." Reading on:

> Cutting has been a member of two American Bathurst Cup teams, playing in singles and pairing in doubles with Gould. This is not the first time that he has reached the challenge round. He faced Gould in 1923.
>
> The new champion, like Gould, is a beautiful stroke artist. His game is built on position play and the careful placing of his shots, rather than upon speed and power altho, when the occasion rises, he can hit the ball as hard and cover as much ground as any of them.

WHEN "ROBBIE" CAUGHT FOR BOTH SIDES

CAN you imagine a greater tribute to the characteristics that have made Wilbert Robinson ("Robbie"), now president of the Brooklyn Baseball Club, "the best beloved of all the leaders of the game we call the National Pastime," than the home-town story of the day he saved a fierce match game by going in behind the bat for both sides. The home town was Hudson, Massachusetts, where Wilbert, the youngest son of the village butcher, was by nickname "Billy Fish," and where disputes among the boys were confidently put up to the Blacksmith of the village for fair decision. Snubbed by older brothers on the regular Hudson team, "Billy Fish" at the age of twelve organized his own gang team of "Our Boys," overcame difficulties galore, and before long challenged the big team to play for the championship of Hudson. The challenge was accepted, and W. O. McGeehan, in *The Elks Magazine*, tells the story:

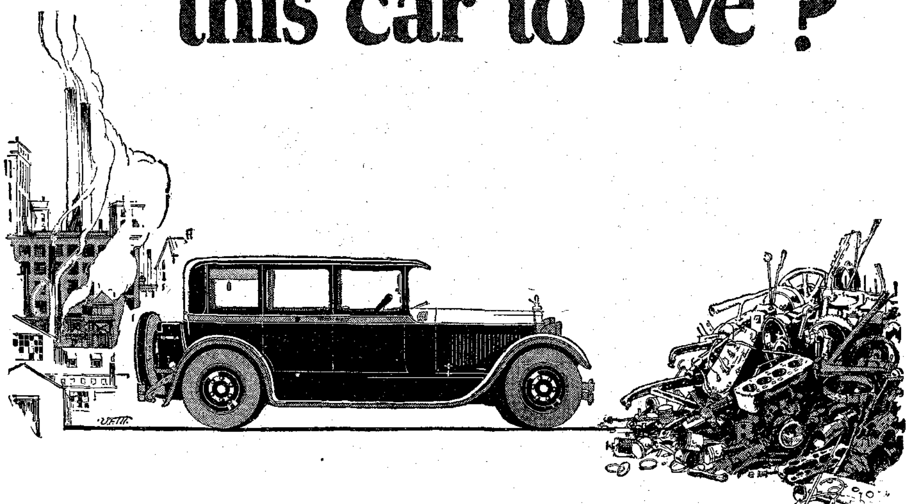
> The game was played in the twilight, for the members of the older team could not take the time off for such an unimportant affair as trouncing the younger brothers.
>
> "Our Boys" went to bat first and the side was retired. Then an accident happened to the catcher of the grown-up team, one of his fingers was broken by a foul tip, and the team had but one catcher. It looked as tho the game would have to end there.
>
> But the Blacksmith of Hudson had an idea. "Why not let Billy Fish catch for both sides?" he suggested. "He has better sense than to get his fingers broken."
>
> The idea was seized upon as the only means of keeping the ball game going. Thus did Wilbert Robinson attain his baseball majority.

Of "Our Boys," Billy Fish early decided to be president, captain, manager and pitcher, but it was his managerial instinct, Mr. McGeehan informs us, that induced Wilbert Robinson to play his real position, that of catcher. Why? Well—

> From this position he could best direct the team of which he was the Pooh Bah. Besides all of the other catchers of the team were more or less disabled. You must remember that at this time the catcher's mask, the shin guards and the chest protector had not even been dreamed of.
>
> Billy Fish was the toughest boy in Hudson—physically, of course. It was up to him. The only precautions a catcher of the period took was to hold a bit of rubber between his teeth. Otherwise a fast ball might incapacitate him from enjoying his food. Black eyes and broken fingers were common injuries in every game.
>
> Young Wilbert Robinson worked out for the position with system and thoroughness. He erected two posts in the back lot, and stretched a piece of rope between them at about the average height of a bat.
>
> When help was plentiful, he would have one boy standing on an imaginary second base. He would catch and throw for hours at a time. The rope when hit simulated a foul tip, and it was by this system that Robinson trained his eye. To-day Wilbert Robinson has a remarkable pair of hands for a catcher of the old school. The fingers are not twisted. The tip of one finger is missing as the result of an infection incurred in the line of baseball duty. But the hands are not gnarled. This is due to Robinson's training on his own system.
>
> At the age of sixteen he became catcher for the regular team of Hudson, Massachusetts, and in celebration thereof, he indulged in his first chew of tobacco.
>
> Forced to catch faster pitching, he indulged himself in protection to the extent of wearing a fingerless glove. Being a butcher boy, and knowing the value of raw beef as a cure for bruises, Wilbert Robinson devised the extra protection of carrying a piece of raw beef in the glove.

While Robinson was playing with the Philadelphia Athletics, he started some revolutionary moves in the position of catcher, we are told. At that time—

> It was customary for the catchers to play back until it was necessary to come up to the plate in order to save wear and tear on their fingers, not to speak of their eyes, their heads, and various other portions of their anatomy.
>
> Wilbert Robinson, a thinking athlete, had begun to study the opposing batters and was learning their weaknesses. He had established a signal code with his pitchers. He could not signal for the balls he wanted pitched from a position too far for anybody to pitch to him. He got behind the plate, so he initiated the custom of playing up from the start of the inning.
>
> It was regarded as a highly reckless thing to do. It subjected Robinson to more chances of being injured. Friends predicted that he would not last long that way. But Robinson lasted the season with a very low average in the matter of black eyes received and without having any fingers broken. His initiative started all of the catchers playing up for the first pitched ball.
>
> The long practise catching behind the clothes-line when he was the Pooh Bah of "Our Boys" at Hudson stood Robinson in good stead. He had a quick eye, and his reflexes for catching had been developed



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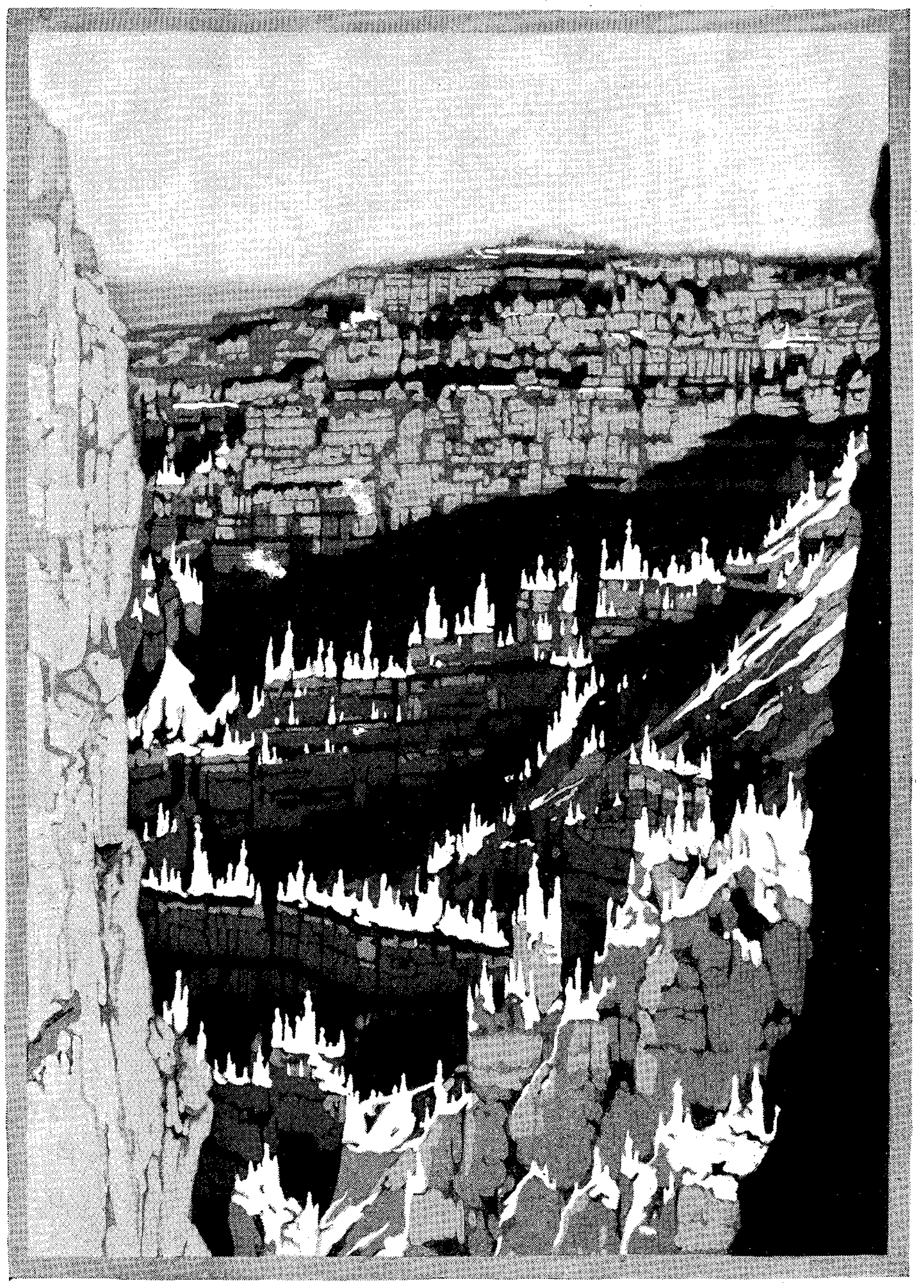

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

> to a consummate degree. Without a mask and with the thin glove he had absolute confidence even with the fastest and wildest pitchers in the box. He knew how to steady a pitcher. He still does. That was one of his greatest assets when he was a mere coach or manager.
>
> He radiated confidence to the men in the box. They looked at Wilbert Robinson crouched there behind the plate, a broad and compact bulk. They seemed to feel that nothing could get by him, and as a matter of fact very few fast balls did.
>
> Robinson showed that he was more than a good catcher and an intelligent one. His keen, quick vision made him also a great batter. Despite his bulk and apparent unwieldiness he was also a great base runner, and was one of the most daring and successful base stealers among the Athletics. A catcher to-day with the qualifications Wilbert Robinson of the Athletics possest certainly would be worth close to $20,000 a year to any big-league baseball club.
>
> It is not often that Wilbert Robinson is mentioned among the great catchers when they start to look back. That is because the achievements of Wilbert Robinson since he quit active playing overshadow even his work on the ball field. Only the musty records in the archives show what he could do when he was a catcher, and the records lack eloquence.

"Robbie" is a stout nimrod, now nearly sixty-two years old, McGeehan relates, and—

> Last year he was very close to death, but he is the most active big man I ever knew. I went on one quail hunt with him in Maryland, and thereafter decided that I would rather hunt with younger and thinner men. Despite the fact that he has been forced to wear glasses for the past few years, Wilbert Robinson still has the same quick eye and the reflexes that once gave him a batting record that never has been broken, seven hits out of seven times at bat.

Through all of his half-century in the game he has kept the big heart of a big boy, and the writer assures us:

> There is no guile in Wilbert Robinson but baseball guile, which is the guile of play. Among the baseball strategists, he must be ranked with the foremost. While the Brooklyn baseball club was in desperate financial straits, Wilbert Robinson won two pennants with what the experts called castoffs and recruits.
>
> It was partly strategy and partly handling men. Wilbert Robinson knew how to impart the wisdom of big-league baseball to the busher. Best of all he knew how to put heart into the veteran from whom other managers had taken the heart. This is a gift that is godlike. The success of Wilbert Robinson was not achieved by the tearing down of the work of others and the shouldering aside of those who might have stood in his way. He won his way upward by carrying others along with him, and gained as high a place in his game as any player through the trust and affection of the men who knew him.

HOW TO CHOOSE A CANOE

HIS birch-bark cockle-shell was badly damaged. There was no bark at hand with which to repair it. The Penobscot Indian voyager was in a tight fix. But 'tis often from such emergencies that brilliant ideas are born, successful experiments attempted. Poor Lo happened to have at his disposition a sheet of painted cloth. He stretched it over his battered bark canoe, and secured the patch to make it water-tight at the edges. The experiment was crowned with success, and the troubled Indian's patched shallop became the progenitor of that truly American and very popular craft of to-day—the canvas-covered canoe. Such, at least, is the legend; and the man or boy who undertakes to choose a canoe at this appropriate season will exercise due discrimination as between the canvas and the all-wood types. Size and shape also play important parts, according to an expert. You can not have all the desirable qualities of all canoedom in one canoe—the use which you intend to make of it should determine your choice. While all canoes may look much alike to one who has never paddled, canoeists well know from experience that varying qualities make all the difference in the world between sorrow and joy in "paddling your own." Writing on the subject in *Boys' Life,* Elon Jessup tells us:

> You can't have the maximum amount of speed, lightness, carrying capacity and stability all in the same boat. In order to attain a double amount of stability, you sacrifice a certain amount of lightness and speed. But in certain waters this is a very wise sacrifice. Suppose, for example, that two men with camping equipment were to start across a wide rough lake in a fifteen-foot, narrow-beamed canoe. Such a craft is not very seaworthy, and it is within the range of possibility that they might come to grief. Yet, an additional two feet in the length of that canoe might make all the difference between disaster and safety.

The relation between a canoe's construction and its behavior on water is explained in instructive detail as follows:

> Length and breadth in a canoe are two important factors that make for steadiness, carrying capacity and general seaworthiness. Furthermore, a craft having fairly blunt ends, altho not as speedy as a canoe having very sharp ends, is likely to be much more stable.
>
> Length and breadth, either separately or together, foster steadiness. You have the maximum amount of stability when both of these factors are present in a canoe. For example, a sixteen-foot canoe of narrow beam is relatively unstable. On the other hand, a sixteen-foot craft of wide beam (say, thirty-five or thirty-six inches) has about the same degree of steadiness as a longer craft of narrow beam. But it is not as steady as a longer canoe having a wide beam.
>
> An extra foot of length in a canoe weighs about five pounds. That is, an average canoe of sixteen-foot length, when dry, weighs about sixty-five pounds; sometimes a trifle more.
>
> A seventeen-footer, when dry, weighs about seventy pounds or thereabouts, and

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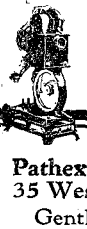

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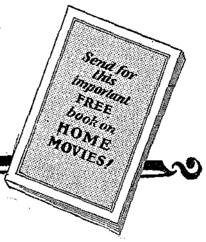
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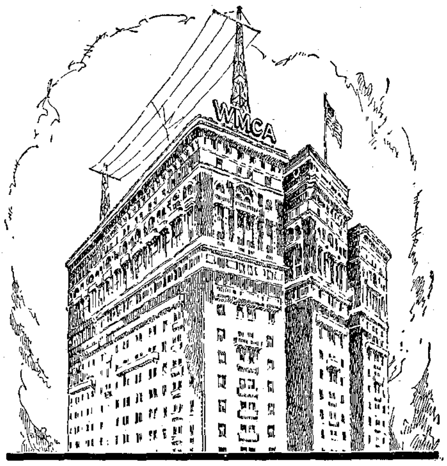

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

an eighteen-footer, seventy-five. In each case the extra foot of length means greater stability and an additional carrying capacity of about seventy-five pounds for the same draft. Hence, there are times when an extra foot is a wise investment.

A wide flat floor gives a canoe stability, especially so when the flatness of flooring is carried well into the ends and there is a pronounced convexity to the sides. This inward turn of the sides toward the rails is sometimes known as the "tumble home." The draft of a flat-floored canoe is comparatively slight. Its tendency is to ride on the surface of the water.

Some canoes which are designed solely for use upon large bodies of water have more rounded floors, the object being to obtain greater draft in order that the craft may hold its course the more readily in winds and waves. Such a canoe is quite steady in case its length is sufficient to counteract the rolling tendency of its rounded bottom. Without doubt, a craft of this type is thoroughly suitable for open water. At the same time, there is greater adaptability attached to the flat-floored type of construction. A flat-floored canoe is at home on almost any kind of water.

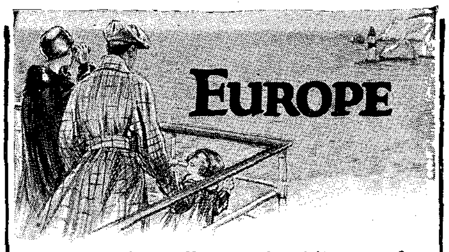
In case you are to use a canoe on a lake or wide river, the selection should be made predominantly from the standpoint of seaworthiness. The craft should be fairly long; seventeen feet, at least. Eighteen feet is a better length, provided portages are unnecessary. The ends of the craft should be fairly blunt and the breadth of the bottom carried well forward in order that the canoe when being paddled in rough water may climb over waves instead of cutting through them.

In narrow stream paddling, on the other hand, there is not the same necessity for length and breadth of construction. A sixteen-foot canoe having a width of thirty-two inches is a favorite type. The lines of such a craft are easier and sharper than are those of the lengthier lake canoe; the bow cuts the water like a wedge instead of slapping down upon it.

Altho the best type of small-stream canoe is ordinarily unsuitable for lake travel, a very good lake canoe may perform efficient service as a small stream craft. In view of the fact that much canoeing includes both small streams and lakes, there may well be an advantage in owning an all-around sort of boat. In which case, the seventeen-foot flat-bottom craft of reasonably wide beam, with flatness of flooring carried well into the ends, may serve very well. An eighteen-foot canvas craft of wide beam, sometimes known as the "guide's" model, will take you almost anywhere.

If we favor the canvas type, Mr. Jessup advises us to see that our canoe has plenty of ribs—about four to each foot of length—and he tells us:

Some canvas-covered canoes are equipped with "half ribs" in addition to the full-length ribs which run from gunwale to gunwale. These half ribs are confined to the flooring of the craft, there being one between every two full ribs. Such an arrangement adds to the strength of a canoe. During ordinary canoe travel, this extra strength is hardly essential. But in case your canoe is headed for especially



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hard service, it is just as well to have the half ribs.

All canoes are equipped with thwarts. Lacking these the craft would spread out of shape. A convenient arrangement is a stern and forward thwart, which are permanently attached, and a middle thwart equipped with thumbscrews. There may be times when a middle thwart will get in your way, and you wish to take it out temporarily. But there are other times when it proves uncommonly useful, notably when one man carries a canoe on his shoulders. And it is always an aid in helping a craft hold its shape.

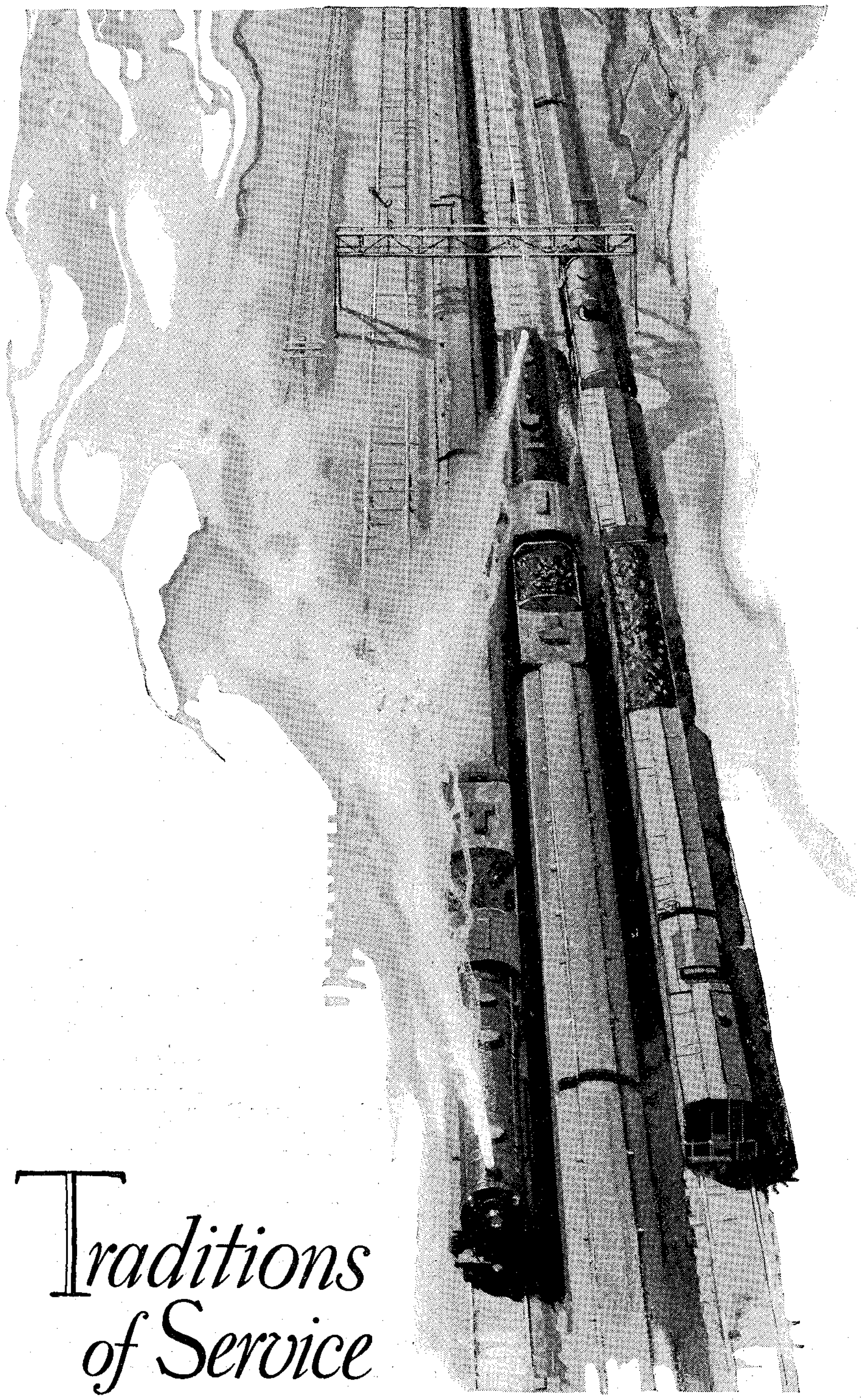
Some canoes are equipped with single or "closed" gunwales, while others have double or "open" gunwales. Perhaps the term "split" describes the latter type more aptly in that it consists of an outer and inner gunwale with open spaces in between. This open gunwale type of construction is the superior from almost every standpoint. The chief reason for its superiority lies in the ease with which dirt and sand may be washed from the interior of the craft. Sand, one of the greatest enemies of the canvas-covered canoe, streams out through the open gunwales. In the case of a closed gunwale craft it is practically impossible to wash out all the grains.

The average canoe is equipped with a keel, altho some are not. A canoe without a keel is the more responsive in making quick turns, which is the reason why canoes which are used chiefly in swift water are sometimes devoid of keels. On the other hand, a keel gives stability to a craft, minimizes drifting on a wind-swept lake, and is a notable element in prolonging a canoe's life in the form of protection from hard knocks on the bottom. The advantages of a keel predominate over its occasional disadvantages. The most satisfactory type of keel is a long narrow strip of hardwood running the length of the craft and projecting about an inch below its bottom.

An outside hardwood stem, serving as a continuation of the keel at bow and stern, adds to the strength of a craft, altho it is not essential. An outside rail running the length of a canoe and extending about an inch beyond its side has real practical value in keeping out water.

Finally we are advised by Mr. Jessup that in paddling our own canoe the safest way is to take a kneeling position on the floor of the boat:

> Canvas-covered canoes are invariably equipped with two cane seats, one forward and the other in the stern. The presence of seats in a canoe is a departure from the historic birch bark in that the Indian squatted on the floor when he paddled. Similarly, in modern canoes of all-wood construction there is ordinarily an absence of seats.
>
> Because your weight is close to the floor, a kneeling position is a safer paddling position than a high cane seat. On the other hand, the birch bark was an exceptionally tippy craft; the need for a man to lower his weight was greater than in the case of the average canvas-covered canoe.
>
> The kneeling paddling position is an excellent method at all times, and in some stretches of rough water it is the only safe method. But it is likely to prove a tiring and uncomfortable position during an extended period, unless a person is accustomed to it from long practise. A seat is more comfortable for the average canoeist. But there is no particular reason why the seat should be the top-heavy affair that it



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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

is in many canvas-covered canoes. Sometimes when buying a canoe you can have the seats dropt about four inches below gunwale level; which is a better and safer paddling position than gunwale level. However, the floor is always present, irrespective of the height of a seat. And that is the safest spot from which to paddle when waves are running high or white water is foaming.

DRY-LAND TRAINING FOR A SWIMMING CHAMPION

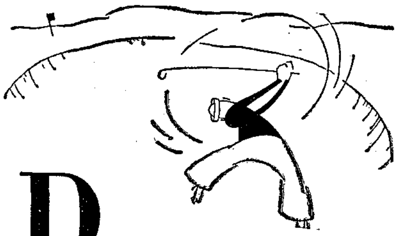
By dry-land exercises, which he has worked out for himself, Arne Borg, world-famous speed swimmer, develops ability to smash records and upset theories of perfect swimming style held by athletic experts. Borg is said to be improving more rapidly than any swimmer in the world to-day—as a member of the Illinois Athletic Club speeding "to middle and long-distance marks thought safely assigned to future generations." His coach, Bachrach, who developed Weismuller, is amazed at his strength, and says, "He is not big, not broad, not muscular. He is long and slender, and has long arms and big hands. He gets tremendous propelling power out of his arm about midway in the stroke, but otherwise I can not account for his exceptional speed and endurance." But Borg has his own very definite ideas about it, and Clarence A. Bush gives them to us in *The Christian Science Monitor*. First by inheritance, says Borg:

"I come from a race which is traditionally endowed with great physical energy and endurance. The climate and geography of Norway and Sweden made that necessary for survival of the people. My father and mother were always interested in athletics. I have a twin brother, Ake, who also is a great swimmer, tho not a world's record-breaker.

"It seems to me I have an inheritance from the Vikings, those sea-faring outlaws, who fought for the love of adventure. I have always loved the sea, to look at, to sail on, and to plunge into. It has a fascination for me, as it has had to most of my race as far back as history goes. From my earliest days I took to the water like a fish.

"My father was chief of police of Stockholm. From 1908 to 1914 he maintained a summer home on the seashore just outside of town, where we stayed for three months every year. He made my brother and me swim 60 yards before breakfast every morning without fail, regardless of the weather. There were many rainy, chilly mornings we would have preferred to stay indoors, but we had to get out and swim."

Borg says his stroke is a combination of his conception of the arm action developed by Norman Ross, formerly a member of the I. A. C., and in his day the world's greatest middle and long-distance swimmer, and the leg beats of D. P. Kahanamoku of Hawaii, former world's champion



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and record holder at 50 and 100-yard free-style sprints. His interviewer, Mr. Bush, remarks that "whether either of these stars will recognize their traits in Borg's stroke is not the point; the important thing is that he aimed at them and thinks they are what he has developed." Borg went up against them both, on Sweden's team, at the Olympic games in Antwerp in 1920, was completely outclassed, resolved to become the world's greatest swimmer, and began dry-land as well as water practise. Furthermore:

> He studied the styles of his conquerors. He buckled down to two years of the hardest kind of training. He spent hours and days at practise. When he was not in the water, he was going through the motions on dry land.
>
> To get the proper Ross arm action, Borg stood before a full-length mirror, braced his feet about twenty inches apart and practised hour after hour. While being interviewed, he showed how it is done.
>
> "You should keep the body practically rigid in this exercise," Borg explained, "moving only the arms and the shoulders. Most beginners in trying it, by mistake pivot from the waist, weave at the knees, and otherwise swing around like a top. You can not get the proper arm action when you do that.
>
> "Then the arms must move in a straight line, front to back as you would be lying face down in the water. As you stand up on land, the hand reaches up and out overhead in a line with the shoulder, neither in nor out of the line. Don't reach up too high. The hand moves out and down, but not with the arm fully extended. The arm bends at the elbow, the lower arm and the wrist held in a way that makes a kind of crescent of the entire limb. The arms are rotated like a windmill, always equidistant.
>
> "Then to make sure that I am keeping the hand in a perfect course, straight front and back as I would lie in the water, I stick out my thumb as my hand passes my thigh and make sure to clear it by only half an inch or so.
>
> "This thumb is an important trick in practise. It keeps your hand in the right course, and is the only way you can tell whether your hand is going too far out or too close in. Of course, in swimming you keep your thumb cupped to your hand, but you have acquired the right line of action in practise, and can feel if it is right by the performance of your muscles."

To his interviewer Borg explained that he got most of his power from his arms, and that he let his feet for the most part trail behind him like threads.

> "I have a dry-land exercise that develops a thread-like limberness in the joints of the legs and feet," he stated. "You see, without this training your foot is liable to form an angle with your leg. This makes a drag, offering a resistance against the water with the top surface of the foot. See how I can bend my foot almost double backward? That was developed in this manner."
>
> To illustrate, Borg took a chair, leaned his hands and chest upon the seat, and stretched his legs out at full length to the floor. His body was bridged between the chair and the floor, with the top of his feet turned down to the floor and supporting the lower end of the human bridge. Then he began to sway in the middle in a

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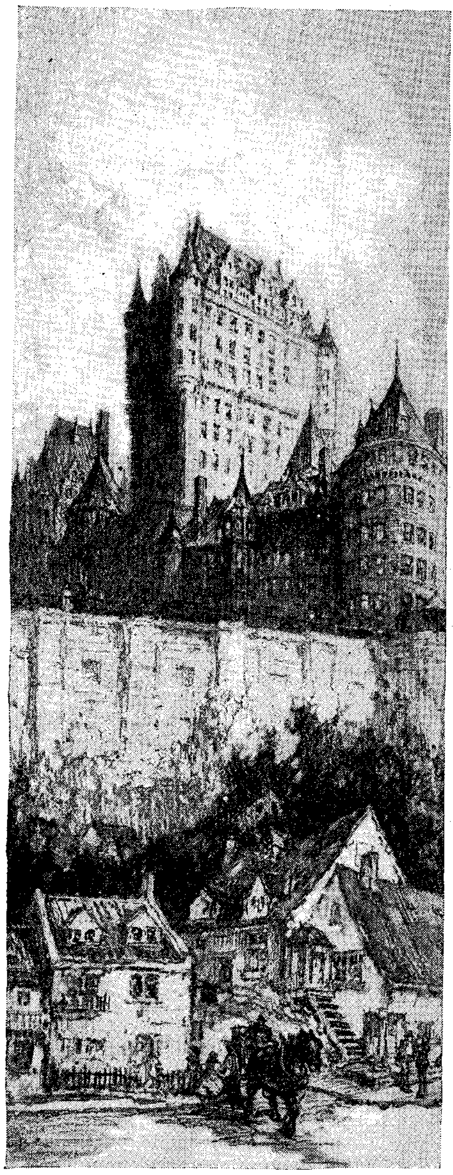

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Bienvenue à Québec

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

manner that put the utmost strain upon the strength and flexibility of his feet.

"That gets those feet out of the way so that the top surfaces offer no resistance to the water."

There is some question about Borg having mastered Kahanamoku's leg action. While the latter's is not a true six-beat crawl-stroke tread, it is much more rapid than Borg's and contributes more propelling power.

Borg's slow leg beat, almost a trudgeon both in cadence and in the width of the spread of the feet, is one feature that may account for his endurance. While he is putting a greater power burden upon his arms than Weissmuller, he is getting relaxation in his legs. Weissmuller, on the other hand, is using his legs in a very rapid, whiplash churning through the water that is very exhausting when used at long distances, but highly effective for short sprints.

Further we learn from the *Monitor's* interview that "Like most of the great speed swimmers of to-day, Borg takes a breath regularly on every stroke, turning his head to the side and inhaling through the mouth, then turning his face down and exhaling in the water through the nose. This constant flow of fresh air aids in maintaining his supply of strength over long-distance performances." As to the results of his original methods:

Borg's first world record was made on his twentieth birthday, after two years of the practise described, and he keeps on breaking his own records.

The first record was for 1,000 meters at Oslo, Norway, in 1921. The former standard was set by F. E. Baurepaire of Australia, 14m. 36 3-5s. Borg clipt 15 3-5s. from that mark, recording time of 14m. 21s. To-day his record for that distance is 13m. 4s. That is an amazing performance but only one of many equally amazing.

Recently Borg broke a world's record previously held by Ross at 880 yards free style in a 60-foot tank of 10m. 55s. It was the first meet of the present indoor season held at the Illinois Athletic Club. Borg trimmed 24 2-5s. from his own earlier mark, which had displaced that of Ross. He swam the distance in 9m. 59 3-5s.

Members of the club and team mates teased Borg about that performance. They asserted he should not extend himself that way, but be content to reduce records by a few seconds at a time, or even by fractions of a second, so he could break them again and again. They asserted that he would never swim the half-mile in less than 9m. 59s., and that he was foolish not to have reserved that extended mark for the future.

This teasing aroused him and he asserted he could swim a half-mile in the unheard-of time of 9m. 57s. Coach Bachrach got out his stop-watch, and, while the gathering looked on, Borg went after the mark. He set a pace which they declared he could never maintain. Yet at each furlong his time was the same. He maintained the pace without varying more than a fraction of a second to the end, and was clocked in exactly 9m. 57s. His judgment of pace was declared equally as amazing as the total time he recorded.

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Borg is 5 feet 11 inches in height and weighs 155 pounds. His record table up to this year accompanying the *Monitor's* interview is as follows:

ARNE BORG'S WORLD SWIMMING RECORDS

60-Foot Pools			
500 yards	5m. 37 4-5s.	Dec. 9, 1925	Homestead, Pa.
600 yards	6m. 53s.	Oct. 7, 1925	Stockholm
880 yards	9m. 59 2-5s.	Dec. 3, 1925	Chicago
75-Foot Pools			
300 meters	3m. 33s.	Sept. 10, 1925	Stockholm
400 yards	4m. 29s.	Dec. 7, 1925	Monongahela, Pa.
400 meters	4m. 50 2-5s.	Sept. 9, 1925	Stockholm
440 yards	4m. 50 2-5s.	Sept. 9, 1925	Stockholm
500 yards	5m. 38 2-5s.	Sept. 9, 1925	Stockholm
500 meters	6m. 8 3-5s.	Sept. 9, 1925	Stockholm
1000 yards	12m. 12s.	Feb. 5, 1925	St. Augustine, Fla.
Long Courses			
880 yards	10m. 29 3-5s.	Nov. 27, 1925	Coral Gables, Fla.
1000 yards	12m. 9s.	May 28, 1925	Searsville, Calif.
1000 meters	13m. 4s.	Aug. 16, 1925	Oslo, Norway
One mile	21m. 41s.	Aug. 18, 1925	Gutenburg, Sweden
One mile	22m. 34s.	January 1924	Sydney, Australia

Borg has made many more world's records, but in nearly every case has bettered his own standard within the last year.

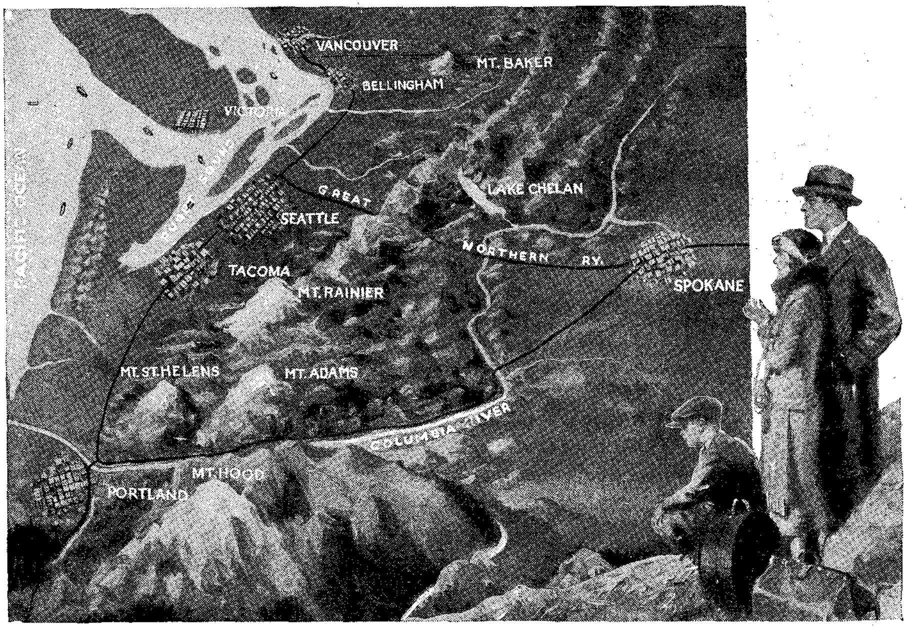
HOW JOHN L. BROKE UP THE SHOW

STUDDED with diamonds when presented to the mighty pugilist, but stript of them all before it came into a junk dealer's possession and thence reached the Philadelphia mint, John L. Sullivan's famous championship belt was melted down the other day for the gold that was in it. According to the Boston *Post*, this glittering trophy "was said to have been pawned shortly after John L. gave up his interest in Martin's café. John L. needed money for his tour in a theatrical troupe and sold the gems individually and pawned the gold plates for $750." So the fate of the belt connects itself with the pugilist's stage career, and by a happy coincidence Mr. Robert H. Davis contributes to the New York *Sun* an article picturing Sullivan as an actor. Davis met him just after the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company in which John L. played the "heroic rôle" of *Simon Legree* had "broken up with a loud report in Springfield one fall night about twenty years ago." We read:

> I was traveling from Boston to New York on a train that rolled into New Haven with a hot box, and had to halt so that the car could be cut out. From my seat in the smoker I saw John L. seated on the baggage truck, smoking a long cigar. He was wearing a loud brown checked suit, the old familiar square-top Kelly, and a flaring collar upon which the red stripes ran perpendicularly. Aside from that he was in an obviously surly mood. The afternoon papers carried an account of the eruption in Springfield, so I was fairly well equipped with a text for light conversation. I climbed down from the car and walked toward John L. with extended hand.

Mr. Davis found John L. "formal if not courteous," but managed to start a conversation, which began thus:

> "What's this I see in the papers, John?"
> "What papers?"
> "This." I pointed to a flaring headline: "Sullivan Wallops *Uncle Tom* in the Second Act."
> "That's what I done and I socked him good," growled *Simon Legree.*
> "Did it bust up the show?"
> "Well, it put it on the bum, if that's



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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

what you mean." He stroked the famous mustache in sullen meditation. "And why not? Lemme tell you what happened. It was my dough that backed the company; a roll of the long green that I made with my own mitts. Barrin' me, not a damn one of the cast drew a dollar into the box-office. And that goes for *Little Eva*, too. A mob of hamfatters—from *Marks the Lawyer* down to *Uncle Tom*. All slobs."

John took several puffs on his black Havana, fanned the cloud of smoke away and resumed:

"The worst of the lot was the guy that played *Uncle Tom*. He was pushed onto me by one of them theatrical agencies. I signed him up at $25 a week, which was fifteen more than he was worth. He had a pie part and got a big hand every night when I blacksnakes him in the second act. Then what does he do? He strikes me for a five-dollar raise; that's what he does. Me with the hisses and him with the applause.

"He had all the good lines, the big stiff! He was rotten. And another thing: He wore a wide leather band around his fat belly so that when I belted him with the blacksnake the suckers in the audience thought I was killing him. It went big every night, so he starts to get a swelled head. Thought he was an actor, and starts out on a boosting campaign. Him!"

As Mr. Davis relates, Sullivan "tossed his butt across the platform and spat into space." Then he resumed:

"Last night in the big scene where I made him get on his knees, lambasting him all the time, the audience went cuckoo.

"'Who am I?' I says, wrappin' the leather around him.

"'My master,' says he, claspin' his hands.

"'Who owns your black body?' says I, sockin' him again.

"'You own my body, but my soul belongs to God.'

"That was the line from the play. The audience began to cheer like a lot of lunatics. It was a knockout. He thought the applause was all for him. It lasted for mebby two minutes. I lifted the blacksnake to bash him again if the applause began to die down, but I seen he was trying to speak to me. And say, kid, what do you suppose that big bum says to me?"

John L. was on the brink of an apoplectic stroke.

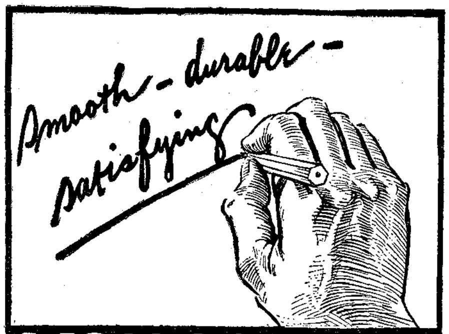
"He says to me: 'How about forty a week from now on?'

"Right there I dropt the blacksnake and let him have a short-arm punch in the jaw. It was comin' to him. An old dame in front cries 'For shame!' and then some bloke rings down the curtain while I chased *Uncle Tom* off the stage, through the wings and down an alley. All the bloodhounds in the show business couldn't have caught up with him that night. I lost him the first hundred yards. I think he's goin' yet. And that's what busted up my Uncle Tom's Cabin Company. You'd 'a' done the same thing. 'Forty dollars a week from now on.'" That last sentence dript from John's lips like some distasteful thing.

"So you're going to let him walk home?"

"Walk?" snorted Mr. Sullivan. "Run!"

That is the true story of how the stage lost a great *Simon Legree* and a greater tho underpaid *Uncle Tom*, in Springfield, Massachusetts, some twenty years ago.



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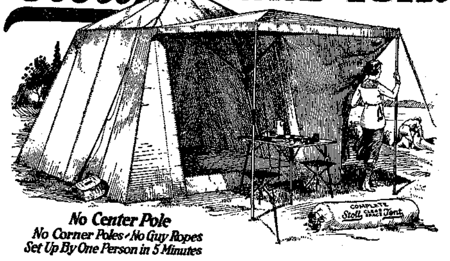
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CUTTING OUT THE SOUTHPAWS AS PRACTISED BY McGRAW

SOME of the best pitching that baseball has had for many years—and most of it right-handed—is to be sprung upon the breathless fans of the nation during the current season, according to John J. McGraw. In a signed article copyrighted by the Christy Walsh Syndicate, and printed in the New York *Evening World*, the Manager of the Giants announces that his popular troupe of bright young men, strengthened by their springtime swatting bouts, are facing the summer "with at least ten pitchers in good shape." And he continues:

> I can't say that any of them are outstanding stars like Mathewson, Rucker, Johnson, Alexander, or any of those great pitchers in their prime, but as a group the Giant pitchers have given us a defense in which I have confidence.
>
> Incidentally, I often hear and read that this or that club is weak through the lack of one or two left-handers. Personally I don't think that southpaws are at all necessary to the success of a ball club. Give me plenty of good right-handed pitching, and I don't care whether there is a left-hander around or not. Pennants have been won without the use of a southpaw at all. If I remember right, the Yanks won without a left-hander one year. Good pitching is good pitching and, as a rule, right-handers are better than left-handers. All managers seem to share my view on that subject nowadays.
>
> Always my specialty has been in studying pitchers. I pay more attention to them because they make the defense of a ball club certain whether the batting department comes through or not. The Reds, for example, have kept right up in the race and have held their own this spring without the punch of other clubs like the Giants, the Pirates and the Cardinals. Their pitching has made the scores low. If the Reds had just a little more batting punch they would be a most dangerous contender this season.
>
> That illustrates the emphasis all managers in both leagues are laying on the development of pitching staffs. It gives them a solid basis on which to work. After a defense has been perfected the development of a scoring machine can be worked out later. A club with good pitchers always has something to fall back on. It can not go to pieces altogether.
>
> Stanley Harris caught that idea the moment he became a manager, and his skilful manipulation of veteran pitchers has been responsible for his success. With Harris at the head, the Senators always will be dangerous.
>
> My greatest task is in teaching pitchers not to rely on main strength, but to use judgment, skill and control. Many of them get by for a year or two on nothing but a fast ball that they can buzz by the batters. They get the impression that they can do that always. In a very short time, tho, their physical power wanes and they must learn new tricks in the trade.
>
> In the past two or three years I have noticed a much higher grade of intelligence among these younger players. Formerly the majority of them tried to fool their managers by covering up their faults. As a matter of fact they were fooling nobody but themselves. They are just like the golfer who does not count his strokes. He is

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The Literary Digest School and College Directory

LITERARY DIGEST readers seeking private institutions of learning will find in our pages between April 10th and September 11th the following Classified Directory containing the names and addresses of some distinctive residential schools; vocational, professional, special schools, and colleges. In the earlier issues will appear supervised summer camps. Advertisements describing these institutions will be found in the first issue of each month from April to September.

You are invited to write for information to any of the institutions in which you are interested. We list only such schools as we believe are under highly trained and public-spirited executives. Our School Advisory Department continues to serve, as it has for many years, our readers, the schools, and camps without fees or obligation. It is necessary for inquirers to give specific information that may aid us in giving prompt service.

Schools for Girls and Colleges for Women

Abbott Academy	Andover, Mass.
Frances Shimer School	Box 648, Mt. Carroll, Ill.
Glendale Jr. College and Preparatory School	Box 1, Glendale, Ohio
Lasell Seminary	103 Woodland Road, Auburndale, Mass.
Lindenwood College	Box 726, St. Charles, Mo.
Mary Baldwin College and Seminary	Staunton, Va.
Miss Beard's School for Girls, address	"Principal," Orange, N. J.
Monticello Seminary	Godfrey, Ill.
National Park Seminary	Box 157, Forest Glen, Md.
Rogers Hall	Lowell, Mass.
St. Margaret's School	Waterbury, Conn.
The Birmingham School	Box 109, Birmingham, Pa.
Walnut Hill School	Natick, Mass.

Summer Schools

Culver Summer Schools	Culver, Ind.

Special

Devereux Schools	Box L, Berwyn, Pa.
Martin Institute for Speech Defects	405 De Witt Park, Ithaca, N. Y.
Miss Compton's School	3825 Flad Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
School for Stammerers	Citizens National Bank Building, Tyler, Texas
Stewart Home Training School	Box C, Frankfort, Ky.

Technical

Bliss Electrical School	465 Takoma Ave., Washington, D. C.
Colorado School of Mines	Box T, Golden, Colorado
New Mexico School of Mines	Box P-4, Socorro, New Mexico

Boys' Preparatory

California Preparatory School	Box D, Pasadena, Calif.
Moses Brown School	Providence, R. I.
Peddie Institute	Box 5-P, Hightstown, N. J.
The Hun School of Princeton	106 Stockton St., Princeton, N. J.

Military Schools and Colleges

Kemper Military School	706 Third St., Boonville, Mo.
Miami Military Institute	Box 269, Germantown, Ohio
San Diego Army and Navy Academy	Box L, Pacific Beach Sta., San Diego, Calif.
Staunton Military Academy	Box D, Staunton, Va.
Wentworth Military Academy	Box L, Lexington, Mo.

Vocational and Professional

Anne Tillery Renshaw School of Speech	1739 Conn. Ave., Washington, D. C.
Cincinnati Conservatory of Music	Highland & Burnet Ave., & Oak St., Cincinnati, Ohio
Ithaca Conservatory of Music	5 De Witt Park, Ithaca, N. Y.
Posse-Nissen School	779 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.
Rider College of Business Administration	Box L, Trenton, N. J.
The Sargent School	Cambridge, Mass.

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

Continued

kidding nobody but himself, and consequently does not improve his game.

To "pitch to the batter's weakness"—that is the high point of pitching efficiency, according to the McGraw formula, and he explains:

> The modern ball-player tries to find his faults so as to correct them. Smart pitchers like Walter Johnson, Arthur Nehf, and many others, quickly discovered that they no longer could get by on a fast ball, and began to perfect curves and control.
>
> The main difference between a minor leaguer and a big leaguer is that the former thinks control means putting a ball over the middle of the plate with a lot of steam on it. That won't do in the big leagues. Here he has to put something on the ball and at the same time control it, so that it will not get over the middle of the plate. He must have such control that he can pitch to the batter's weakness. He can't get by on main strength any more. The smarter they are the quicker they learn that.
>
> Another feature of baseball that has imprest me deeply this spring as we tour about the South is the improvement in baseball leadership. Formerly it was believed that any man could manage a team by merely sitting on the bench, provided he had acquired good players. That system may have succeeded in the old days. Why, Jim Mutrie and one or two other old-time managers used to sit on the bench wearing plug hats.
>
> To be a successful manager in this day and time the man must either be a good player now or must have been in his day. Otherwise the players will accept his leadership with a grain of salt.
>
> When told to do a certain thing the young player wants to feel that the man who told him could do that very thing himself, and knows what he is talking about. He has faith and confidence in his leader.
>
> The great improvement in baseball is due largely to the selection of managers with those qualifications. Instead of bench managers who were never great ball-players, we have to-day such leaders as Cobb, Sisler, Hornsby, Speaker, Bancroft, Fletcher, Harris, McKechnie, Collins and Huggins. These men have been through the mill and know what they are talking about. Moreover, the player knows that they know and doesn't try to fool them.
>
> Some people say that a great player, when he becomes a manager, makes the mistake of expecting the ordinary player to do a thing as well as he could do it himself. I don't believe that. The greater the player the more considerate and generous is he to others who are trying to make good. It is like the really big man in any other profession. He doesn't have to stall around or curry favor to have his opinions respected.
>
> I don't think I ever knew a broader, more considerate and more understanding manager than George Sisler. Just look at the results and you can see that the same thing applies to Rogers Hornsby, Tris Speaker, Dave Bancroft, Bill McKechnie, Huggins, Collins, Cobb, or any of those men. Naturally the temperament of all these individuals can not be the same. They get results by different methods, but always their leadership is respected.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

PUTTING OUT FIRES WITH SOUND

THE use of sound vibrations to put out fires is not likely to find general acceptance, according to scientists, despite the interest aroused by the experiments of Charles Kellogg, a California naturalist, says a contributor to the New York *Times*. Mr. Kellogg recently demonstrated his ability to put out a gas flame by the use of his voice, or by passing a bow across a tuning-fork, and thus producing vibrations of the requisite intensity. The possibility of extending this ability of sound to smother fires of greater size has been discust widely since the experiments and have led to theorizing which physicists declare is unwarranted by the facts. We read:

The experiment of putting out a gas-flame inside a glass tube, they point out, is not a new one; it has been shown to students of physics in laboratories for half a century. But the possibility of affecting by sound flame or light not under control and on a much larger scale is, according to scientists, another problem and one that involves factors which they think make success more than doubtful.

Prof. J. C. Hubbard, head of the physics department of New York University, is one who doubts the possibility of fighting fire by vibrations. He points out that an explosion sufficiently intense will blow the fire out; but after that the embers will again be kindled into flame. What Mr. Kellogg has been demonstrating, he declares, is but one of the many curious misunderstood facts of science.

The flame need not even be enclosed in a tube to show the effects of vibrations in the surrounding air. In a text-book on physics studied thirty or forty years ago, students were told that gas escaping from a tube with a small opening, under pressure, forms a jet which preserves its identity for some distance, enclosed as it were, in an envelop which prevents gas and air from mingling. Such a jet of illuminating gas when lighted forms a flame cylindrical in shape. If a whistle is blown or a bunch of keys is rattled near by, the jet breaks down into an ordinary fan-shaped flame, and if the intensity of the interfering noise is increased, the flame may be entirely extinguished.

Disturbances sent out by the sounding body in the form of short waves or pulses in the air disrupt the gaseous envelop of the flame. A jet like this is called a sensitive flame, whose response to vibration is made use of in the study of sound-waves.

Dr. John Le Conte, an eminent American scientist, was the first recorded observer of the phenomenon of the sensitiveness of flames to musical vibration. He made the discovery in 1857 while attending a musical party at the home of a friend. Soon after the music started, he observed that the flames exhibited pulsations at the same time with the audible beats. This gave him a clue. He studied the phenomenon with the crude appliances at his disposal, and established the fact that an ordinary flame issuing from a gas-burner becomes an indicator of sound by vibrating in unison with an external source, provided the pressure is such that the flame is just ready to flare.

The American scientist's investigations

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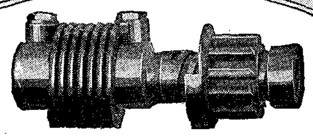

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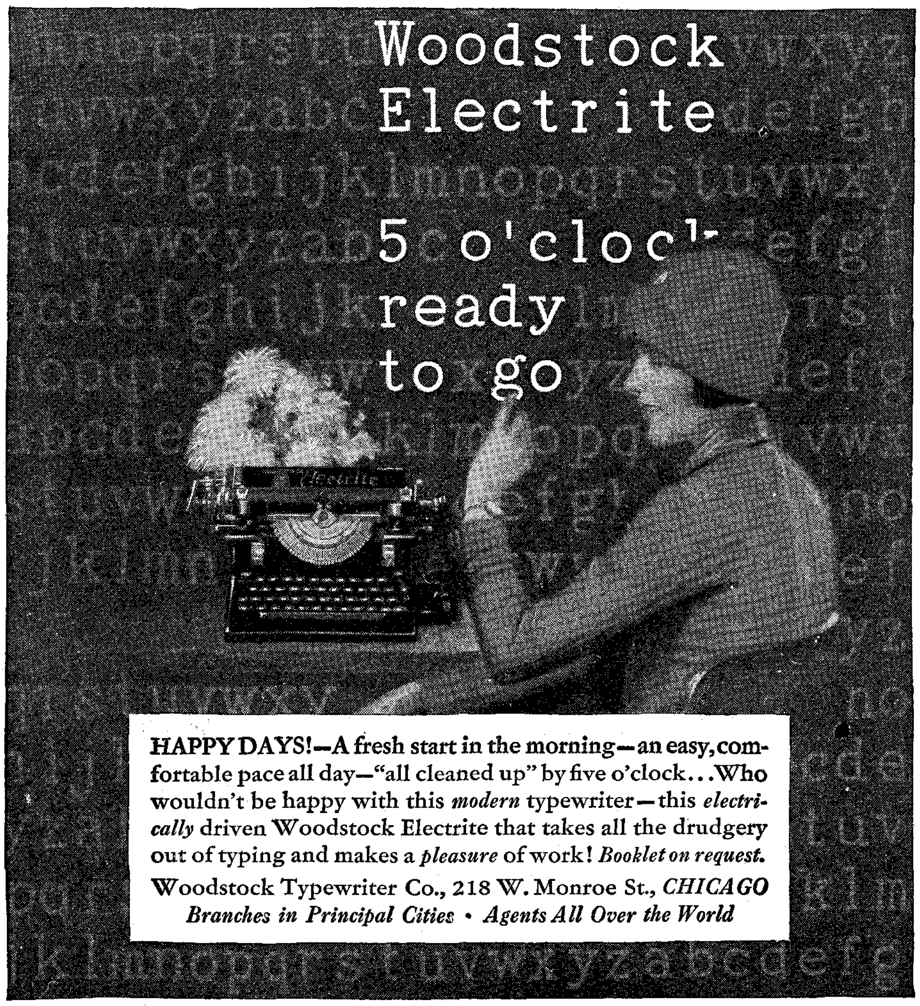

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

formed the basis for subsequent experiments conducted by famous European physicists, among them Professor Tyndall, the great authority on sound, who used the sensitive flame for the detection of inaudible sounds and for the optical analysis of compound tones.

These experiments showed that when an ordinary gas-flame was surrounded by an appropriate tube a strong falsetto voice pitched to the note of the tube or to its higher octave caused the flame to quiver. When more power is thrown into the voice the flame is easily extinguished. Professor Tyndall also made the same experiment that Mr. Kellogg now demonstrates.

Scientists point out that the effects shown by Mr. Kellogg are quite easy to attain with a sensitive flame. But whether an open fire may be regarded as a sensitive flame is questionable. One who is emphatic on this point is Prof. M. I. Pupin of Columbia University.

"Mr. Kellogg," he said, "proposes to put out a fire in a building by producing a sound of the same pitch as that of the burning house. How he proposes to determine the pitch is unknown. For it is not a case of gas burning in a tube, but of a number of materials burning in the open. It is a simple matter to control and regulate a gas-flame in a tube by inducing in the burner vibrations of the same natural period as those of the tube. But to generalize from this that an open fire can be extinguished by means of musical vibrations is wholly unwarranted."

CHANGES IN STARLIGHT

SOME stars change in the amount of their radiation as much as 40 per cent. over a short time, according to Professor Stebbins of Washburn Observatory, Wisconsin. This observatory is measuring the constancy of starlight with an electric-cell photometer according to the New York *Times*. "It has been demonstrated," said the Wisconsin astronomer, "by the work of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory and its stations that the sun may be called a variable star. He goes on to explain:

> The amount of radiation in the form of light and heat which the sun emits is not always the same, but changes to the extent of several per cent. on each side of the average.
>
> The results of the Smithsonian observers are being used to study the connection between weather changes and variations in the sun, with considerable promise of success.
>
> Since the sun is only one of many million stars, the question arises as to how near this variability of the sun is typical of the stars in general. Roughly the stars may be divided into those which are white hot, yellow hot and red hot. The sun, of course, is a yellow star.
>
> The chief work of the Washburn Observatory lies at present in the measurement of minute fluctuations in the light of stars by means of an electric-cell photometer. With this instrument it is possible to measure the constancy of the light of one star by referring it to two or more other stars for comparison.

In this way the eclipses of stars by dark companions may be studied, and also other variations in light. Several cases have been found where white-hot stars have changed as much as 1 per cent. between one year and the next, and other cases where the change is more rapid—2 or 3 per cent. in as many weeks.

Some yellow stars, like the sun, seem to have irregular variations of 2 or 3 or even 5 per cent., while certain red stars may change as much as 20, 30 or 40 per cent.

These minute changes may not seem very great, but when it is considered that the stars are supposed to shine with much the same brilliance for thousands or millions of years, it is evident that any progressive change of 1 per cent. annually can not continue for many years in succession.

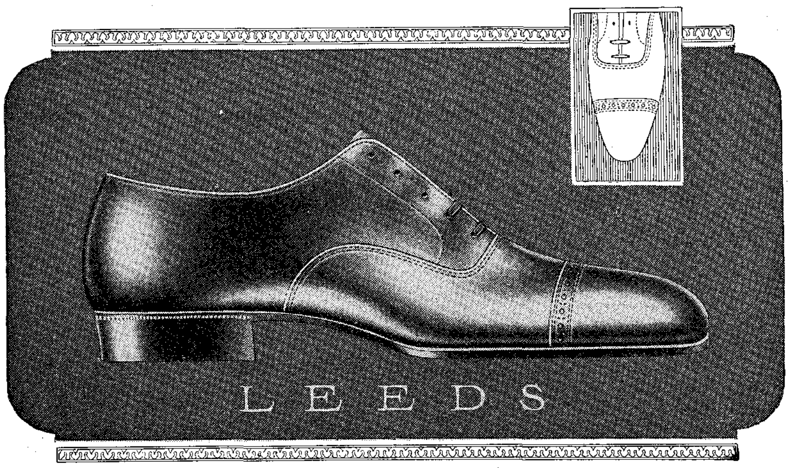
It is suggested, however, that the stars have some way of automatically regulating their radiation so that when they are so much below normal in some way they recover, and likewise when they become brighter than normal the successive radiation is made to decrease.

As a further outcome of these studies it is hoped to determine what may be called the average irregularity of radiation of the white stars as a class, the yellow stars and the red stars, and to connect these variations with the other characteristics of the stars.

THE FIRST AMERICAN ELEMENT

HAIL to illinium, chemical element number 61, first to be born on American soil! exclaims ecstatically Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington), proclaiming that Prof. B. S. Hopkins of the University of Illinois has isolated the hitherto unknown element "61," after detailed chemical work extending over several years. Four hundred pounds of monazite residues, donated by one of the big manufacturers of gas-mantles, yielded the new element, we are told, only after this quantity of rare earth material had been subjected to repeated fractional crystallization. Professor Hopkins found it extremely difficult to separate the new element from neodymium, another element which masked its presence. We read:

> From theoretical considerations, physicists and chemists have predicted just what spectral flags, as it were, the new element should fly when it is detected with spectroscope and X-ray. And Professor Hopkins bases his claim of discovery on many new lines in the spectrum, prominent bands in the absorption spectrum in the expected position and lines in the X-ray spectrum in the predicted position.
>
> The element is named after the university at which it was discovered, and its symbol will be the first two letters of its name, Il.
>
> Little practical use for illinium can be predicted, as it is just another of a large family of very closely related and much mixed-up rare earths. Some of these rare-earth elements make up the incandescent part of gas-mantles in every-day use, and it is probable that small amounts of illinium are actually contained in such mantles.
>
> Now all but two of the ninety-two fundamental materials of the universe, have been discovered. The two still missing are numbered 85 and 87.
>
> Efforts to locate element number 87, called prenatally, "ekacæsium," have been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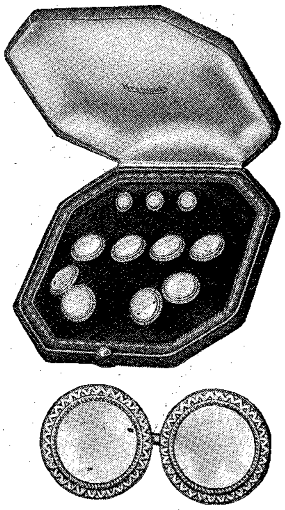
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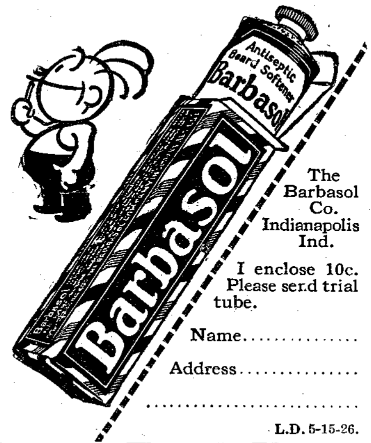

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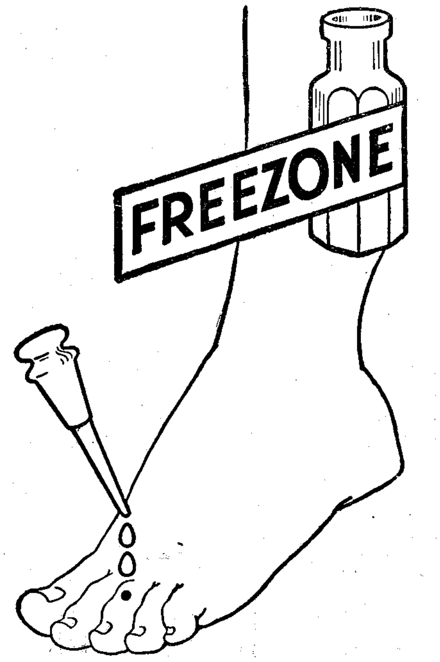

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

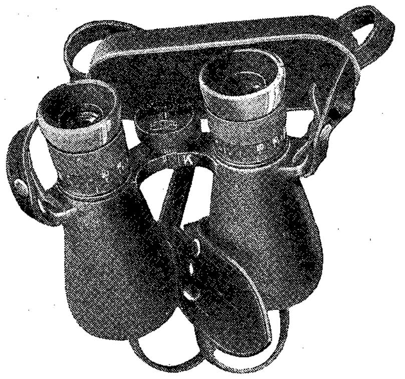
made at Harvard by Prof. T. W. Richards and Dr. E. H. Archibald in 1902 and again by Prof. G. P. Baxter in 1915. All these experimenters made successive fractionations of cæsium nitrate and other cæsium salts. Element 87 is known to belong in the alkaline group along with sodium, potassium and cæsium. Later attempts were made by Prof. L. M. Dennis and Dr. R. W. G. Wyckoff at Cornell University in 1919 fractionating cæsium alum and cæsium perchlorate obtained from the mineral pollucite. In all cases spectrum analysis of the final products of fractionation failed to yield any lines that could not be attributed to elements already known. These final products were also examined for signs of radioactivity with negative results. Likewise in further studies of radioactive decomposition no evidence has been found for an element having the properties of an alkaline metal.

No work reported has been done in an attempt to isolate element 85, which when discovered will be in the same group with iodin.

The name "americanium" is proposed editorially for the new element by the New York *Times*, which furnishes the following interesting résumé of the sources of elemental names:

> To some of the elements have been given names which celebrated the nationality or locality of the discoverer or the discovery—as germanium, gallium, scandium, indium, ytterbium—patriotic tributes which are as permanent as their distinctive spectra, unless, indeed, the name is changed as was the case of the only one bearing an American name, columbium, which, upon rediscovery, was named niobium. There is one element that remembers the earth out of which it was digged, tellurium; one which eternally worships the moon, silenium; another, vanadium, which gives like worship to a Scandinavian goddess, and another thorium, to the great god Thor; one that has hitched its heavy wagon to a remote planet, uranium; one that recalls only the difficulty the discoverer had in finding it, lanthanum; another the tantalizing experience in isolating it, tantalum, and, finally, one that is forever a stranger, xenon.
>
> As every human finger has its own print, so every element has its lines, disclosed by the X-ray, which are unmistakable, tho the neighboring elements are so close in their spectral revelations as hardly to be distinguished except by experts. There are no new lands to be discovered, but the thrill of discovery is still left to those who find new "earths" hidden in the crust of the globe. This romantic experience these chemists out in the University of Illinois have had. Whether their "No. 61" has any practical value is not of concern to the pure scientist. They have added one item to the sum of human knowledge—one fact immutable, enduring, as eternal as the earth in which they have found it, for even transmutation of every gram of it can not destroy its identity in the sequence of elemental things. It is reported to be the first American contribution to the atomic table. Perhaps it might be given the name, remembering Columbus, which niobium once had, and sometimes uses, or better still, to avoid all confusion, americanium.

GERMAN WAR GLASSES



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A NEW THEORY OF STORMS

NEW weather theories, based on the idea that the atmosphere is divided into strata that are thermally independent, have been advanced by Dr. G. C. Simpson, of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, following his extensive studies of the subject. These have recently been made public in a memorandum issued by the United States Weather Bureau, which is thus quoted in *The United States Daily* (Washington):

Dr. Simpson showed that the atmosphere can be marked off into nearly horizontal shells, which have the peculiar property that air which starts in any one shell can not be transferred to any other shell and remain there in equilibrium, unless heat is added or subtracted. Thus, in all atmospheric motion in which heat is neither added nor extracted, the air must travel along the shell in which it started. These shells act like physical restraints to the air, tending to prevent its moving in any but an almost horizontal direction. Occasionally the air contains sufficient water vapor to supply, when it condenses, the heat necessary to pierce the thermal stratification, but these occasions are practically confined to thunder-storms and to the rain squalls in the doldrums. The thermal stratification of the atmosphere prohibits the ascent of warm air at the equator and descent of cold air at the poles, which has generally been considered to be the cause of the general circulation of the atmosphere, on the analogy of a gigantic hot-water system.

The old idea that the energy received from the sun is converted into the energy of winds by the air near the ground being warmed and rising, like the hot air in a chimney, is obviously unsound. The thermal stratification prevents this action in all but exceptional cases. In place of this mechanism a new one is introduced. Masses of air from equatorial regions and from polar regions are brought side by side in middle latitudes. The cold-polar air tends to subside and flow under the warm equatorial air which rises up the flank of the cold wedge which the polar air presents to it. When cold and warm air which were originally side by side react in this way, there is an appreciable lowering of the center of gravity of the two masses taken together. Thus potential energy is released and appears as the energy of winds.

The surfaces at which relatively cold and warm masses of air meet and slide over each other, as just described, can easily be recognized on meteorological charts and by observations in the upper atmosphere. It is found that nearly all cloud is formed at such surfaces. Dr. Simpson discust the conditions under which these surfaces of discontinuity can be maintained for long periods, and their significance in weather forecasting.

Cyclones are formed where masses of air of polar and equatorial origin are brought together, and readjustment takes place in the manner described above. The old idea of a cyclonic depression being a kind of chimney drawing air in below and delivering it at the top can no longer be held.

These new ideas have had a far-reaching effect on the practical application of meteorology. Instead of the old empirical method of forecasting, the forecaster now has much more knowledge of what may be called the anatomy of a depression.

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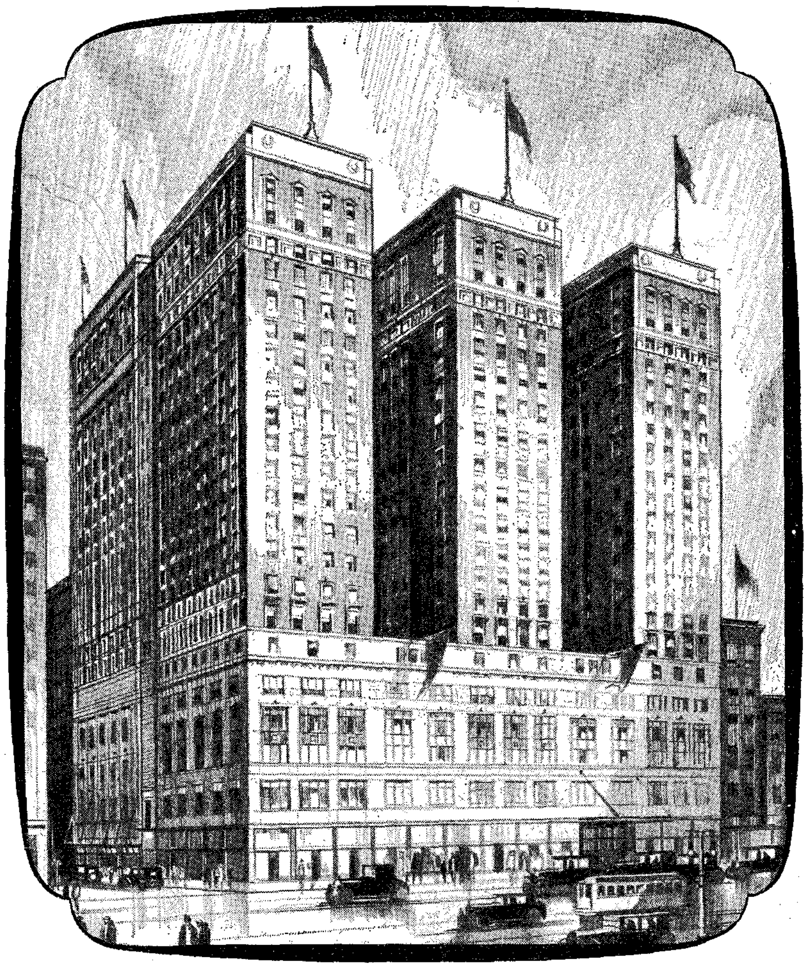

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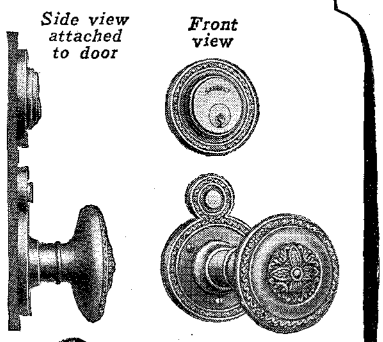

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MEANING OF STEEL'S HIGHER DIVIDEND BASIS

THE special significance of the change in the United States Steel common dividend rate from $5-plus $2-extra to a flat $7 dividend basis is that the Steel Corporation has "stood as a Gibraltar of conservatism and stability as well as of strength during the years of its growth," we read in the Boston *News Bureau.* And *The Wall Street Journal* reminds us that even during the war when earnings were unusually large the steel directors never departed from their policy of a $5 rate with extras. Obviously, continues the New York paper, "this policy was dictated by the desire to establish a rate which, so far as could be foreseen, could be maintained indefinitely, and the departure from the practise indicates that there is no danger the $7 rate will have to be reduced—so far as can be foreseen." Another interesting reflection is made by Stuart P. West in one of his financial dispatches for the Consolidated Press. He points out that the action of the Steel directors apparently denoted the opinion in high circles that the business outlook was secure, and this naturally led to "a flood of optimistic talk." Now "the Stock Market should have responded to this if it had been in a frame of mind like it was last autumn." "But the market, except for a day or two of moderately rising prices, did nothing in particular." From which Mr. West draws the conclusion that the Stock Market shows no indication "of resuming the main advance, which was interrupted toward the end of January," while on the other hand it gives no "evidence of a resumption of the selling movement which went on so actively during February and March."

Turning again to the discussion of the Steel dividend in the Boston *News Bureau,* we note that journal's opinion that the new basis is likely to be maintained indefinitely. "It becomes the new take-off for future extras—or even stock dividends." Now, at last, it is the Steel stockholder's turn, we are told; the $7 flat basis is his yard-stick for future extras." It seems to this financial daily that—

> Financial fortification and continuing earning power alike justify abundantly the new attitude. In 1925, despite relatively low steel prices and liberal chargings off the Corporation earned $12.81 on the common. For the first quarter of 1926 it has just reported $3.88 a common share, or at an arbitrary annual rate of $15.52—with the scale of monthly earnings upward and the season of larger transportation and cement earnings just ahead. There is evidently a very comfortable margin in current earnings beyond a basic $7 dividend line.
>
> It is as the fruit, however, of the husbandry of the past that financial strength, as in assets and surplus, has grown so greatly as to make a general change in dividend attitude a matter of no longer so much one of prudence as of justice. It is true, as Chairman Gary observed at the annual meeting, that a corporate surplus like Steel's is only in small part "available cash," and that recurring cash needs are at times large.
>
> But it also stood forth from the Steel figures that surplus has rolled up to $761,000,000 and working capital to $554,000,000. That since the end of 1912 the holder of Steel common was getting the $2 difference between $7 (including extra) and the old $5 on an investment meanwhile of $586,000,000—on which it meant less than 2 per cent. return. With $157,000,000 spent for new construction in two years past out of a total of $411,000,000 on property, including repairs and maintenance, it seemed patent that no more big outlays loomed ahead.
>
> In fact, one of the rather obvious facts about the industry seems to be that capacity is at least quite ample for both the present and the near future.

In this connection it is interesting to note the reminder from the Alexander Hamilton Institute's *Business Conditions Weekly* that:

> For the year 1925 the U. S. Steel Corporation reports $12.81 earned per share of common. This compares with $11.75 in 1924. With an average profit of $12.28 a dividend of $8 could be paid.

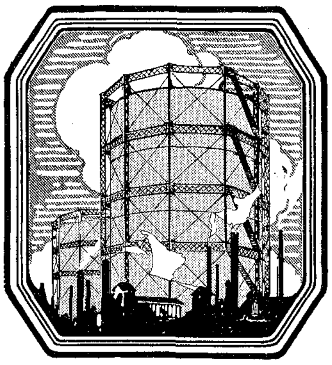
The same authority presents this tabulation of earnings on Steel common for the last seven years:

	1919	*1920*	*1921*	*1922*	*1923*	*1924*	*1925*
1st quarter.	$2.25	$3.88	$1.80	$ .07*	$2.20	$5.03	$2.93
2d quarter..	2.30	3.96	.36	.96	4.63	3.44	3.06
3d quarter..	3.43	4.76	.12*	.98	4.46	1.72	3.44
4th quarter.	2.22	4.09	.21	.97	5.12	1.56	3.38
Total....	$10.20	$16.69	$2.25	$2.84	$16.41	$11.75	$12.81
Divs......	$5.00	$5.00	$5.00	$5.00	$5.25	$7.00	$7.00

*Deficit.

And the Steel Corporation's latest quarterly report seems to *The Wall Street Journal* to be no less gratifying to Steel stockholders than the change in the basic dividend rate:

> A particularly encouraging feature of the corporation's report for the March quarter is the decided gain in earnings from month to month. January net was $13,810,149, advancing to $14,385,381 in February, and $16,865,755 in March. March earnings were at the rate of more than $50,000,000, a quarter or more than $200,000,000 a year.
>
> Steel's earnings of $45,061,285 were the largest for any three months since the first quarter of 1924. They compare with $42,280,465 in the preceding quarter and $39,882,992 in the first quarter of last year.
>
> First quarter earnings are always affected adversely by the reduction of transportation subsidiary profits, due to the closing down of traffic on the Great Lakes and by the slowing up in demand for cement. With these earnings coming in during the current quarter, net for the three months to June 30 should be larger than for the period just reported on, even



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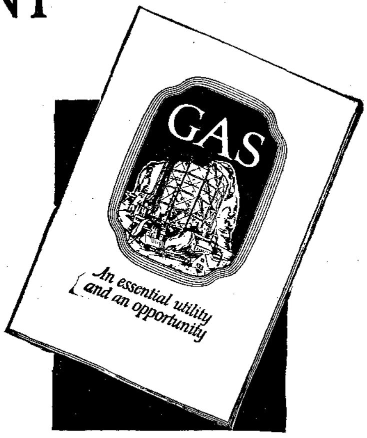
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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

allowing for some reduction in shipments, as appears likely.

Deductions from earnings for depreciation were larger than in the closing quarter of last year, $14,317,715 against $14,182,843. Charges for interest on funded debt and premium on bonds redeemed, on the other hand, were slightly less, $4,668,613 against $4,685,489. The corporation gradually is reducing its funded debt, and, in consequence, the charges against earnings ahead of stock. Annual obligations for interest and preferred dividends have been reduced from $57,788,875 in 1912 to $51,226,026 last year, or by the equivalent of $1.29 a share on the 5,083,025 common shares. This saving has all been due to reduction in funded debt, which in the thirteen years from 1912 to 1925 decreased from $643,098,672 to $509,479,578.

THE NEW YORK FEDERAL RESERVE BANK'S NEW RATE

A STRIKING development in financial circles was the recent reduction from 4 to 3½ per cent. in the rediscount rate of the New York Federal Reserve Bank. This came as a complete surprize, and in the absence of any official explanation, the motives which led the bank to reduce its rate have been the subject of wide-spread comment. According to the Philadelphia *Record*, "the view most acceptable to Wall Street is that the bank officials, having arrived at the conclusion that the 'bull' market had been sufficiently corrected by the March reaction, felt that there was no further need of the 4 per cent. rate, and hoped that a cut to 3½ per cent. would work considerable improvement in business sentiment." This seems to be the attitude of official Washington, too, for "to maintain the higher rate, in the face of present easy money conditions, would place an unnecessary burden on those borrowing for legitimate commercial purposes and thus hamper business activities," according to a dispatch from the capital. And in a New York *Times* financial article we learn that—

> Money rates are now at their lowest level for the greater part of a year. Money is coming into New York in large volume from various parts of the country, the result, in part, of the small extent of the commercial demand for funds.
>
> The rediscount reduction caused an unusually close study to be made of the figures in the Reserve Bank's weekly statement of condition. Bills discounted showed a reduction of more than $127,000,000, and now total only $61,228,000, an unusually small amount.
>
> At the time the rediscount rate was advanced to 4 per cent. last January, the bills discounted stood at $181,307,000, and the last week in December, 1925, they amounted to $294,975,000. At the time the rate was moved up from 3 per cent. in February, 1925, discounts stood at $226,927,000. Gold reserves of the bank amount to $1,025,257, against $956,787 last week.
>
> When the rediscount rate was advanced from 3½ to 4 per cent. last January, the action was interpreted in some quarters as a gesture against excessive stock market speculation, following a year of steadily rising prices. Since then the New York City member banks' loans to brokers on stocks and bonds have decreased $653,773,000, and now total $2,487,352,000, against a high point of $3,141,125,000 the week of January 6. If a check on speculation was intended at the start of the year it has unquestionably succeeded.
>
> The reduction in the rate leaves the New York bank the only one of the twelve in the Federal Reserve System where the rediscount rate is as low as 3½ per cent. A 4 per cent. rate prevails in the eleven other centers. This is expected to shift a considerable portion of the rediscounting of other parts of the country to the New York market, unless yesterday's action is followed elsewhere.

The action of the New York Federal Reserve Bank is interpreted by *The Herald Tribune* to mean that "the threat of absorption by the stock market of an inordinate amount of the nation's free funds no longer exists." To the Providence *Journal* it means that "there is more idle money in New York than has been the case since the beginning of the year." Of the several factors that have brought about the present situation, *The Journal* says:

> One is the seasonal slack in demand for money for industrial and commercial purposes. Another is the liquidation of the past few weeks in the stock market. Another contributing factor to low rediscount rates is the steady piling up of gold in this country, despite the checking tendency of European loans last year and the more recent changes in our foreign trade balance. On April 1 we had more gold in the United States than we ever had in the history of the nation, an aggregate of $4,494,851,095. It is a supply so large as to be unhealthy. Only the fact that our bankers and business men have cooperated so well during the last few years to prevent inflationary abuses has kept this huge volume of gold from doing us positive injury. It is hoped that the ratification of the Italian debt pact and the adjustment of the French debt will eventually result in releasing a considerable volume of this gold to Europe.

The Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, on the other hand, admits that it is puzzled by the New York bank's recent action. According to this Ohio paper:

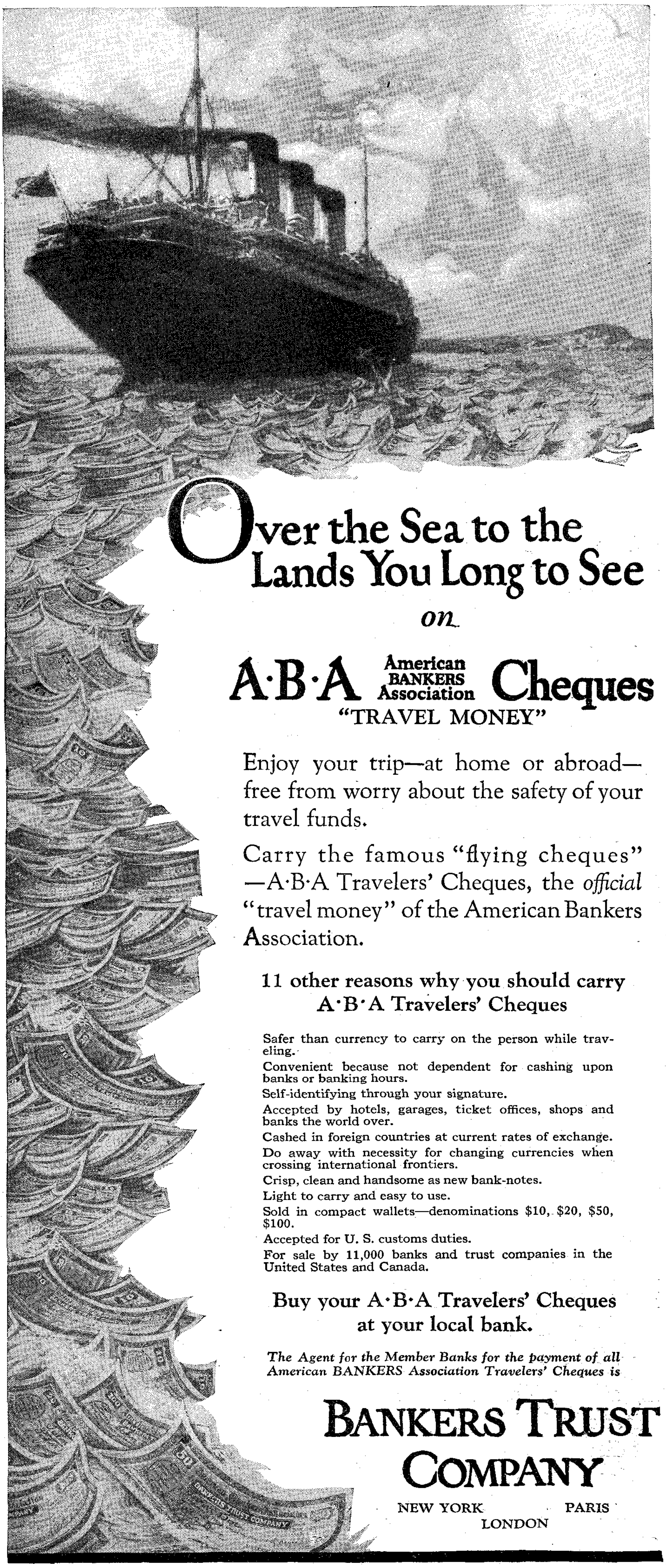
> After the recent pronouncements of the Federal Reserve Board regarding speculation, the publicity given to brokers' loans, apparently with the object of reducing them, and the criticism heaped upon the Federal Reserve banks for permitting the wild security speculation of last year and the early part of this, a reduction in the rate of rediscount comes as a surprize. Funds will now become available again at a rate which proved most attractive a year ago. Quite conceivably another tremendous fund of credit will be diverted to speculation just as the process of adjustment in the market is nearing completion, after the violent price declines of the first and last weeks of March.
>
> Ever since the close of the war a definition of the Federal Reserve rediscount policy has been sought by those who believe the banks should exercise a more positive control over the credit situation

and over speculation. The need for such a definition was never greater than it is now. No recent rate change is as difficult to understand as that announced by the New York bank.

HOW OUR PROSPERITY IS REFLECTED IN THE HOME

NEARLY two-thirds, or 60 per cent., of American homes in large cities are supplied with both telephones and automobiles. This is one fact bearing on our national prosperity revealed in a report covering millions of homes conducted during the last year by the General Federation of Women's Clubs. The President of the associated clubs, Mrs. Mary Sherman, announces in the May *Woman's Home Companion* complete reports from twenty-two cities of over one hundred thousand population each. The survey, says Mrs. Sherman, "is not being made for the purpose of criticism. The nation's housekeeping needs the attention of thinking men and women, and this can be secured only by challenging their interest with illuminating facts." Reports on 1,722,570 family groups with a total population of 6,787,737 in the twenty-two large cities covered reveal the following facts, as summarized in the New York *Sun:*

> Seventy-nine per cent. of all homes covered by these reports are lighted by electricity; 74 per cent. use gas for cooking; 70 per cent. are equipped with electric irons; 60 per cent. are supplied with telephones and 61 per cent. with automobiles; 59 per cent. have gas heaters; 47 per cent. have vacuum cleaners; 23 per cent. have power-driven washing machines.
>
> Hartford, Connecticut, reports the largest percentage of houses equipped with running water and sinks. Only thirty-one of Hartford's family dwellings are without this primary convenience. Cleveland, Toledo, Akron and Canton, Ohio; Salt Lake City and Los Angeles fall into line next, with nearly 90 per cent. of their homes boasting sinks with running water.
>
> Many thousands of homes in supposedly modern cities are without running water in kitchen sinks. In one city—one of the largest in the United States—20 per cent. of the population are without this elementary convenience.
>
> In twenty cities reporting on gas connections, this fuel is used for cooking in 1,191,443 out of approximately 1,500,000 homes.
>
> In seventeen cities reporting on electric ranges, 18,651 families out of 1,268,386 cook by this method.
>
> In Cleveland 73 per cent. of the dwellings are equipped with stationary laundry tubs and running water; in Salt Lake City, 40 per cent. of the homes; in Indianapolis, 34 per cent., and in Atlanta 10 per cent.
>
> Of more than a million homes included in the report on washing machines, 23 per cent. are thus equipped.
>
> Cleveland, Ohio, leads in the strictness of its sanitary code, governing the use of city water mains and sewer connections.
>
> As for illumination, the Federation's reports show that in Atlanta, Georgia; Wilmington, Delaware; New Haven, Connecticut, and Springfield, Massachusetts, at least one-fourth of the housekeepers still fill and clean kerosene lamps.



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The Ruling Mind of the Nation

HOW is the mind of the American people made up?

Certainly there is no such thing as a unanimous opinion. Rarely is there even a majority opinion.

No book or song or style is liked by every one. No article of merchandise has ever won 100% acceptance. Shoddy can find a market for a time, and superlative quality go on for years without reaching half its potential consumers.

The truth is that the human mind is infinitely various. So much so that we have ancient sayings about it:—"there is no accounting for tastes"—"habits are hard to break"—"many men, many minds."

The successful politician or dramatist or preacher is he who has the clearest insight into the mind and studies how to aim his appeal, so that he may defy the diversity of the mass and drive through to the basic sources of action.

Merchandisers are learning the need of such insight and study. The day of "seller's markets" is gone, probably forever. Free competition, the vast range of desirable goods, and the high development of discrimination have created "buyers' markets" for almost everything.

How shall the manufacturer bring his wares into these markets? Imagine a man from Mars, unused to our commercial ways, faced with that question and with our census roll of 105,700,000 consumers (1920 census). Would he not cry "The task is hopeless"?

The answer is, of course, that the task of selling America is by no means hopeless, because no one need ever reach all its 20,000,000 families. It would be futile to try. And this is where there is need of knowledge of how the mind of America works.

Sellers can not and need not cultivate the entire population. They can center their efforts, more or less systematically, upon cross-sections. But those who do not reason correctly sometimes center upon the wrong cross-sections.

Wealth, social values and intellectual standing are significant. But if you make them your criteria in deciding whom to cultivate and whom to disregard, your standard is indefinite and misleading.

There is, however, a safely distinguishable quality of mind which is to be found at every income level, in every community, in every class and stratum of the population. It is never in the majority, but it is always in the ascendant. It sways opinions and renders the judgments of the community.

That quality is *alertness*.

The alert minority are not all well to do, altho most of them will be in the end. They are not all fashionable, not all college graduates, and not all of them bear old American names. But by virtue of their alertness they are the first to grasp worthy new ideas and surest to remain loyal to what is sound, quickest to detect sham or puncture mere fads and likeliest to put genuine improvements into effect.

Because they are vocal, because they are listened to with respect, because they are active in neighborly contacts, and because their example is known to be worth following, the alert are privileged to determine what the great majority will do and wear and eat and use. They are *the ruling mind of America.*

That is why there is no need of unanimity, no need of majority opinion. The consumers of America are ruled by an oligarchy of the alert.

Any manufacturer, whether of soup or soap or typewriters or motor-cars, if he would succeed, must possess above all else the good-will of *the alert, at every income level and in every stratum of every community.* A favorable public opinion means nothing more or less than the favorable opinion of the alert.

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CURRENT ▾ EVENTS

FOREIGN

April 29.—The Hindu-Moslem rioting in Calcutta, which later developed into outbreaks by the lawless elements, has caused upward of 1,000 casualties and threatened the city with disease and famine, according to a dispatch from Calcutta.

A sixty-seven-year-old Riffian warrior, Hammouch Ben Hadge, runs nearly seventy miles on foot between sunset and sunrise, carrying a dispatch, according to a press report from Oujda, French Morocco.

"All necessary arrangements have been made for Fascism to continue firmly in holding Italy's destinies in its hands, whatever may arise," declares Premier Mussolini of Italy in an address before the Chamber of Deputies.

April 30.—The French Cabinet approves the terms of the agreement for refunding the French debt to the United States.

It is officially announced that negotiations between Premier Baldwin and representatives of the Trade Union Congress to ward off a coal miners' strike have proved futile.

The French extend the armistice to the Riffians in Morocco, in order to allow the Riffian representatives more time to consult Abd-el-Krim. The French and Spanish are reported firm in their demands that Abd-el-Krim must be exiled and the Riffians disarmed.

May 1.—A May Day celebration in Warsaw, Poland, is marred by battles between Socialists and Communists, in which four are killed and more than thirty wounded.

The British Trade Union Congress orders a general strike to begin Monday, May 3, at midnight, unless an agreement is reached meanwhile between the coal mine owners and the coal miners. The strike order includes all transport workers, the printing trades, the iron and steel industries, the building trades and electrical and gas-power workers. A royal proclamation declares the country in a state of emergency.

Oliver B. Harriman, First Secretary of the American Legation in Copenhagen, dies suddenly in his apartment in that city.

Captain Gallarza, one of the Spanish aviators flying from Madrid to Manila, arrives in Macao, China, from Hanoi, French Indo-China.

May 2.—A further parley between Premier Baldwin and the Trade Union Congress ends abruptly when the representatives of the Trade Union Congress refuse to withdraw the call for a general strike.

The French have been compelled to evacuate Soueida, the Druse capital, which they captured a week ago, and have retreated to Ezra, according to a dispatch from Syria, via Cairo.

May 3.—The British general strike, involving an estimated total of 5,000,000 men, goes into effect, and Prime Minister Baldwin tells the House of Commons that Labor leaders are threatening the basis of orderly government and are nearer to proclaiming civil war than Great Britain has been for centuries. Vital services are maintained by the Government.

The German Miners' Federation issues a manifesto declaring it will act strictly in accordance with the international miners' agreement and prevent the transportation of coal from Germany to Great Britain during the British strike.

Prince Victor Napoleon, Bonapartist pretender to the throne of France, dies at his home in Brussels in his sixty-fifth year.

May 4.—With the Government and Labor leaders reported planning to fight to a finish, the first day of the British strike passes with only two minor disorders. The press being silenced by the strike, the Government furnishes news through *The British Gazette*, originated for the emergency.

Shapurji Saklatvala, Communist Member of Parliament, is arrested on a charge of delivering a seditious speech in Hyde Park.

DOMESTIC

April 28.—John D. Rockefeller, Jr., withdraws his offer of $10,000,000 to the Egyptian Government to found a new museum of antiquities at Cairo, after the Egyptian Government fails to act on the modified proposals made at its request.

April 29.—An agreement on the French debt by which the United States will receive $6,847,674,104 in sixty-two years is concluded between the American Debt Commission and Ambassador Bérenger.

April 30.—Transmission of pictures by radio between New York and London is begun on a commercial basis.

May 1.—The American Debt Commission and the representative of Jugo-Slavia, Dr. George Diouritch, agree to a funding of the Jugo-Slav debt in the sum of $95,177,635 to be paid within sixty-two years.

President Coolidge signs the $19,000,000 Spanish War pension bill, but issues a statement warning Congress of an approaching deficit in the next fiscal year and saying that he can not approve any further large appropriations.

May 2.—Ward T. Van Orman wins the elimination race which will permit him to try again for the Gordon Bennett cup for balloon flights, now held by Belgium.

The Roosevelt Medals for Distinguished Service are awarded to Rear Admiral William S. Sims, retired, for service in behalf of national defense; former United States Senator Alfred J. Beveridge, for his biography of Chief Justice John Marshall, and to Daniel Carter Beard, National Scout Commissioner, for his work among youth.

May 3.—Oscar S. Straus, lawyer, merchant, statesman and philanthropist, dies at his home in New York in his seventy-sixth year.

President Coolidge signs agreements settling the debts between the United States and Roumania and Czecho-slovakia.

May 4.—The American cruiser *Cleveland* is ordered from Panama to Bluefields, Nicaragua, to protect American citizens and property endangered by the new revolution just broken out.

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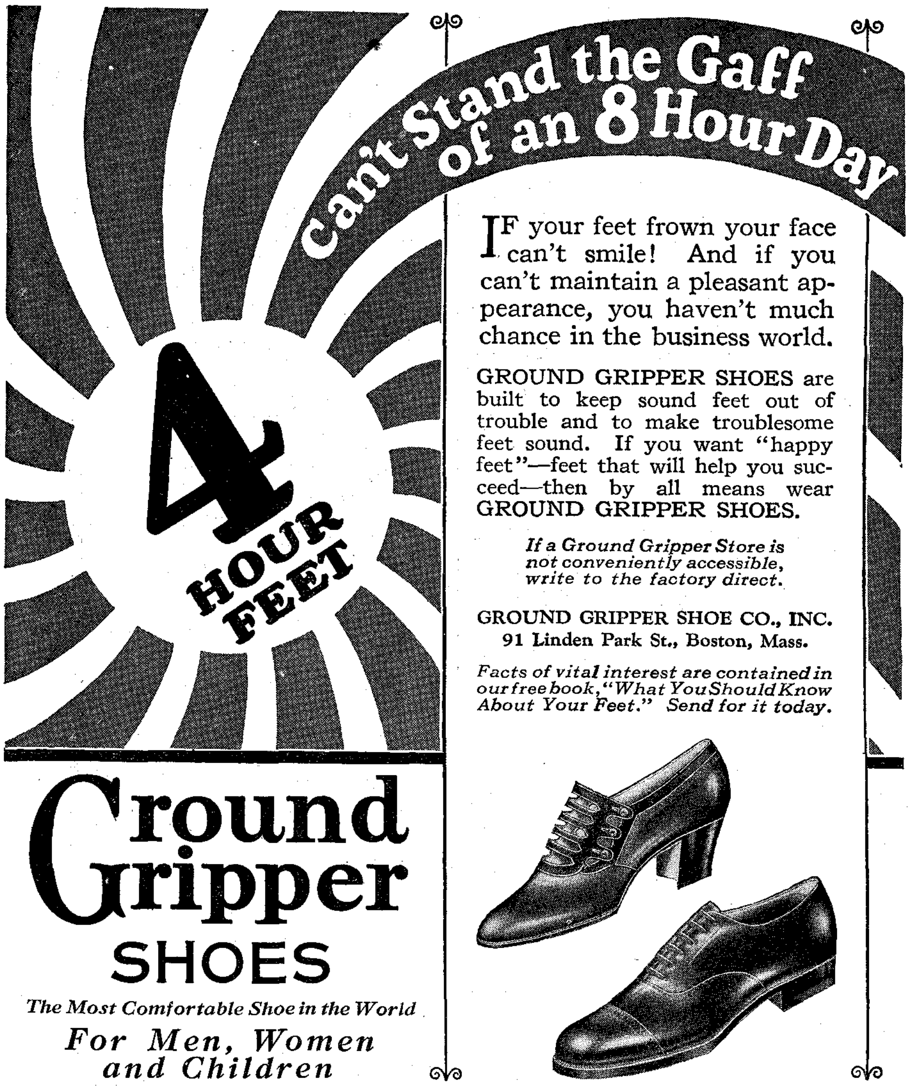
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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

aer-, aeri-, aero-.—"H. M. W.," Nutley, N. J.—Ever since the introduction of words beginning with the *aer-*, *aeri-*, and *aero-* prefix, these words have been persistently mispronounced by persons who should have known better. The pronunciation of *aerial*, *e-i'ri-al*—*e* as in *prey*, first *i* as in *police*, second *i* as in *habit*, *a* as in *final*—is one which has been in vogue ever since 1650, when the word was spelled *aëreall*. Even if it has been mispronounced by men engaged in wireless telegraphy, there is no reason why a mispronunciation should displace an accurate pronunciation. If there were, then instead of our pronouncing the simple English word *yes* in the way that it should be pronounced, and has been pronounced by careful speakers, we ought to pronounce it *yeh*, *yuh*, *yep*, or any other of the sloppy combinations which slovenly speakers devise. The function of a dictionary is to record the usage of educated speakers and writers.

cause, reason.—"A. M.," Portland, Ore.—"The efficient material, or substantial *cause*, that which makes anything to be or be done," is the common meaning of the word, as in the saying "There is no effect without a *cause*." Every man instinctively recognizes himself acting through will as the *cause* of his own actions. The *Creator* is the Great First *Cause* of all things. . . . An *antecedent* simply precedes a result, with or without any agency in producing it; as, Monday is the invariable *antecedent* of Tuesday, but not the *cause* of it. The direct antonym of *cause* is *effect*, while that of *antecedent* is *consequent*. An *occasion* is some event which brings a *cause* into action at a particular moment; gravitation and heat are the *causes* of an avalanche; the steep incline of the mountain-side is a necessary *condition*, and the shout of the traveler may be the *occasion* of its fall. . . .

While the *cause* of any event, act, or fact, as commonly understood, is the power that makes it to be, the *reason* of or for it is the explanation given by the human mind; but *reason* is, in popular language, often used as equivalent to *cause*, especially in the sense of *final cause*. In the statement of any reasoning, the *argument* may be an entire syllogism, or the premises considered together apart from the conclusion, or in logical strictness the middle term only by which the particular conclusion is connected with the general statement. But when the *reasoning* is not in strict logical form, the middle term following the conclusion is called the *reason;* thus in the statement 'All tyrants deserve death; Cæsar was a tyrant; Therefore, Cæsar deserved death;' 'Cæsar was a tyrant' would in the strictest sense be called the *argument;* but if we say 'Cæsar deserved death because he was a tyrant,' the latter clause would be termed the reason."—Fernald,—*English Synonyms, Antonyms, and Prepositions.*

diversity, disparity.—"R. R.," Conway, N. H.—In the sentence, "The *diversity* in these two figures is accounted for by the fact that some club-members are enrolled in more than one project and thus are counted twice," the usage of *diversity* is not recommended. *Disparity* would be the more accurate term, for with *disparity* is denoted a difference between two items to be compared, whereas *diversity* in general implies more than two objects. Any of the following synonyms would be preferable to *diversity* in the sentence cited—*disagreement*, *discrepancy*, *dissimilarity*, *disparity*, or *inequality*.

grow, become.—"J. B.," Barre, Vt.—The word *grow*, sometimes used for *become*, is gaining the sanction of usage; as "to *grow* smaller." In this sense *grow* has been used by such masters of English as Steele, Gray, Johnson, and Macaulay.

Mount Vernon.—"W. F.," Ft. Lupton, Colo.—"*Mount Vernon* is the name of the home and burial place of George Washington, in Fairfax County, Virginia, on the right bank of the Potomac, fifteen miles south of Washington, D. C. The Washington mansion, beautifully situated on an eminence, commanding a view of the river, is of wood, two stories high, ninety-six feet long, and thirty feet deep. It was built in 1743 by Washington's elder brother, Lawrence, who called it Mount Vernon, after Admiral Vernon, under whom he had served in the British Navy. A high piazza runs along the front of the house, which has six rooms of moderate size on the ground floor, containing many objects of historical interest. The plain brick tomb to which Washington's remains were removed from the old family vault in 1831 stands a few hundred yards from the house, near a wooded ravine. Mount Vernon, which had been much enlarged by Washington, was by him bequeathed to Bushrod Washington, upon whose death it came into the hands of John A. Washington, his nephew, who sold it in 1858 to the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association, which holds it in trust as a place of national interest."—*The New International Encyclopedia*, Volume 16.

Roosevelt.—"M. M. E.," Swarthmore, Pa.—This name is correctly pronounced *ro'za-velt*—*o* as in *go*, *a* as in *final*, *e* as in *get*.

"J. H. J.," Princeton, W. Va.—The correct way to write the sentence submitted is, "Every boy and every girl must take home *his* books." The rule governing this is given as follows by Dr. James C. Fernald in his "English Grammar Simplified": "When two or more singular antecedents connected by *and* are modified by *each*, *every*, or *no*, they are taken separately, and a pronoun referring to them is in the singular; as, *Each* town and *each* village sent *its* representatives; *No* ship and *no* boat was without *its* flag." The ndeterminate masculine *his* is correctly employed s referring indifferently to persons of either sex.

"C. M. C.," New York City.—The construction, "One of the speeches of Lincoln's," is entirely defensible, even tho the shorter form, 'One of Lincoln's speeches," would in this case onvey the same thought. If you will compare the phrase with such an unquestionably correct form as, "One speech of Lincoln's," or, to agree in number, "Some speeches of Lincoln's," you will admit the identity of the construction. "One speech of Lincoln" might mean a speech *by* some one else *about* Lincoln.

The so-called double possessive is not in reality a double possessive at all; it is merely a device for the avoidance of the repetition of the leading noun. "One of the units of the king's armies" would invite no criticism at all—"One of the units *of* the armies *of* the king." To convey a specific meaning, *units* might be replaced by *armies;* "One of the armies of the armies of the king" is grammatically correct and accurately stated, as is "One of the armies of the king's armies." But to avoid tautology and still to preserve accuracy the second *armies* is omitted, leaving the apparent double possessive, "One of the armies of the king's."

superfluous, incomparable.—"A. M. R.," Washington, D. C.—These words are correctly pronounced as follows—(1) *siu-pur'flu-us—iu* as *eu* in *feud*, first *u* as in *burn*, second *u* as in *full*, third *u* as in *but*; (2) *in-kom'pa-ra-bl—i* as in *hit*, *o* as in *not*, *a's* as in *final*.

synura.—"B. G.," Green Lake, Wis.—*Synura* is a flagellate protozoon (family *Cryptomonadina*), united in subspherical clusters and discharging oil globules. They are common in swamp-waters and render drinking-water unpalatable." The word is pronounced *sin'yu-ra—i* as in *hit*, *u* as in *full*, *a* as in *final*.

"H. N.," Glendale, Long Island.—The meaning of the phrase, "Blood is thicker than water," is "Kinship is stronger than friendship, for water evaporates but blood does not." This is a proverb found in Ray and other seventeenth-century collections. The expression was used by Scott in "Guy Mannering," Chapter XXXVIII: "Weel *blude's thicker than water*. She's welcome to the cheeses and the hams just the same."

"A. E. L.," Harriman, Tenn.—Prof. Michael Idvorsky Pupin's most important researches were in electrical resonance, in theoretical and experimental consideration of the magnetization of iron, and in electrical-wave propagation, a field in which he applied his researches to long-distance telephony and multiplex telegraphy.

His name is correctly pronounced *piu-pin — iu* as *eu* in *feud*, *i* as in *police*.

"H. K.," Oak Park, Ill.—The correct idiom to use in the sentence submitted is, "He was in *a* position to be of service to us." The meaning of this idiom is "to have the time, or be in possession of the information (necessary to consider a subject or some matter projected)." The omission of the article *a* removes the idomatic sense of the expression and throws it back into the original meaning of the word *position;* that is, "the manner in which a thing is placed, or the state of being placed."

"M. J. C.," Eastman, Ga.—When you use words like *News* and *Times* in the plural, you emphasize the number of copies in hand, "Three copies of the *Times*," "Five copies of the *Herald*," "Ten copies of the *News*." The boy may say, "I have two *Heralds*, three *Tribunes*, four *Journals*, and five *Timeses* or five *Newses*," but best usage does not favor the last two, in speaking of which the word "copies" would naturally be used by a person of education and refinement.

"L. K.," Stockton, Calif.—The rule is that the words *father*, *mother*, *brother*, *sister*, *cousin*, *aunt*, etc., begin with a capital when put before a proper name; as, *Aunt* Helen, *Brother* Jones, *Cousin* James. When the words are used in a general sense, a small initial letter is proper; as, "My *mother* was here yesterday."

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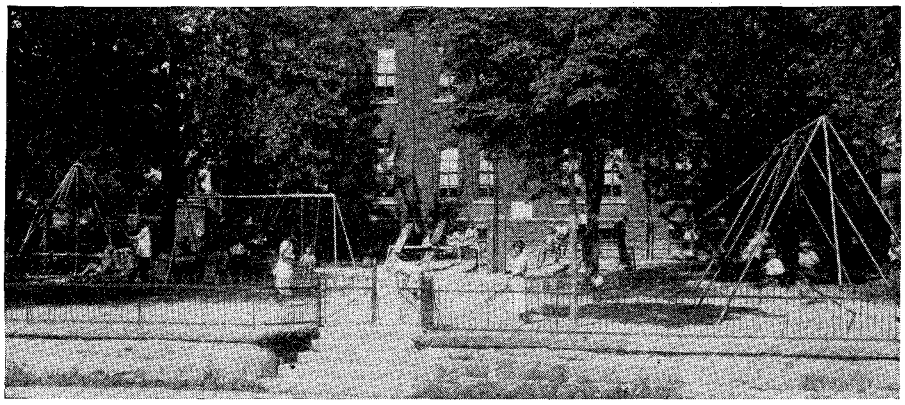

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Slightly Unorthodox.—"My Faith in Immorality," was the theme of Rev. Mr. Morrison's sermon.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

The Royal Kind.—Princess Victoria, sister of King George, is suffering with influential pneumonia.—*London cable in a Watertown (N. Y.) paper.*

Mutual Souvenirs.—

SHE KEEPS HIS RING;
HE TAKES FALSE TEETH
—*Jacksonville Times-Union.*

All the Home Accessories.—WANTED —APARTMENTS. UNFURNISHED— 1 Bedroom, Kitchenette. porch; sub.; 1 baby; $30 or $35.—*Ad in the Washington Star.*

A Generous Offer.—All children accompanied by Parents under 13 years of age admitted FREE.—*Ad in a Jamestown (N. Y.) paper.*

Intruders.—"Has anything startling happened at the country club lately?"

"Yes, a couple of men from the country asked if they might join."—*Chicago Phœnix.*

Chicago Horns In.—The diplomatic correspondence in which the United States offered to mediate the Tacna-Arica dispute between Chicago and Peru was made public to-night by Secretary Kellogg.—*Washington dispatch in the New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

A Monopolist.—Ted—"Mary says she intends to keep her youth."

Millicent—"I know. She never introduces him to any one."—*Vancouver (Wash.) Columbian.*

Look Out for Squalls.—Small Boy—"Dad, the barometer has fallen."

Father—"Very much?"

Small Boy (with guilty look)—"About five feet—it's broken."—*London Tit-Bits.*

Touching that Boom.—

PECULATION
IS NOT OVER
IN THE HEART OF FORT MYERS
—*Headlines on a real-estate ad in a Florida paper.*

Likee Workee.—A Chinese newspaper published this letter from an applicant for work: Sir: I am Wang . . . I can drive typewriter with good noise and my English is great. . . . My last job has left itself from me, for good reason that large man has dead. It was on account of no fault of mine. So, honorable sirs what about it? If I can be of big use to you, I will arive on some date that you should guess.—*Squadron News of the Far East, Cavite, P. I.*

Safety First.—"Did you have any luck hunting tigers in India?"

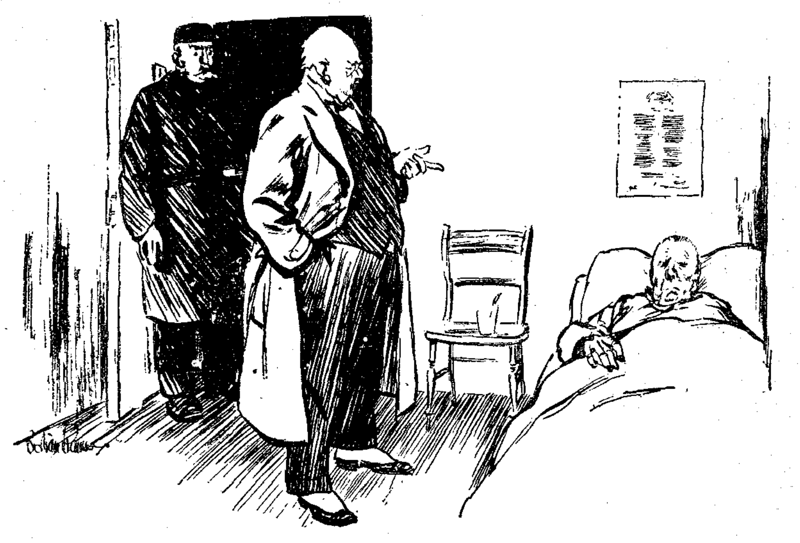
"Marvelous luck. Didn't come across a single tiger."—*Stanford Chapparal.*

Doing Him Over.—Jack—"Gladys married a self-made man, didn't she?"

Nancy—"Yes, but she was compelled to make extensive alterations."—*New York Sun.*

Ahem!—

500 PAIRS ALL WOOL PANTS
(Half Off)
$3.95 up
—*Ad in an Oklahoma paper.*



New Prison Doctor (absent-mindedly): "And whatever you do, don't attempt to go out in this bad weather."

—*The Passing Show* (London).

Lacks the Wistful Moan.—Alas for the fellow who blows the cornet—he has no sax appeal.—*Jacksonville Times-Union.*

Not Enough for a Meal.—

U. S.-MEXICAN BOARD
SETTLES 5 CLAMS
—*Headlines in a Philadelphia paper.*

Art Note.—James—"What did Mrs. Brown mean when she told you never to darken her door again?"

John—"Oh, I was just drawing on it with charcoal."—*Allston Recorder.*

An Obliging Whip.—Algernon—"I say, my good man, will you drive me all around town?"

Mon Bon Homme—"Yeh, if I can get a harness to fit you."—*Purple Parrot.*

It Isn't Done.—A dear old Methodist, obliged to remain in a certain town over Sunday, started out to attend service in one of the churches of his own faith; but losing his way, and seeing an open church door just across the street, he entered, not knowing to what creed the congregation held. As the service progressed, his religious emotions waxed warmer and warmer, until finally he gave vent to them by shouting out, "Praise God!" Immediately one of the ushers tapped him on the shoulder and said: "You can't do that in this church, sir."—*Congregationalist.*

Boarding House Item.—For sale: Blue Antedeluvian eggs.—*Ad in an Oklahoma paper.*

Giving Fair Warning.—NOTICE—I am not responsible for any debts contracted only by myself. J. W. Brown.—*Ad in a Maryland paper.*

Poultry Magic.—FOR SALE—Baby Chicks and custom hatching. Eggs set Tuesday, Chicks ready Wednesday.—*Ad in a Virginia paper.*

Stockings or Garden?—The bride wore a white satin dress with veil caught up with orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of white hoses.—*Social item in a Pittsburgh (N. Y.) paper.*

Doesn't Carry It on a Banner.—"Maud doesn't show her age; do you think she does?"

"Why no—if you mean that she doesn't point it out in the family Bible."—*Boston Transcript.*

Weather Experts.—With the temperature and other great moral issues coming before Congress, we should be represented by fearless, clean, competent men.—*Illinois State Journal.*

No Home Without One.—We don't see why Texas makes so much noise about having a woman Governor; every man up North has one to himself.—*Sea Bag (U. S. S. Oklahoma).*

Don't All Speak at Once.—Experienced Lady Presser.—*"Help Wanted" ad in the Pittsburgh Sun.*

Military Galop.—

CHOIR TO RENDER
"OLIVET TO CAVALRY."
—*Headlines in a Pittsburgh paper.*

Going Up.—

BOYS' TOPCOATS
$3.89

Smart new styles of spring that were bought to sell at far less.—*Ad in the Toledo Blade.*

The Proof of the Pudding.—Girl (applying for chorus job)—"Mother says I sing beautifully."

Manager—"Bring me a recommendation from the neighbors and I'll give you a tryout."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Tactful Publicity Man.—The first to register were Miss —— —— and Miss —— ——, who passed the winter in Southern California. They have been at the —— Inn each summer for more than twenty years. The Inn is noted far and wide for its collection of antiques.—*From a dispatch in the New York Herald Tribune.*